October 15 Cents

Everybody's Magazine

Our Pledge

We, Everybody's Magazine, unqualifiedly pledge ourselves to our readers to fight for the first section of "THE REMEDY"—to fight until the Stock Exchange is closed as a gambling institution. Lawson pledges himself too.

Here in this issue
THOMAS W. LAWSON
Cuts Loose
"THE REMEDY"

A smash at the System's solar-plexus. By it you win back low-cost living—fair division of national prosperity. BUT—to win, you must first understand it; second, you must apply it.

WILL YOU DO IT?

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Bon Ami

Best in the Kitchen

The Copper Water Heater should never be polished with a scouring soap because copper is one of the softest metals and is easily scratched.

A scratched surface catches dirt and refuses to take a bright polish.

Bon Ami is the only mineral soap soft enough to be safely used on copper. It takes off the tarnish and leaves a clear sheen but it doesn't leave a single scratch.

The Refrigerator should never have its enamel surface cleaned with coarse, gritty soaps! Use Bon Ami.

Bon Ami doesn't injure the enamel and it leaves a brilliant, white, immaculate surface. Nothing else will make enamel look so clean.

Bon Ami is for all the smooth shining surfaces in the kitchen, such as the nickel on the stove, the tiles, the tin ware, windows, faucets, etc.

Use Bon Ami also for painted wood, mirrors, bath tubs, marble, aluminum ware, nickel plumbing, enamel beds, etc.

Like the new-hatched chick, it "hasn't scratched yet."

THE BON AMI CO., NEW YORK

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EVERYBODY'S ALMANACK *for* OCTOBER

OCTOBER *hath* 31 days — *By* FRANKLIN P. ADAMS — 1912

Predictions for October

The American League pennant winners will defeat the National League pennant winners in the world series. Only five games will have to be played. Woodrow Wilson will prepare his telegram of condolence to send the defeated candidate on the night of November 5. The Editor of EVERYBODY'S ALMANACK will make an unsuccessful attempt to give up tobacco, and the cost of living will increase.

LINES ON THE MONTH OF OCTOBER: AFTER READING POE'S "ULALUME."

Were I down by the dank tarn of Auber,
In the misty mid-region of Weir,
With skies that were ashen and sober—
Were I down by the dank tarn of Auber,
I might do a pome on October,
An epic instead of this here—
Were I down by the dank tarn of Auber,
In the misty mid-region of Weir.

ANECDOTE

An editor in the little town of N——, in the state of M——, approaching an acquaintance, is said to have asked the latter whether he knew what trees were used for the manufacture of the paper the rural journals were printed on, and being replied to in the negative, answered "Cypress."

[Key—"Cy" or "Si" is the generic slang term for a country fellow.]

Staggering Statistics

If all the people who complain that the magazines do not publish any good stories nowadays were chucked into Lake Superior, they would completely fill in that body of water.

The sidereal period of Neptune is 60181.11 days, or three times as long as £1 ($4.86665) would last Harry Lauder.

There are 21,274 beliefs in the world, exclusive of those that parsnips are fit to eat and that Eva Tanguay is amusing and attractive.

1—Tu.—James Lawrence born, 1781: "Don't give up the ship." McKinley tariff becomes law, 1890. Cost of living giggles, 1890.
2—W.—Major André hanged as spy, 1780.
3—Th.—Mt. Olympus Pleasure Club discovers fried chicken, B. C. 919.
4—Fr.—Battle of Germantown, 1777. American athletes begin training for Olympic games of 1916, 1912.
5—Sa.—Jonathan Edwards born, 1703. { *Take in*
6—Su.—First German immigrants land in Phila., 1683. { *your plants*
7—M.—Bossie, cow owned by Mrs. O'Leary, kicked over lamp, starting Chicago fire, 1871. War between beef trust and insurance trust begins, 1871.
8—Tu.—Baseball season ends, 1912.
9—W.—Edward W. Bok, well-known household word, born, 1863.
10—Th.—U. S. Naval Academy opened at Annapolis, 1845.
11—Fr.—H. J. Heinz, composer of chile-sauce and other poems, born, 1844.
12—Sa.—America, a land often mentioned by orators, discovered by C. Columbus, 1492.
13—Su.—C. Columbus sends post-card to Isabella of Spain with message, "Wish you were with us." Wife of editor of EVERYBODY'S ALMANACK born, 18—.
14—M.—Autumn haze and autumn hazing begin, 1912.
15—Tu.—Samuel Bowles, proprietor Springfield *Republican*, born, 1851. Leakless fountain pen invented by (see adv. pages), 1902.
16—W.—Noah Webster, only author whose book one may copy from without having to answer plagiarism charges, born, 1758.
17—Th.—J. Franklin Baker hits ball over fence at Shibe Park, Philadelphia, 1911.
18—Fr.—Roger Williams tried, 1635. Dr. Harvey W. Wiley born, 1844. His motto: "Hew to the aniline, let the chips fall where they may."
19—Sa.—Roger Williams banished, 1635. Cornwallis surrenders at Yorktown, 1781.
20—Su—Charles W. Morse has headache at Atlanta, 1911.
21—M.—Samuel F. Smith, author "My Country, 'Tis of Thee," born, 1808.
22—Tu.—Date predicted for end of world to arrive in 1844, by Miller. Research up to the hour of vaulting to press indicates that Miller was in error.
23—W.—F. Hopkinson Smith born, 1838. *Variable winds and*
24—Th.—Sarah J. Hale, author "Mary's Lamb," born, 1788. *weather*
25—Fr.—Gambling abolished by New York police force, 1889, 1890, 1891, 1892, 1893, 1894, 1895, 1896, 1897, 1898, 1899, 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903, 1904, 1905, 1906, 1907, 1908, 1909, 1910, 1911 HUNTER'S MOON.
26—Sa.—Erie Canal completed, 1825. Mission furniture invented by Satan, B. C. 4086. *Time to reserve tables for Election night, 1912.*
27—Su.—**Theodore Roosevelt** BEGINS LIFE, 1858. Whitelaw Reid born, 1837.
28—M.—Theodore Roosevelt denies mother's assertion that he is a cunning baby and brands it as unqualified falsehood, 1858.
29—Tu.—Robert Hoe, inventor Hoe press, born 1784. Theodore Roosevelt feels like bull moose, 1858.
30—W.—Gertrude Atherton born, 1859.
31—Th.—Nevada admitted, 1860. ALL HALLOW'S EVE.

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"THERE'S SOMETHING HERE," HE SAID. I WENT COLD ALL OVER, AND HAD TO CLUTCH THE RAILING.

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VOL. XXVII
NO. 4

Everybody's Magazine

OCTOBER
1912

THE CASE of JENNIE BRICE

by

MARY ROBERTS
RINEHART

ILLUSTRATIONS BY FREDERIC DORR STEELE

Editor's Note:—Here's a real detective story. It isn't just the wonderful plot that Mary Roberts Rinehart has told in "The Case of Jennie Brice" which we urge you to read. It is also the atmospheric picture of Pittsburgh in flood time, the vivid characterization of Mrs. Pitman, the boarding-house keeper; the humanness of Mr. Holcombe, and the keen portrayal of the various people who are interwoven in this exciting drama. Mrs. Rinehart has presented a picture here with all the life-truth of a Meissonier. Her people and her background are brilliantly drawn; her action is thrilling.

There are $10,000 in prizes awaiting ingenious readers of "The Case of Jennie Brice." You will find the details in the display sheets of the advertising section.

WE HAVE just had another flood, bad enough, but only a foot or two of water on the first floor. Yesterday we got the mud shoveled out of the cellar and found Peter, the spaniel that Mr. Ladley left when he "went away." The flood, and the fact that it was Mr. Ladley's dog whose body was found half buried in the basement fruit closet, brought back to me the strange events of that other flood five years ago, when the water reached more than half-way to the second story, and brought with it, to some, mystery and sudden death, and to me the worst case of "shingles" I have ever seen.

My name is Pitman—in this narrative. It is not really Pitman, but that does well enough. I belong to an old Pittsburgh

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"PROBABLY MR. PITMAN WAS A MAN," SHE SAID, FIXING HER HAIR. "MY HUSBAND IS A FIEND, A DEVIL."

family. I was born on Penn Avenue, when that was the best part of town, and I lived, until I was fifteen, very close to what is now the Pittsburgh Club. It was a dwelling then: I have forgotten who lived there.

I was a girl in 'seventy-seven, during the railroad riots, and I recall driving in the family carriage over to one of the Allegheny hills, and seeing the yards burning, and a great noise of shooting from across the river. It was the next year that I ran away from school to marry Mr. Pitman, and I have not known my family since. We were never reconciled, although I came back to Pittsburgh after twenty years of wandering. Mr. Pitman was dead: the old city called me, and I came. I had a hundred dollars or so, and I took a house in lower Allegheny, where, because the place is partly inundated every spring, rents are cheap, and I kept boarders. My house was always orderly and clean, and although the neighborhood

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had a bad name, a good many theatrical people stopped with me. Five minutes across the bridge, and they were in the theatre district. Allegheny at that time, I believe, was still an independent city. But since then it has allied itself with Pittsburgh: it is now the North Side.

I was glad to get back. I worked hard, but I made my rent and my living, and a little over. Now and then on summer evenings I went to one of the parks, and, sitting on a bench, watched the children playing around, and looked at my sister's house, closed for the summer. It is a very large house: her butler once had his wife boarding with me—a nice little woman.

It is curious to recall that, at that time, four years ago, I had never seen my niece, Lida Harvey, and then to think that, only a day or so ago, she came in her automobile, as far as she dared, and then sat there, waving to me, while the police patrol brought across in a skiff the basket of provisions she had sent me.

I wonder what she would have thought, had she known that the elderly woman in a calico wrapper with an old overcoat over it, and a pair of rubber boots, was her full aunt!

The flood and the sight of Lida both brought back the case of Jennie Brice. For even then, Lida and Mr. Howell were interested in each other.

This is April. The flood of 1907 was earlier, in March. It had been a long, hard winter, with ice gorges in all the upper valleys. Then, in early March, there came a thaw. The gorges broke up and began to come down, filling the rivers with crushing, grinding ice.

There are three rivers at Pittsburgh, the Allegheny and the Monongahela uniting there at the Point to form the Ohio. And all three were covered with broken ice, logs, and all sorts of débris from the upper valleys.

A warning was sent out from the Weather Bureau, and I got my carpets ready to lift that morning. That was on the fourth of March, a Sunday. Mr. Ladley and his wife, Jennie Brice, had the parlor bedroom, and the room behind it. Mrs. Ladley, or Miss Brice, as she preferred to be known, had a small part at a local theatre which kept a permanent company. Her husband was in that business too, but he had nothing to do. It was the wife who paid the bills, and a lot of quarreling they did about it.

I knocked at the door at ten o'clock, and Mr. Ladley opened it. He was a short man, rather stout and getting bald, and he always had a cigarette. Even yet, the parlor carpet smells of them.

"What do you want?" he asked sharply, holding the door open about an inch.

"The water's coming up very fast, Mr. Ladley," I said. "It's up to the swing-shelf in the cellar now. I'd like to take up the carpet and move the piano."

"Come back in an hour or so," he snapped, and tried to close the door. But I had got my toe in the crack.

"I'll have to have the piano moved, Mr. Ladley," I said. "You'd better put off what you are doing."

I thought he was probably writing. He spent most of the day writing, using the wash-stand as a desk, and it kept me busy with oxalic acid taking ink spots out of the splasher and the towels. He was writing a play, and talked a lot about the Shuberts having promised to star him in it when it was finished.

"Hell!" he said, and, turning, spoke to somebody in the room.

"We can go into the back room," I heard him say, and he closed the door. When he opened it again, the parlor was empty. I called in Terry, the Irishman who does odd jobs for me now and then, and we both got to work at the tacks in the carpet, Terry working by the window, and I by the door into the back parlor, which the Ladleys used as a bedroom.

That was how I happened to hear what I afterward told the police.

Some one—a man, but not Mr. Ladley—was talking. Mrs. Ladley broke in; "I won't do it!" she said flatly. "Why should I help him? He doesn't help me. He loafs here all day, smoking and sleeping, and sits up all night drinking and keeping me awake."

The voice went on again, as if in reply to this, and I heard a rattle of glasses, as though they were pouring drinks. They always had whisky, even when they were behind with their board.

"That's all very well," Mrs. Ladley said. I could always hear her, she having a theatrical sort of voice—one that carries. "But what about the prying she-devil that runs the house?"

"Hush, for God's sake!" broke in Mr. Ladley, and after that they spoke in

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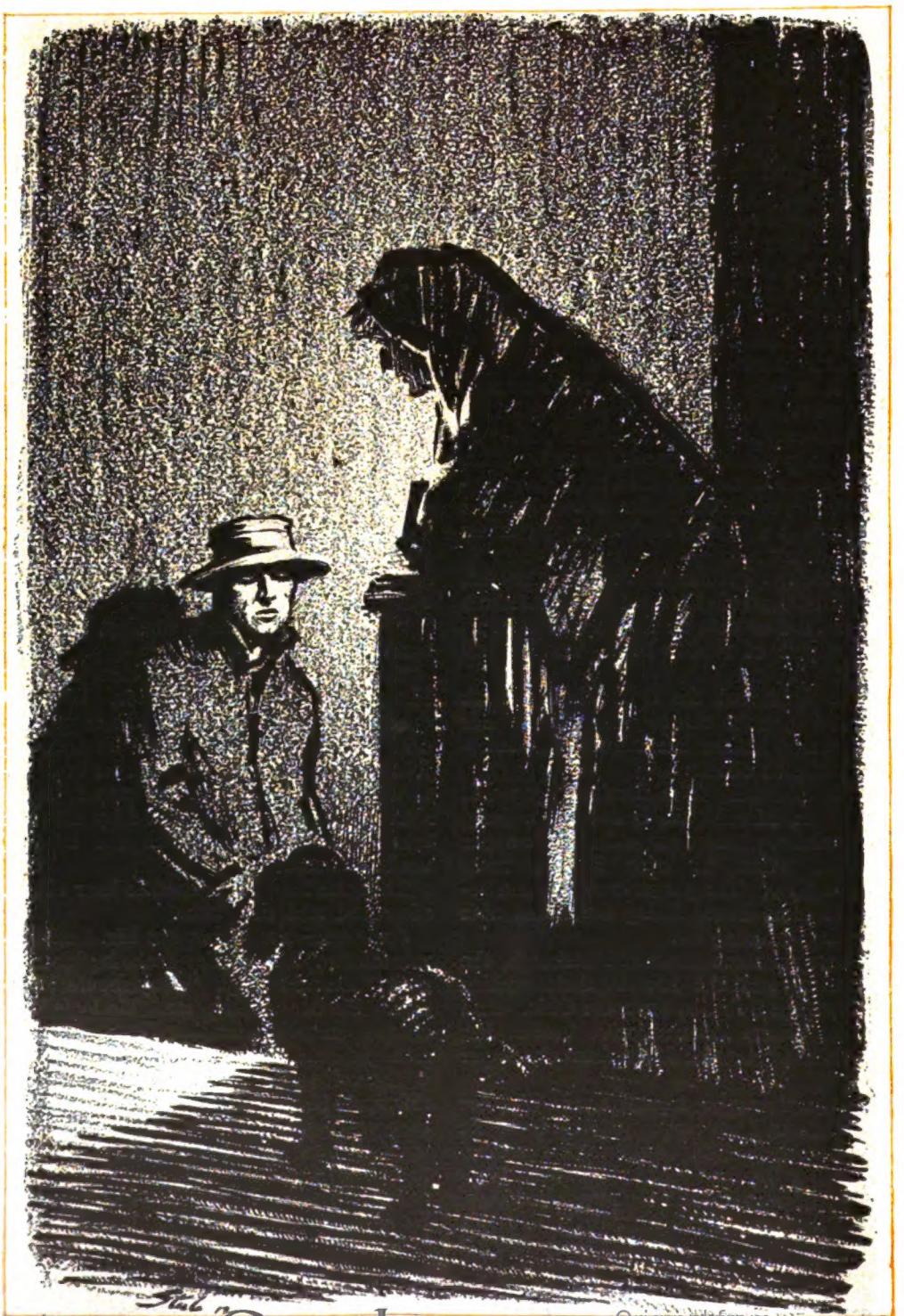

PERHAPS IT WAS THE CANDLELIGHT, BUT HE LOOKED GHOST-WHITE AND HAGGARD.

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whispers. Even with my ear against the panel, I could not catch a word.

The men came just then to move the piano, and by the time we had taken it and the furniture up-stairs, the water was over the kitchen floor, and creeping forward into the hall. I had never seen the river come up so fast. By noon the yard was full of floating ice, and at three that afternoon the police skiff was on the front street, and I was wading around in rubber boots, taking the pictures off the walls.

I was too busy to see who the Ladleys' visitor was, and he had gone when I remembered him again. The Ladleys moved up to the second-story front, which was empty, and Mr. Reynolds, who was in the silk department in a store across the river, had the room just behind.

I put up a coal-stove in a back room next the bathroom, and managed to cook the dinner there. I was washing up the dishes when Mr. Reynolds came in. As it was Sunday, he was in his slippers and had a newspaper in his hand.

"What's the matter with the Ladleys?" he asked. "I can't read for their quarreling."

"Booze, probably," I said. "When you've lived in the flood district as long as I have, Mr. Reynolds, you'll know that the rising of the river is a signal for every man in the vicinity to stop work and get full. The fuller the river, the fuller the male population."

"Then this flood will probably make them drink themselves to death!" he said. "It's a lulu."

"It's the neighborhood's annual debauch. The women are busy keeping the babies from getting drowned in the cellars, or they'd get full too. I hope, since it's come this far, it will come farther, so the landlord will have to paper the parlor."

That was at three o'clock. At four Mr. Ladley went down the stairs, and I heard him getting into a skiff in the lower hall. There were boats going back and forth all the time, carrying crowds of curious people, and taking the flood sufferers to the corner grocery, where they were lowering groceries in a basket on a rope from an upper window.

I had been making tea when I heard Mr. Ladley go out. I fixed a tray with a cup of it and some crackers, and took it to their door. I had never liked Mrs. Ladley, but it was chilly in the house with the gas shut off, and the lower floor full of ice-water. And it is hard enough to keep boarders in the flood district.

She did not answer to my knock, so I opened the door and went in. She was at the window, looking after him, and the brown valise, that figured in the case later, was open on the floor. Over the foot of the bed was the black and white dress, with the red collar.

When I spoke to her, she turned around quickly. She was a tall woman, about twenty-eight, with very white teeth, and yellow hair which she parted a little to one side and drew down over her ears. She had a sullen face and large, well-shaped hands, with her nails long and very pointed.

"The 'she-devil' has brought you some tea," I said. "Where shall she put it?"

"'She-devil'!" she repeated, raising her eyebrows. "It's a very thoughtful she-devil. Who called you that?"

But, with the sight of the valise and the fear that they might be leaving, I thought it best not to quarrel. She had left the window and, going to the bureau, had picked up her nail-file.

"Never mind," I said. "I hope you are not going away. These floods don't last, and they're a benefit. Plenty of the people around here rely on 'em every year to wash out their cellars."

"No, I'm not going away," she replied lazily. "I'm taking that dress to Miss Hope at the theatre. She is going to wear it in 'Charlie's Aunt' next week. She hasn't half enough of a wardrobe to play leads in stock. Look at this thumb-nail, broken to the quick!"

If I had only looked to see which thumb it was! But I was putting the tea-tray on the wash-stand, and moving Mr. Ladley's papers to find room for it. Peter, the spaniel, sat up and begged for a lump of sugar, and I gave it to him.

"Where is Mr. Ladley?" I asked.

"Gone out to see the river."

"I hope he'll be careful. There's a drowning or two every year in these floods."

"Then I hope he won't," she said calmly. "Do you know what I was doing when you came in? I was looking after his boat, and hoping it had a hole in it."

"You won't feel that way to-morrow, Mrs. Ladley," I protested, shocked. "You're just nervous and put out. Most men have their ugly times. Many a time I wished Mr. Pitman was gone—until he went.

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Then I'd have given a good bit to have him back again."

She was standing in front of the dresser, fixing her hair over her ears. She turned and looked at me over her shoulder.

"Probably Mr. Pitman was a man," she said. "My husband is a fiend, a devil."

Well, a good many women have said that to me at different times. But just let me say such a thing to *them*, or repeat their own words to them the next day, and they would fly at me in a fury. So I said nothing, and put the cream into her tea.

I never saw her again.

CHAPTER II

There is not much sleeping done in the flood district during a spring flood. The gas was shut off, and I gave Mr. Reynolds and the Ladleys each a lamp. I sat in the back room that I had made into a temporary kitchen, with a candle, and with a bedquilt around my shoulders. The water rose fast in the lower hall, but by midnight, at the seventh step, it stopped rising and stood still. I always have a skiff during the flood season, and as the water rose, I tied it to one spindle of the staircase after another.

I made myself a cup of tea, and at one o'clock I stretched out on a sofa for a few hours' sleep. I think I had been sleeping only an hour or so, when some one touched me on the shoulder and I started up. It was Mr. Reynolds, partly dressed.

"Some one has been in the house, Mrs. Pitman," he said. "They went away just now in the boat."

"Perhaps it was Peter," I suggested. "That dog is always wandering around at night."

"Not unless Peter can row a boat," said Mr. Reynolds dryly.

I got up, being already fully dressed, and, taking the candle, we went to the staircase. I noticed that it was a minute or so after two o'clock, as we left the room. The boat was gone, not untied, but cut loose. The end of the rope was still fastened to the stair-rail. I sat down on the stairs and looked at Mr. Reynolds.

"It's gone!" I said. "If the house catches fire, we'll have to drown."

"It's rather curious, when you consider it." We both spoke softly, not to disturb the Ladleys. "I've been awake, and I heard no boat come in. And yet, if no one came in a boat, and came from the street, they would have had to swim in."

I felt queer and creepy. The street door was open, of course, and the lights going beyond. It gave me a strange feeling to sit there in the darkness on the stairs, with the arch of the front door like the entrance to a cavern, and see the lights on the water, and now and then a chunk of ice slide into view, turn around in the eddy, and pass on. It was bitter cold, too, and the wind was rising.

"I'll go through the house," said Mr. Reynolds. "There's likely nothing worse the matter than some drunken mill-hand on a vacation while the mills are under water. But I'd better look."

He left me, and I sat there alone in the darkness. I had a presentiment of something wrong, but I tried to think it was only discomfort and the cold. The water, driven in by the wind, swirled at my feet. And something dark floated in and lodged on the step below. I reached down and touched it. It was a dead kitten. I had never known a dead cat to bring me anything but bad luck, and here was one washed in at my very feet.

Mr. Reynolds came back soon, and reported the house quiet and in order.

"But I found Peter shut up in one of the third-floor rooms," he said. "Did you put him there?"

I had not, and said so; but as the dog went everywhere, and the door might have blown shut, we did not attach much importance to that at the time.

Well, the skiff was gone, and there was no use worrying about it until morning. I went back to the sofa to keep warm, but I left my candle lighted and my door open. I did not sleep: the dead cat was on my mind, and, as if it were not bad enough to have it washed in at my feet, about four in the morning Peter, prowling uneasily, discovered it and brought it in and put it on my couch, wet and stiff, poor little thing.

I looked at the clock. It was a quarter after four, and except for the occasional crunch of one ice-cake hitting another in the yard, everything was quiet. And then I heard the stealthy sound of oars in the lower hall.

I am not a brave woman. I lay there, hoping Mr. Reynolds would hear and open his door. But he was sleeping soundly. Peter snarled and ran out into the hall, and the next moment I heard Mr. Ladley

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speaking. "Down, Peter," he said. "Down. Go and lie down."

I took my candle and went out into the hall. Mr. Ladley was stooping over the boat, trying to tie it to the staircase. The rope was short, having been cut, and he was having trouble. He looked up quickly when he heard me. Perhaps it was the candle-light, but he looked ghost-white and haggard.

"I borrowed your boat, Mrs. Pitman," he said, civilly enough. "Mrs. Ladley was not well, and I—I went to the drug-store."

"You've been more than two hours going to the drug-store, then," I said coldly.

He muttered something about not finding any open at first, and went into his room. He closed and locked the door behind him, and although Peter whined and scratched, he did not let him in.

"WELL, SHE'LL NEVER WEAR IT AGAIN."

He looked so agitated that I thought I had been harsh, and that perhaps she was really ill. I knocked at the door, and asked if I could do anything. But he only called "No" curtly through the door and asked me to take that infernal dog away.

I went back to bed and tried to sleep, for the water had dropped an inch or so on the

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stairs, and I knew the danger was over. Peter came, shivering, at dawn, and got onto the sofa with me. I put an end of the quilt over him, and he stopped shivering after a time and went to sleep.

The dog was company. I lay there, wide awake, thinking about Mr. Pitman's death, and how I had come, by degrees, to be keeping a cheap boarding-house in the flood district, and to having to take impudence from everybody who chose to rent a room from me, and to being called a she-devil. From that I got to thinking again about the Ladleys, and how she had said he was a fiend, and to doubting about his having gone out for medicine for her. I dozed off again at daylight, and, being worn out, I slept heavily.

At seven o'clock Mr. Reynolds came to the door, dressed for the store. He was a tall man of about fifty, neat and orderly in his habits, and he always remembered that I had seen better days, and treated me as a lady.

"Never mind about breakfast for me this morning, Mrs. Pitman," he said. "I'll get a cup of coffee at the other end of the bridge. I see the boat is back, safe enough. I'll take it and send it back with Terry."

He turned, and went along the hall and down to the boat. I heard him push off from the stairs with an oar and row out into the street. Peter followed him to the stairs.

At a quarter after seven Mr. Ladley came out and called to me. "Just bring in a cup of coffee and some toast," he said. "Enough for one."

He went back and slammed his door, and I made his coffee. I steeped a cup of tea for Mrs. Ladley at the same time. He opened the door just wide enough for the tray, and took it without so much as a "thank you." He had a cigarette in his mouth as usual, and I could see a fire in the grate and smell something like scorching cloth.

"I hope Mrs. Ladley is better," I said, getting my foot in the crack of the door, so he could not quite close it. It smelled to me as if he had accidentally set fire to something with his cigarette, and I tried to see into the room.

"What about Mrs. Ladley?" he snapped.

"You said she was ill last night."

"Oh, yes! Well, she wasn't very sick. She's better."

"Shall I bring her some tea?"

"Take your foot away!" he ordered. "No. She doesn't want tea. She's not here."

"Not here!"

"Good heavens!" he snarled. "Is her going away anything to make such a fuss about? The Lord knows I'd be glad to get out of this infernal pig-wallow myself."

"If you mean my house—" I began. But he had pulled himself together and was more polite when he answered. "I mean the neighborhood. Your house is all that could be desired for the money. If we do not have linen sheets and double cream, we are paying muslin and milk prices."

Either my nose was growing accustomed to the odor, or it was dying away: I took my foot away from the door. "When did Mrs. Ladley leave?" I asked.

"This morning, very early. I rowed her to Federal Street."

"You couldn't have had much sleep," I said dryly. For he looked horrible. There were lines around his eyes, which were red, and his lips looked dry and cracked.

"She's not in the piece this week at the theatre," he said, licking his lips and looking past me, not at me. "She'll be back by Saturday."

I did not believe him. I do not think he imagined that I did. He shut the door in my face, and it caught poor Peter by the nose. The dog ran off howling, but although Mr. Ladley had been as fond of the animal as it was in his nature to be fond of anything, he paid no attention. As I started down the hall after him, I saw what Peter had been carrying—a slipper of Mrs. Ladley's. It was soaked with water; evidently Peter had found it floating at the foot of the stairs.

Although the idea of murder had not entered my head at that time, the slipper gave me a turn. I picked it up and looked at it—a black one with a beaded toe, short in the vamp and high-heeled, the sort most actresses wear. Then I went back and knocked at the door of the front room again.

"What the devil do you want now?" he called from beyond the door.

"Here's a slipper of Mrs. Ladley's," I said. "Peter found it floating in the lower hall."

He opened the door wide, and let me in. The room was in tolerable order, much better than when Mrs. Ladley was about. He looked at the slipper, but he did not touch

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it. "I don't think that is hers," he said.

"I've seen her wear it a hundred times."

"Well, she'll never wear it again." And then, seeing me stare, he added: "It's ruined with the water. Throw it out. And, by the way, I'm sorry, but I set fire to one of the pillow-slips—dropped asleep and my cigarette did the rest. Just put it on the bill."

He pointed to the bed. One of the pillows had no slip, and the ticking cover had a scorch or two on it. I went over and looked at it.

"The pillow will have to be paid for too, Mr. Ladley," I said. "And there's a sign nailed on the door that forbids smoking in bed. If you are going to set fire to things, I shall have to charge extra."

"Really!" he jeered, looking at me with his cold, fishy eyes. "Is there any sign on the door saying that boarders are charged extra for seven feet of filthy river in the bedrooms?"

I was never a match for him, and I make it a principle never to bandy words with my boarders. I took the pillow and the slipper and went out. The telephone was ringing on the stair landing. It was the theatre, asking for Miss Brice.

"She has gone away," I said.

"What do you mean? Moved away?"

"Gone for a few days' vacation," I replied. "She isn't playing this week, is she?"

"Wait a moment," said the voice. There was a hum of conversation from the other end, and then another man came to the telephone.

"Can you find out where Miss Brice has gone?"

"I'll see."

I went to Ladleys' door and knocked. Mr. Ladley answered from just beyond.

"The theatre is asking where Mrs. Ladley is."

"Tell them I don't know," he snarled, and shut the door. I took his message to the telephone.

Whoever it was swore and hung up the receiver.

All the morning I was uneasy—I hardly knew why. Peter felt it as I did. There was no sound from the Ladleys' room, and the house was quiet, except for the lapping water on the stairs and the police patrol going back and forth.

At eleven o'clock a boy in the neighborhood, paddling on a raft, fell into the water and was drowned. I watched the police boat go past, carrying his little cold body, and after that I was good for nothing. I went and sat with Peter on the stairs. The dog's conduct had been strange all morning. He had sat just above the water, looking at it and whimpering. Perhaps he was expecting another kitten—or perhaps——

It is hard to say how ideas first enter one's mind. But the notion that Mr. Ladley had killed his wife and thrown her body into the water came to me as I sat there. All at once I seemed to see it all: the quarreling the day before, the night trip in the boat, the water-soaked slipper, his haggard face that morning—even the way the spaniel sat and stared at the flood.

Terry brought the boat back at half-past eleven, towing it behind another.

"Well," I said, from the stairs, "I hope you've had a pleasant morning."

"What doing?" he asked, not looking at me.

"Rowing about the streets. You've had that boat for four hours."

He tied it up without a word to me, but he spoke to the dog. "Good morning, Peter," he said. "It's nice weather—for fishes, ain't it?"

He picked out a bit of floating wood from the water and, showing it to the dog, flung it into the parlor. Peter went after it with a splash. He was pretty fat, and when he came back I heard him wheezing. But what he brought back was not the stick of wood. It was the knife I use for cutting bread. It had been on a shelf in the room where I had slept the night before, and now Peter brought it out of the flood where its wooden handle had kept it afloat. The blade was broken off short.

It is not unusual to find one's household goods floating around during flood-time. More than once I've lost a chair or two, and seen it after the water had gone down, new-scrubbed and painted, in Molly Maguire's kitchen next door. And perhaps now and then a bit of luck would come to me—a dog kennel or a chicken-house, or a kitchen table, or even, as happened once, a month-old baby in a wooden cradle, that lodged against my back fence, and had come forty miles, as it turned out, with no worse mishap than a cold in its head.

But the knife was different. I had put it on the mantel over the stove I was using upstairs the night before, and hadn't touched

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it since. As I sat staring at it, Terry took it from Peter and handed it to me.

"Better give me a penny, Mrs. Pitman," he said, in his impudent Irish way. "I hate to give you a knife. It may cut our friendship."

I reached over to hit him a clout on the head, but I did not. The sunlight was coming in through the window at the top of the stairs, and shining on the rope that was tied to the banister. The end of the rope was covered with stains, brown, with a glint of red in them.

I got up shivering. "You can get the meat at the butcher's, Terry," I said, "and come back for me in a half-hour." Then I turned and went up-stairs, weak in the knees, to put on my hat and coat. I had made up my mind that there had been murder done.

III

I looked at my clock as I went downstairs. It was just twelve-thirty. I thought of telephoning for Mr. Reynolds to meet me, but it was his lunch-hour, and besides, I was afraid to telephone from the house while Mr. Ladley was in it.

Peter had been whining again. When I came down the stairs he had stopped whimpering and was wagging his tail. A strange boat had put into the hallway and was coming back. Mr. Ladley, with his hat in his hand, reached the landing just behind me, but, on seeing the boat, turned and went back to his room.

"Now, old boy!" somebody was saying from the boat. "Steady, old chap! I've got something for you."

A little man, elderly and alert, was standing up in the boat, poling it along with an oar. Peter gave vent to joyful yelps. The elderly gentleman brought his boat to a stop at the foot of the stairs and, reaching down into a tub at his feet, held up a large piece of raw liver. Peter almost went crazy, and I remembered suddenly that I had forgotten to feed the poor beast for more than a day.

"Would you like it?" asked the gentleman. Peter sat up, as he had been taught to do, and barked. The gentleman reached down again, got a wooden platter from a stack of them at his feet and, placing the liver on it, put it on the step. The whole thing was so neat and businesslike that I could only gaze.

"That's a well-trained dog, madam," said the elderly gentleman, beaming at Peter over his glasses. "You should not have neglected him."

"The flood put him out of my mind," I explained, humbly enough, for I was ashamed.

"Exactly. Do you know how many starving dogs and cats I have found this morning?" He took a note-book out of his pocket and glanced at it. "Forty-eight. Forty-eight, madam! And ninety-three cats! I have found them marooned in trees, clinging to fences, floating on barrels, and I have found them in comfortable houses where there was no excuse for their neglect. Well, I must be moving on. I have the report of a cat with a new litter in the loft of a stable near here."

He wiped his hands carefully on a fresh paper napkin, of which also a heap rested on one of the seats of the boat, and picked up an oar, smiling benevolently at Peter. Then, suddenly, he bent over and looked at the stained rope-end tied to the stair-rail.

"What's that?" he said.

"That's what I'm going to find out," I replied. I glanced up at the Ladleys' door, but it was closed.

The little man dropped his oar and, fumbling in his pockets, pulled out a small magnifying-glass. He bent over, holding to the rail, and inspected the stains with the glass. I had taken a fancy to him at once, and in spite of my excitement I had to smile a little.

"Humph!" he said, and looked up at me. "That's blood. Why did you *cut* the boat loose?"

"*I* didn't," I said. "If that is blood, I want to know how it got there. That was a new rope last night." I glanced at the Ladleys' door again, and he followed my eyes.

"I wonder," he said, raising his voice a little, "if I come into your kitchen, if you will allow me to fry a little of that liver. There's a wretched Maltese in a tree at the corner of Fourth Street that won't touch it, raw."

I saw that he wanted to talk to me, so I turned around and led the way to the temporary kitchen I had made.

"Now," he said briskly, when he had closed the door, "there's something wrong here. Perhaps if you tell me, I can help. If I can't, it will do you good to talk about it. My name's Holcombe, retired mer-

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"THAT'S A WELL-TRAINED DOG, MADAM."

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chant. Apply to First National Bank for references."

"I'm not sure there *is* anything wrong," I began. "I guess I'm only nervous, and thinking little things are big ones. There's nothing to tell."

"Nonsense. I come down the street in my boat. A white-faced gentleman with a cigarette looks out from a window when I stop at the door, and ducks back when I glance up. I come in and find a pet dog, obviously overfed at ordinary times, whining with hunger on the stairs. As I prepare to feed him, a pale woman comes down, trying to put a right-hand glove on her left hand, and with her jacket wrong side out. What am I to think?"

I started and looked at my coat. He was right. And when, as I tried to take it off, he helped me, and even patted me on the shoulder—what with his kindness, and the long morning alone, worrying, and the sleepless night, I began to cry. He had a clean handkerchief in my hand before I had time to think of one.

"That's it," he said. "It will do you good, only don't make a noise about it. If it's a husband on the annual flood spree, don't worry, madam. They always come around in time to whitewash the cellars."

"It isn't a husband," I sniffled.

"Tell me about it," he said. There was something so kindly in his face, and it was so long since I had had a bit of human sympathy, that I almost broke down again.

I sat there, with a crowd of children paddling on a raft outside the window, and Molly Maguire, next door, hauling the morning's milk up in a pail fastened to a rope, her doorway being too narrow to admit the milkman's boat, and I told him the whole story.

"Humph!" he said, when I had finished. "It's curious, but—you can't prove a murder unless you can produce a body."

"When the river goes down, we'll find the body," I asserted, shivering. "It's in the parlor."

"Then why doesn't he try to get away?"

"I think he is ready to go now. He only went back when your boat came in."

Mr. Holcombe ran to the door and, flinging it open, peered into the lower hall. He was too late. His boat was gone, tub of liver, pile of wooden platters and all!

We hurried to the room the Ladleys had occupied. It was empty. From the window, as we looked out, we could see the boat, almost a square away. It had stopped where, the street being higher, a door-step rose above the flood. On the step was sitting a forlorn yellow puppy. As we stared, Mr. Ladley stopped the boat, looked back at us, bent over, placed a piece of liver on a platter, and reached it over to the dog. Then, rising in the boat, he bowed, with his hat over his heart, in our direction, sat down calmly, and rowed around the corner out of sight.

Mr. Holcombe was in a frenzy of rage. He jumped up and down, shaking his fist out the window after the retreating boat. He ran down the staircase, only to come back and look out the window again. The police boat was not in sight, but the Maguire children had worked their raft around to the street and were under the window. He leaned out and called to them.

"A quarter each, boys," he said, "if you'll take me on that raft to the nearest pavement."

"Money first," said the oldest boy, holding his cap.

But Mr. Holcombe did not wait. He swung out over the window-sill, holding by his hands, and lit fairly in the center of the raft.

"Don't touch anything in that room until I come back," he called to me, and, jerking the pole from one of the boys, propelled the raft with amazing speed down the street.

The liver on the stove was burning. There was a smell of scorching through the rooms and a sort of bluish haze of smoke. I hurried back and took it off. By the time I had cleaned the pan, Mr. Holcombe was back again, in his own boat. He had found it at the end of the next street, where the flood ceased, but no sign of Ladley anywhere. He had not seen the police boat.

"Perhaps that is just as well," he said philosophically. "We can't go to the police with a wet slipper and a blood-stained rope and accuse a man of murder. We have to have a body."

"He killed her," I said, obstinately. "She told me yesterday he was a fiend. He killed her and threw the body in the water."

"Very likely. But he didn't throw it here."

But in spite of that, he went over the parlor and all the lower hall with his boat,

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feeling every foot of the floor with an oar, and finally, at the back end, he looked up at me as I stood on the stairs.

"There's something here," he said.

I went cold all over, and had to clutch the railing. But when Terry had come, and the two of them brought the thing to the surface, it was only the dining-room rug, which I had rolled up and forgotten to carry up-stairs!

At half-past one o'clock Mr. Holcombe wrote a note, and sent it off with Terry, and, borrowing my boots, which had been Mr. Pitman's, investigated the dining-room and kitchen from a floating plank; the doors were too narrow to admit the boat. But he found nothing more important than a rolling-pin. He was not at all depressed by his failure. He came back, drenched to the skin, about three, and asked my permission to go through the Ladleys' bedroom.

"I have a friend coming pretty soon, Mrs. Pitman," he said, "a young newspaper man, named Howell. He's a nice boy, and if there is anything to this, I'd like him to have it for his paper. He and I have been having some arguments about circumstantial evidence, too, and I know he'd like to work on this."

I gave him a pair of Mr. Pitman's socks, for his own were saturated, the boots having leaked, and while he was changing them the telephone rang. It was the theatre again, asking for Jennie Brice.

"You are certain she is out of the city?" some one asked, the same voice as in the morning.

"Her husband says so."

"Ask him to come to the 'phone."

"He is not here."

"When do you expect him back?"

"I'm not sure he is coming back."

"Look here," said the voice angrily, "can't you give me any satisfaction? Or don't you care to?"

"I've told you all I know."

"You don't know where she is?"

"No, sir."

"She didn't say she was coming back to rehearse for next week's piece?"

"Her husband said she went away for a few days' rest. He went away about noon and hasn't come back. That's all I know, except that they owe me three weeks' rent that I'd like to get hold of."

The owner of the voice hung up the receiver with a snap, and left me pondering. It seemed to me that Mr. Ladley had been very reckless. Did he expect any one to believe that Jennie Brice had gone for a vacation without notifying the theatre? Especially when she was to rehearse that week? I went back and told Mr. Holcombe, who put it down in his note-book, and together we went to the Ladleys' room.

The room was in better order than usual, as I have said. The bed was made—which was out of the ordinary, for Jennie Brice never made a bed—but made the way a man makes one, with the blankets wrinkled and crooked beneath, and the white counterpane pulled smoothly over the top, showing every hump beneath. I showed Mr. Holcombe the splasher, dotted with ink as usual.

"I'll take it off and soak it in milk," I said. "It's his fountain pen; when the ink doesn't run, he shakes it, and——"

"Where's the clock?" said Mr. Holcombe, stopping in front of the mantel with his note-book in his hand.

"The clock?"

I turned and looked. My onyx clock was gone from the mantel-shelf.

The second instalment of ***"The Case of Jennie Brice"*** *will appear in the November number.*

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THROUGH INFINITE SPACE *with a* CAMERA

by

HUBER WILLIAM HURT

FORMERLY RESEARCH ASSISTANT, YERKES OBSERVATORY

MODERN photography can take the picture of a comet madly rolling through space many miles a second, at distances unthinkably great. It can take the likeness of a "star" that, under the power of the telescope, becomes hundreds of suns —5,482 separate suns were counted in the photograph of such a "star" in the constellation Hercules. On a bit of sensitized paper it can condense millions of miles of the heavens.

In interpreting such a picture—for instance, a patch of the Milky Way—the human mind simply staggers. That each light point is an independent light-and-heat-giving sun; that the majority of these are systems more or less similar to our own; that no two are probably within millions of miles of each other; that practically all of these systems and suns are in motion; the Whence and the Whither—these are conceptions that transcend human grasp. Yet no more fascinating field is open to the imagination.

Aside from the stupendous marvel of the heavens themselves, the triumph of human ingenuity in contriving instruments for photographing them is deeply impressive. And the difficulties of the task, even with the instruments invented, add to its appeal.

In the first place, long "time-exposures" are necessary because of the great distance of the objects. Naturally, distance limits the quantity of light we receive from a star. Since the beams emanating from any source pass out in all directions, the nearer our earth is to that source, the more beams it will intercept. Our entire solar system intercepts only about 1-100,000,000 of the radiation of our sun.

But the distances involved in our solar system are comparatively pygmy. Twenty-five minutes suffice for the sun's rays to pass Neptune and go beyond our system, while the nearest star would not be reached by these rays short of several years. How much light can our earth receive from a really distant star—one from which light reaches us only after a thousand or more years of travel? Certainly not enough to make a "snap-shot." Light coming from such a source requires an exposure, not of fractional parts of a second, but of several hours.

The moment this time element enters, there arises a second great problem, that of *motion*. Neither the earth nor anything at which we can point our celestial camera can be induced to "sit still." Everything is on the move. The earth itself, on which our instrument must stand, is spinning on its axis practically a thousand miles an hour at the equator. Let us take any point on

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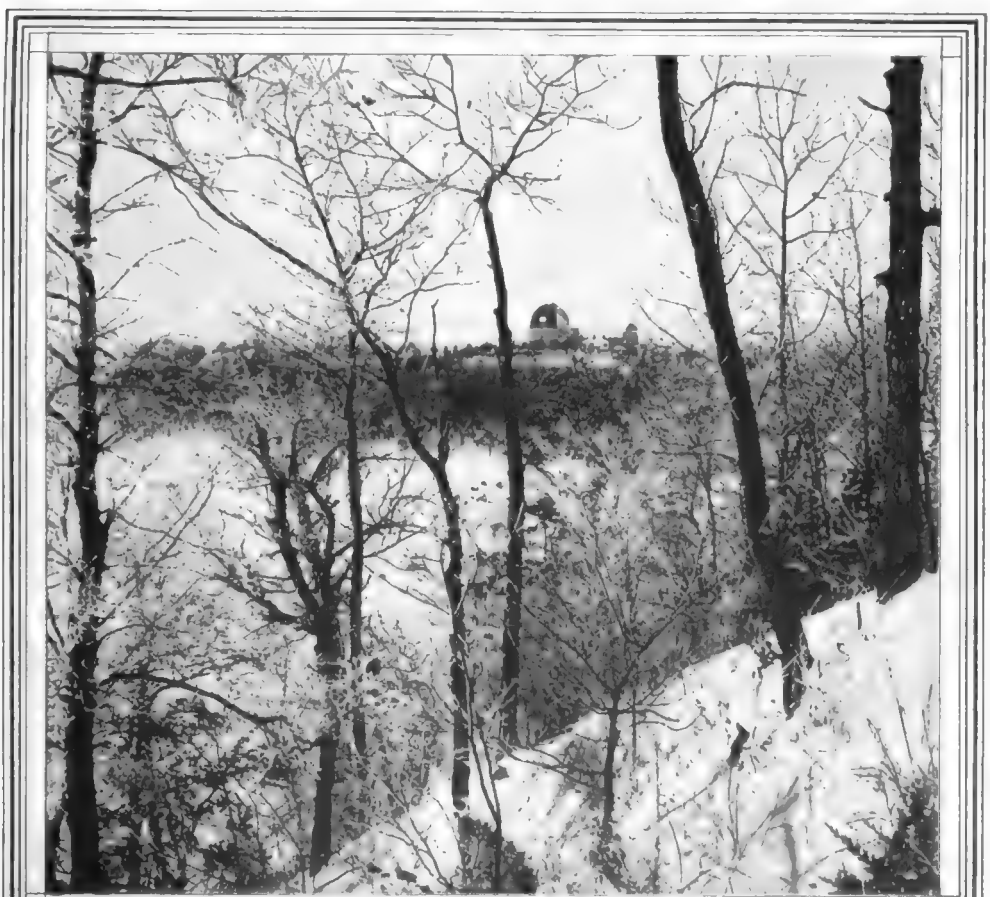
the earth's surface—the city of Washington, for example—and in thought try to trace its path through space.

The earth's daily rotation, considered alone, would cause our capital to travel about eight million miles yearly. But the earth has also a second motion, which whirls it 18.5 miles each second in its annual journey around the sun. This motion of itself would hurry our city 584,337,000 miles through the emptiness of space in a year. Meanwhile the sun is plunging some twelve to thirteen miles a second along its own highway through the universe, dragging with it its great family of circling planets and moons. This movement alone places more than four hundred million miles to our credit yearly. And the real path of our city is a combination of these three movements —a great, double-spiraled spiral. The mere thought makes us dizzy—as do all these glimpses out into the universe; for example, as imagining a peep over the edge of the world down into the awful chasm of silent space.

Contrast this terrific complex of speeds with those involved in taking a "snap-shot" of a farmhouse from the observation coach of the Twentieth Century Limited. Even this relatively simple process calls for adequate sunshine, rapid shutters, perfect lenses, and practically instantaneous exposure. Imagine, then, the enormity of the problems of celestial photography.

They are enormous despite the fact that, in practical work, only the smallest of these colossal motions disturbs, and then only because it is the smallest. The stars are so



THE YERKES OBSERVATORY AT LAKE GENEVA, WISCONSIN, WHICH HAS THE LARGEST REFRACTING TELESCOPE IN THE WORLD.

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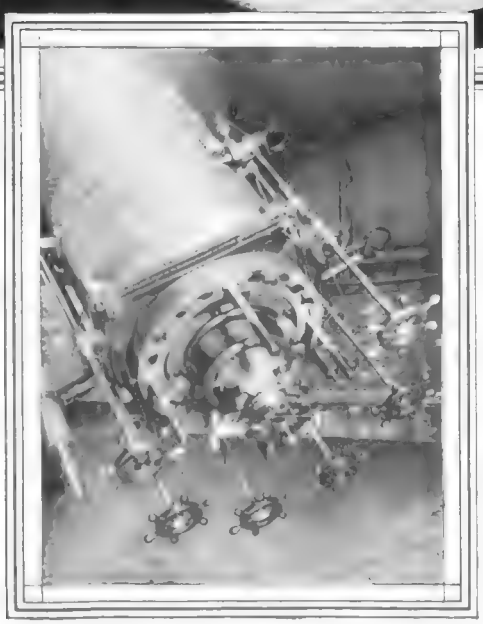
AN UNMAGNIFIED IMAGE OF THE MOON THROUGH THE YERKES TELESCOPE, SHOWING CRATERS AND MOUNTAIN-CHAINS CLEARLY.



EYE-END OF THE YERKES FORTY-INCH TELESCOPE, AS FITTED FOR VISUAL OBSERVATIONS.

unthinkably remote that our annual movement around the sun and the general forward motion of our solar system are practically negligible. These two larger motions operate so that our field of view would be very slowly, and indeed very slightly, altered. But the daily turning of the earth on its axis means that every minute a definite part of our field of view must shift.

An exposure of but a few minutes, or indeed seconds, makes it imperative

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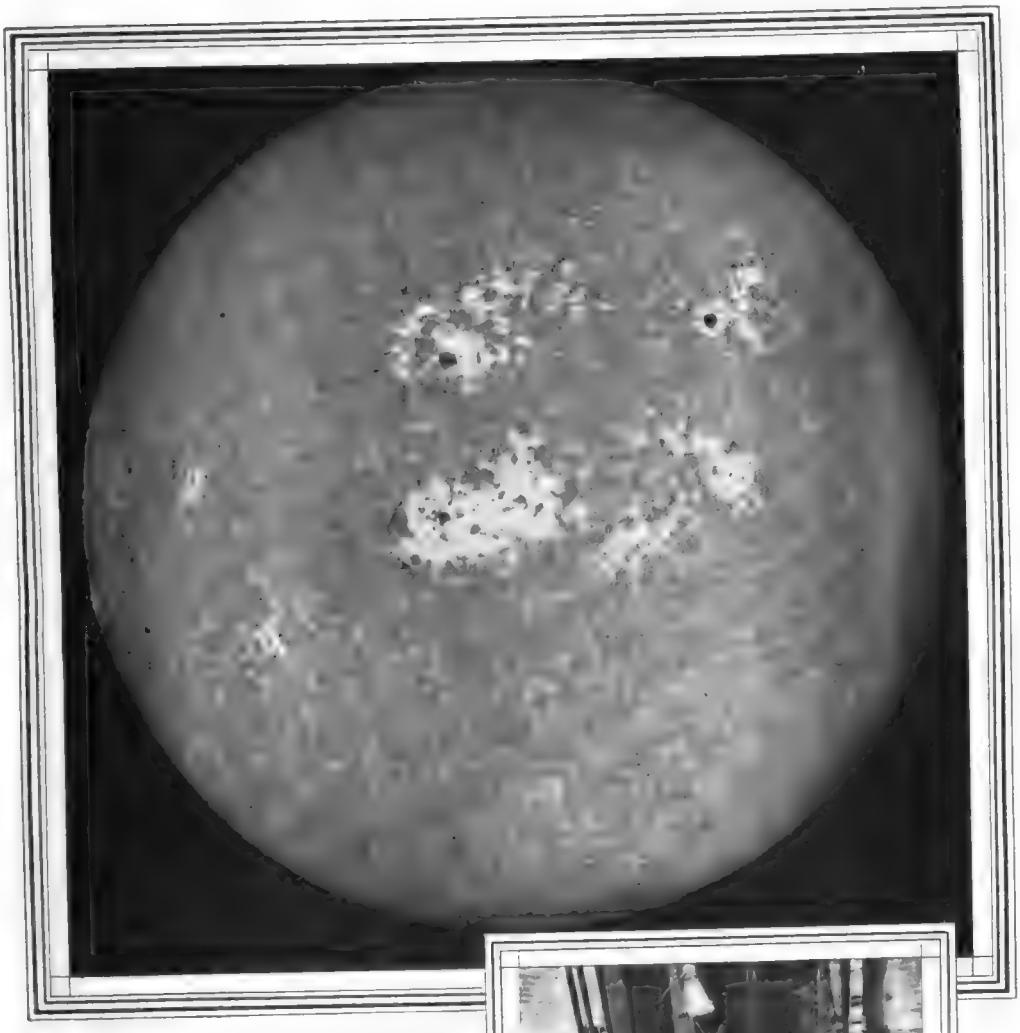

PHOTOGRAPH OF THE SUN THROUGH THE SPECTROHELIOGRAPH. THE WHITE CLOUDS ABOUT THE DARK SUNSPOTS ARE CALCIUM GAS, OF INTENSE HEAT. ONLY CALCIUM LIGHT REACHED THIS PLATE.

THE SPECTROHELIOGRAPH, WHICH CAN ARTIFICIALLY ECLIPSE THE SUN.

that the telescope be moved so as to counteract the earth's rotation. Otherwise, our star pictures become long lines of light across the plate. So while the earth revolves eastward, the telescope is moved westward by a delicate, accurate "driving-clock," and thus keeps pointing at the same object. These driving mechanisms are extra fine, large clock-gears run by heavy weights, and their speed is regulated either by electrically controlled differential gears, or by

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eccentric governor-balls which may be adjusted by hand.

Our atmosphere is another source of trouble. Every bit of light that enters has to force its way through fifty or sixty miles of hot and cold air layers, dust particles, clouds of moisture that infest the upper and lower air. We can get an idea of this "air-blanket" that surrounds us from looking at the planet Jupiter. Although the largest planet in our system, Jupiter is one of the youngest in its development, and hence is probably in a more heated and gaseous condition. This obviously would react on its atmosphere. At any rate, we can see but little of its surface except under unusual conditions, both here and there.

The slender ray of light from a distant star that penetrates the mists of our enveloping atmosphere is bent aside—first here, then there—by the strata of varying density through which it passes. So it seems constantly to be shifting its position. It twinkles and quivers almost like a cinematograph picture. This inconstancy of the ray makes the picture big and "fuzzy." Even for an object as near as Mars these atmospheric conditions render it impossible to photograph the polar "ice caps" with sharpness, or to see its "canals" with certainty.

So far there has seemed to be but one effective way to fight these difficulties. Not being able to move the mountain, we must move Mahomet. The telescope, or the plate itself, may be shifted by such small amounts as will send the light constantly to the same spot on the plate. This means sitting and "guiding" through a parallel telescope, or an equivalent prismatic device, so as to keep some selected star always at the center of two perpendicular cross-wires in the field of view. The resulting nervous and physical strain is almost intolerably severe. Imagine the fatigue of the long four to six hour exposures necessary to get results in photographing the Milky Way, with its thousands of suns, most of them larger than our own, but so distant as to be invisible. Only the summation of several hours of these faint rays will show us anything on the sensitized plate.

It is a surprising but quite natural fact, that even on so-called "clear nights" there appear only moments, fractional parts of a second, of perfect seeing. Only then can one peer through the slender rifts in the clouds, out into the boundless universe. It was in such moments that the distinguished astronomer Young saw so clearly, through his spectroscope, the great gaseous tongues of reddened flame that shot out three hundred thousand miles from the sun's surface. And it is in the power of the telescopic camera to accumulate a repetition of clear moments that one of its great values lies. It can, so to speak, hold them in reserve until their united strength can be recorded in the picture.

Among the finest photographs ever taken of the surface of the sun, were those of Janssen, of Meudon, near Paris. They clearly showed the solar surface as being composed of great granules, closely laid together. The magnificent detail of these pictures was due to his determined patience. He sat, sentinel-like, waiting and watching, until a moment of transparency came; then he fired.

The photographic plate affords leisure for study, and under normal conditions "snap judgment" does not need to be taken, but the facts are gathered and may later be studied out, weighed, and compared. When the observer is physically and nervously exhausted, and is shivering in the darkened, often freezing atmosphere of the telescope dome, conditions are not ideal for passing critical scientific judgment. Later, with mind and body refreshed, it is evident that he can achieve superior results in magnifying and interpreting the negative.

Thus one of the greatest values of celestial as well as terrestrial photography lies in its reliability as a record. It is evidence which scientific and public judgment dare not ignore. No two men ever lived who could look at the same object and then later deliver the same description or judgment of it. Not so with two photographs. Each man interprets his "picture" in terms of his past experiences—the plate records the light that reaches it.

A photograph showing canals on Mars would be infinitely more satisfying than a newspaper report that Lowell has seen them from Flagstaff, Arizona, in moments of unusual seeing. Flagstaff has an adequate altitude, dry air (when it doesn't rain), and a fine twenty-four-inch lens—one of the best. But the thirty-six-inch glass of the Lick Observatory, under comparable atmospheric conditions, is unable to resolve the hazy surface markings of Mars into orderly canals. The giant Yerkes "forty-inch"

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THE GREAT ORION NEBULA—PHOTOGRAPHED WITH A TWO-FOOT REFLECTOR. THIS GREAT MASS OF GLOWING GAS IS 50,000,000,000,000 MILES IN DIAMETER. LIGHT, TRAVELING THE EQUIVALENT OF NINE TIMES AROUND THE EARTH IN A SECOND, WOULD TAKE NINE YEARS TO CROSS IT.

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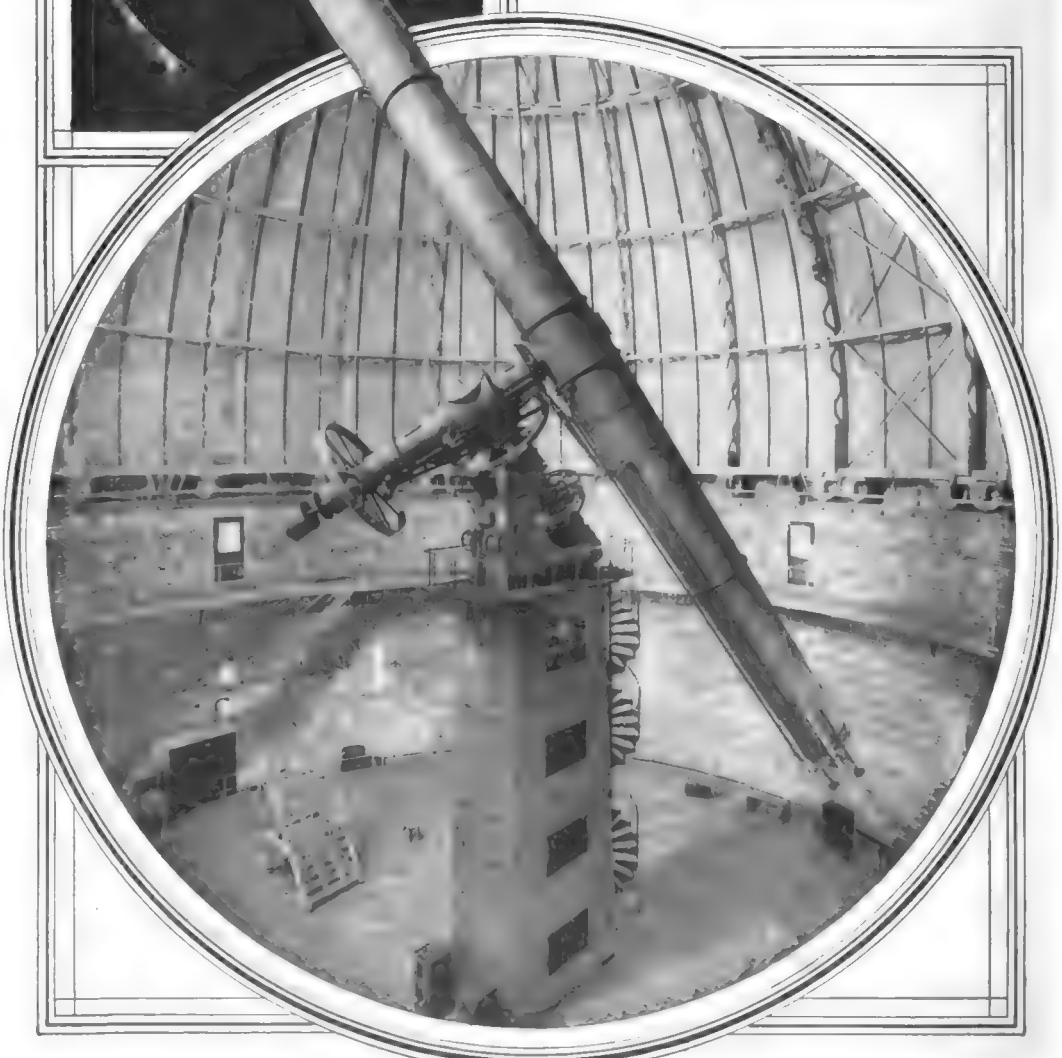
telescope, in the hands of some of the greatest observers of to-day, fails to show what Lowell's theory advances.

We must consider that even through this largest of telescopes an unmagnified image of Mars is no larger than the end of a lead-pencil; and this tiny image is so indistinct, so fuzzy, that much enlargement is out of the question. Imagine our earth reduced to scale, to twice that dainty size—a small marble. Now make it the least bit indistinct—what would happen to the Great

ARTIFICIAL ECLIPSE OF THE SUN, SHOWING GASEOUS CALCIUM ERUPTIONS.



THE GREAT YERKES TELESCOPE. THE FORTY-INCH LENS AT THE TOP COST $66,000. THE TUBE AND MOUNTING COST $55,000.

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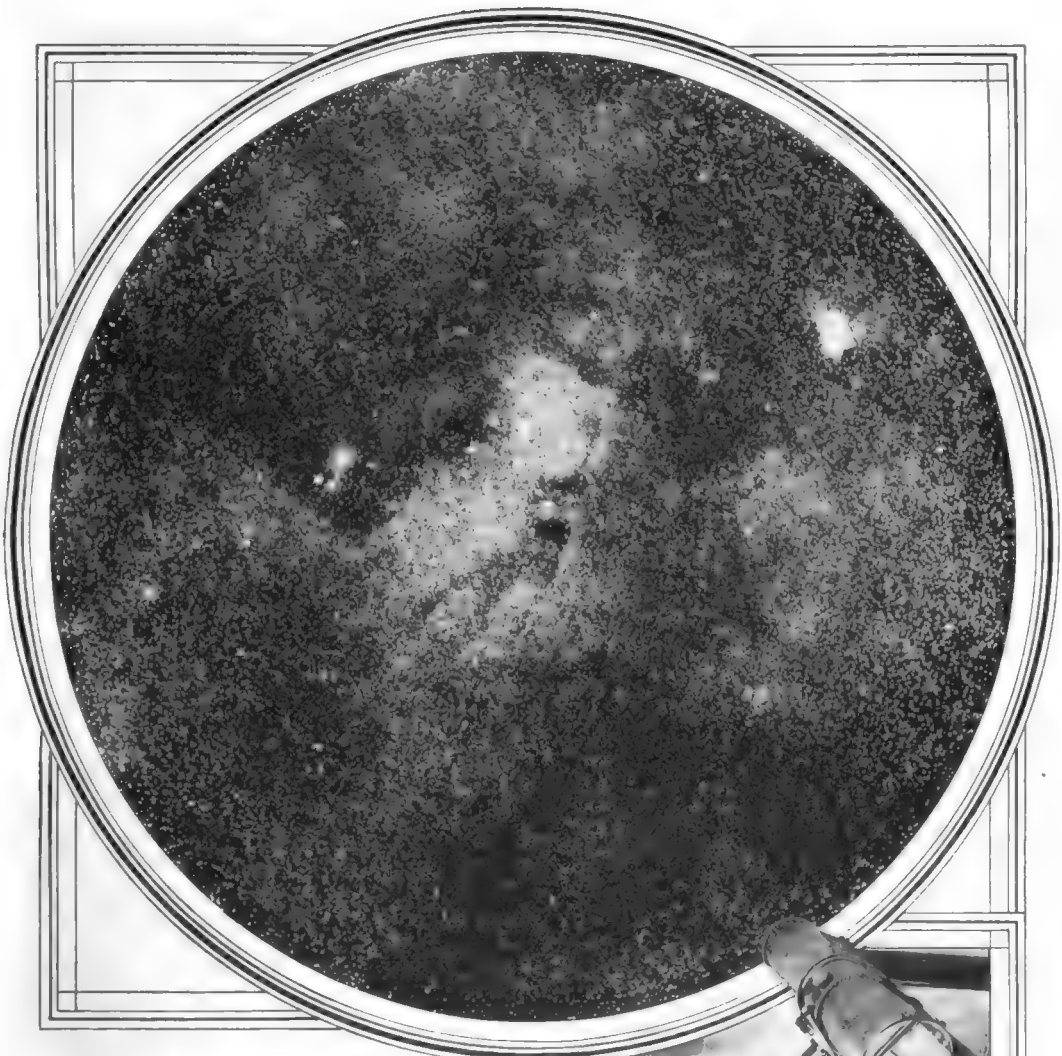

A PART OF THE MILKY WAY, SEEN THROUGH THE BRUCE TELESCOPE, BY BARNARD. EVERY DOT OF LIGHT REPRESENTS A SUN.

BRUCE SPECIAL PHOTOGRAPHIC TELESCOPE, USED TO PHOTOGRAPH LARGE AREAS.

Lakes of North America? The photographer of Mars, in addition to getting a very small image, has the disadvantage of being forced to dodge two atmospheres.

A map of the heavens was with the early astronomers a prodigious task. It meant sitting at a telescope and observing—hour after hour, night after night, year after year—with pencil and squared paper. Here a big dot, there a small one, to represent the worlds and suns and systems about us.

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None but true German patience could have carried such a work to careful completion.

But relief eventually came. The middle of the last century gave us the dry photographic plate. To-day a photograph accurately records at once all of the stars within the reach of the telescope's power and field. Such a chart is to the astronomer what a chart of the ocean is to the mariner. Recently the field has been divided among a number of observatories, and photographs have been taken in different latitudes with uniform instruments. These results have been compiled, and the resulting chart is a marvel of accuracy and reliability.

The great telescopic cameras that have been built in response to a recognition of the value of photography are triumphs of mechanical genius, and it should be no small source of pride to remember that the three greatest equipments of this kind in the world stand on United States soil. They are: the Yerkes Observatory of the University of Chicago, at Lake Geneva, Wisconsin—which has the largest refracting telescope in the world; the Solar Observatory of the Carnegie Institute, on Mt. Wilson, California, where are the greatest reflecting instruments known; the Lick Observatory of the University of California, on Mt. Hamilton, California, whose thirty-six-inch lens is exceeded only by the forty-inch of the Yerkes Observatory.

The massive dome of the giant Yerkes Observatory is ninety-two feet in diameter, and its 150-ton weight is supported by three dozen car wheels. It is revolved electrically on a circular steel track, six minutes being required for a complete revolution at high speed. The foundations of the circular wall are set deep in the glacial drift, and are entirely separate and distinct from the foundation of the central pier—for obvious reasons. The telescope must be so supported that movements of the dome or the floor will not jar the central pier.

One's first view of the seventy-foot, twenty-ton monster, towering high in the dome, is almost indescribably awe-producing. One feels actually reverent. An eminent German astronomer, on entering the dome for the first time, was held speechless for some minutes, and then could only gasp "*Riesig!*" (gigantic). Even the familiar "*Donnerwetter!*" failed.

The absolute fineness and accuracy of the moving parts is almost inconsistent with the size of the instrument. They are controlled by a fine driving mechanism located in the upper part of the great central pier-casting. The heavy weights that supply the steady power for moving the telescope tube are wound up automatically by a special electric motor.

Another wonderful piece of engineering is the seventy-five-foot movable circular floor, which is the largest electric elevator in the world. It is entirely free from the central pier and is hung with four sets of weights that exactly balance its 37.5 ton mass. These weights are suspended from the outside circular wall, hence no movement of the floor can jar the instrument. A mere touch of the levers, on the starting boxes near the center, either raises or lowers the entire floor. It may be moved through a range of twenty-three feet to suit the position of the telescope and the convenience of the observer.

The telescope itself is so accurately balanced that a child with his unaided hand can move its twenty tons. Four ropes on the central pier, however, connect with motors that can swing the telescope to any position. Among instruments of precision this telescope stands preeminent as a triumph of engineering skill.

Though observatories dot the globe in every civilized nation, one-fourth of all are located in our own land. There is an almost ideal system of intercommunication between the observatories. What one station discovers is placed at the disposal of the others, not only through scientific literature, but very often through immediate, direct means. If at the Cape of Good Hope station a new comet is discovered, this fact and the celestial location of the comet are telegraphed to the world's principal observatories. The next night, scores of inquiring telescopes, like monster cannon, are trained upon the comet, and its every movement is recorded. From this data its path is computed, and we then know whether or not to expect its return to our view. Meanwhile, spectroscopes have been making long-range chemical analyses of the comet's light, and the various elements are identified.

Our two greatest stations, the Yerkes and the Solar observatories, have grown up entirely in the past two decades, and in that time great advancement has been made in the invention of instruments and

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the discovery of scientific laws. Instruments are now available that analyze the light from a distant sun, and reveal the presence or absence of various elements—such as iron, calcium, or hydrogen—there present as glowing gases.

This has been made possible by long and careful laboratory experiments with the spectroscope. These experiments have shown that the light produced by glowing iron vapor is vitally different from that produced by glowing aluminum gas. And so on through the range of elements. The photographic plate has replaced the eye at the spectroscope (which thus analyzes the light), and permanent records are made. These are kept for future comparison with similar photographs of unknown sources. These then become a means of "analyzing" the make-up of the source of the "unknown" light.

Now when the light of a distant sun is thus investigated, its "photo" must be compared with those of known elements already investigated. In practise this is cleverly accomplished by causing the light from iron or titanium electrodes to reach part of the plate. The star's light is then allowed slowly to register beside this, and comparisons can be made.

Within the past two decades there has been invented and developed an instrument that can show the distribution of any element on the sun, and can, further, mechanically produce and photograph an artificial eclipse of the sun. It was almost simultaneously, and entirely independently, invented by Professor Hale of Chicago (now at Mt. Wilson) and Professor Deslandres of Meudon. This is the spectroheliograph—a huge instrument which weighs eight hundred pounds, and necessitates a rebalancing of the telescope when it is attached.

In eclipsing the sun, it makes possible the study of the great solar eruptive prominences—those gigantic eruptions of superheated gas from within. The great heat of the sun, estimated at from ten thousand to forty thousand degrees Fahrenheit, naturally turns the various metals and elements into gases, wherever the pressure conditions permit. And the streamers of gas forced forth have been known to shoot out even four hundred thousand miles from the surface, at speeds which have been estimated at five hundred miles a second. Instances are on photographic record of the failure of this ejected gas to return. It has apparently gone out into the awful stillness of space, growing ever colder and less luminous.

Formerly, to photograph these great solar prominences it was necessary to wait for a total eclipse of the sun, because usually they are obscured by the intense light from the center of the sun's disk. Not infrequently one had to travel to distant, often half-civilized, parts of the earth to see the eclipse. Here the instruments were unpacked, set up, and everything was made ready for the few tense moments of the eclipse, but all under the constant nightmare of the fear of clouds. With the spectroheliograph, simple optical adjustments enable one to eclipse the sun artificially in broad daylight, and *at will* to photograph these gigantic eruptions.

Spectroscopic analyses show the presence in the sun of three chemical elements as glowing gases—calcium, hydrogen, and helium. Through the adjustments of the spectroheliograph, it is possible to photograph the sun in the light of either calcium or hydrogen, in which case no light is allowed to reach the plate except that produced by the one element. The calcium light, or the calcium line used, is in the extreme blue end of the spectrum, and is ideal for photography. The hydrogen line used is in the opposite, the red, end of the spectrum, and hence is the means whereby we can *see* these great clouds—our eyes being more sensitive to the red than to the blue actinic rays. Special preparation of the plates makes possible photography through the red hydrogen light, but this presents many technical difficulties.

For beauty and fascination there is nothing in the realm of astronomy that equals the spectroscopic view of these eruptions, as seen in the hydrogen light: immense, red, towering, tongue-like clouds of superheated luminous gas. One turns to sketch the shape, and an instant later finds that the shape has entirely changed. But a sensitized plate may replace the eye, and by a series of successive exposures even slow changes are accurately "caught." This photography has all the "thrills" of game fishing. When the "strike" comes, hope beats high. No fisherman ever reeled in his line with greater anticipation than the observer feels as he rushes to the dark room with the morning's first series of exposures

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to "see what the sun's doing to-day."

Of what is our sun composed; or the distant stars; the planets, with their attendant moons; the great, beautiful gaseous nebula —doubtless worlds in the making; the fleeting comets with their trails of cosmic dust—of what are these made? The light-analyzing spectroscope makes no uncertain chemical reply. The photograph of a star's spectrum tells about that star what a chemical analysis of the blood tells of the composition and character of the blood.

Such scientific studies of light are of intense interest because they contribute so largely to our knowledge of world evolution: how our own earth has developed from the primitive chaos out of which the stellar systems of our universe have grown in obedience to the divine laws of Nature. This is a vital aim of all purposeful astronomical work—to enable us to understand better the processes of world growth.

These forces of development are even now constantly at work in the boundless space about us. An interesting example may be found in the case of the "new star" —Nova Persei—which, quite abruptly and unannounced, flashed into view at the beginning of the present century. Careful study of the star showed the workings of tremendous forces, terrifying speeds, and incomprehensible distances. This star, although relatively near us as compared with many others, is so remote that its light—*traveling as it does the equivalent of about nine times around the globe in one second*—requires *six hundred years* to reach us. Thus the explosion, or perhaps collision, which produced this "new star-burst of light," took place six hundred years before its light waves reached us across the unthinkable expanse of intervening space. Two hundred years before Columbus discovered America, this stellar outburst was produced, and its rays—though traveling constantly at an incomprehensible speed—never reached our solar system until the dawn of the twentieth century.

Although such facts quite transcend human appreciation, these are but small figures in the colossal dimensions with which astronomy must deal. In fact, the "light year"—the distance that light can travel in one year, or 5,865,696,000,000 miles—has become an astronomical *unit*. To-day stars are described as being distant ten light years, or six thousand light years, as the case may be.

The question that may suggest itself to the layman is: Of what practical value is all this astronomical expense and labor? That same question was pertinent when man after man played with the hope of chemically changing iron and baser metals into gold. But without the discoveries of that alchemy, the chemistry of to-day would have been impossible. Without the astrology of yesterday, we could not have the astronomy of to-day. And who can limit the possibilities of to-morrow?

But there is a deeper side to this research —and it is one in which the interested layman may freely share. We may ignore the fact that both present and historical time are derived from, and fixed by, the "stars and their changes." We need not consider that our entire land, and through it our property system, is founded upon surveying —which depends on the same source for the reliability of its data. We may even forget that navigation is possible, even to-day, only through the application of astronomical theory and practise. All these things we may forget in the realization that this noble science enables us better to understand God's great universe, of which we are a part —and through this leads us to a deeper appreciation of nature and life, and to a more intimate knowledge of the Power Infinite, whose wondrous works we seek to fathom.

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"THE FOREIGNER PAYS THE TAX"

by

Charles Johnson Post

IT WAS President Taft who carefully enunciated the principle that a tariff tax should equal the difference in the cost of production here and abroad, plus a reasonable profit for the manufacturer.

After the Payne-Aldrich tariff had been drafted, after it had been passed by Congress, and after it had been signed by President Taft, then a Tariff Board was appointed to investigate the difference between the cost of production here and in foreign countries. And the Tariff Board began to spin slowly for itself, in secret, an impenetrable cocoon of statistics. It held itself in a confidential advisory capacity to the President, and it declined to give any assistance to the Congress of last year.

The following is a simple and partial list of some articles that are familiar to everybody. And attached to each article is the price at which it is sold to the American dealer, together with the price at which it is sold to the dealers in foreign countries. These prices were secured in the very ordinary channels of regular business, and by the simple expedient of asking for them as a foreign buying agent—*and giving circumstantial proof of the latter.*

Let us begin:

The Howe Grocers' Scale with single beam and with tin scoop, No. 338, is an ordinary grocer's scale.

This scale is sold to the foreigner at $6.16.

It is sold to the American buyer at $7.20.

The American buyer pays 17% more than the foreign buyer.

The Payne-Aldrich Tariff tax makes the "protective" duty on scales 45%.

Here are some more:

Article	Domestic Price	Price to Foreigners	% Higher to Domestic Buyer	Payne-Aldrich Tariff Duty
The Ames New Universal Hand Plow, No. 10	$ 1.58	$ 1.25	26	15%
The Ames Spring Flexible All-Steel Dick Harrow, Two Horse, No. 3A	18.20	13.94	31	15%
American Seeding Company's Superior Fertilizer Double Disk Drill	62.00	51.78	20	15%
Deming Windmill Force Pump	5.63	4.25	32	45%
Deming "Simplex" Barrel Sprayer	10.00	8.00	25	45%
Richardson Bros. hand or rip saws, 28 in.	26.60 per doz.	19.50 per doz.	36	25%
Irwin Auger Bit Co.'s "Machine Bits"	3.78 " "	2.92 " "	29	45%
Fray 8-in. Ratchet Brace	8.10 " "	6.48 " "	25	45%
Prentiss Vise Co.'s Finisher's Vise	6.80	5.60	21	45%
Coes Wrenches, 12 in.	6.30 " "	4.95 " "	27	45%
Mallory-Wheeler Co.'s Wrought Iron Tumbler Padlock	1.98 " "	1.42 " "	39	45%
Meilink Mfg. Co.'s Safe	59.80	46.00	30	45%
U. S. Horse Shoe Co.'s Iron Horseshoes	4.10 per 100 lbs.	3.19 per 100 lbs.	29	$0.75 per 100 lbs.
"Kingston" Wringer, of Lovell Mfg. Co.	36.00 per doz.	31.50 per doz.	14	35%
Collins Yankee Axe, Standard Pattern, 4½-6 lbs.	6.75	6.07	11	45%

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Interesting side-lights are thrown on the tariff question by communications addressed to the Payne-Aldrich committee in its preparation of the tariff bill. For example, Collins & Company, who make the Yankee axes described, wrote naively of the raw material which *they* have to buy:

"In view of these conditions we ask that the matter of the rate of duty on scrap iron and steel be considered, and, if consistent with protection principles, in which we firmly believe, we suggest that *the duty be removed or materially reduced.*"

The italics are mine.

Eagle Carriage Bolts, ¼x¼x1, are sold to the foreigner at 45 cents per hundred.

That same carriage bolt is sold to the American buyer at 67 cents per hundred.

The American buyer pays 49% more than the foreign buyer.

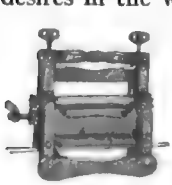
The Payne-Aldrich Tariff tax makes the "protective" duty on carriage bolts 1⅛ cents per pound.

A committee representing the manufacturers of bolts, nuts, and washers wrote to the Payne-Aldrich committee *recommending a tariff tax on bolts of 75 cents per hundred pounds, specific duty, and 25% ad valorem in addition.*

"This," it wrote, "will be a great reduction from present schedule on the bolts of greatest tonnage, and a much greater reduction on rivets. *On bolts of small diameters, and on nuts and washers, it would be an advance, due to the ad valorem.*"

The italics are mine. Who use the "bolts of small diameters" on which a higher tariff tax was asked, and into what articles do they go? Stoves and sleds and wagons—yes? Who use the "bolts of greatest tonnage" on which the tariff tax was asked to be lightened? Does an answering comparison suggest itself?

The Joseph Dixon Crucible Company signed a letter, together with other manufacturers of lead pencils, setting forth their desires in the way of a tariff on lead pencils: (The italics are mine.)



". . . This condition indicates the absolute necessity of a specific duty in addition to an ad valorem rate, in order to protect the American manufacturer *only in so far as to put him on an equal basis with the foreigner.*

"The following duties imposed upon pencil leads (paragraph 457) would simply equalize the difference in labor here and abroad. . . ."

By itself the Joseph Dixon Crucible Company wrote to the same committee:

"We understand that the tariff will shortly come up for discussion, and we would request of you not to make any change in Schedule N, paragraph 456. . . ."

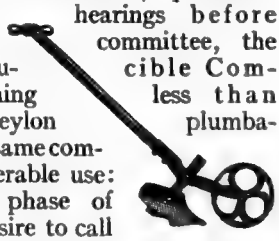
The protective tariff tax under the schedule N, paragraph 456, of the old Dingley Law referred to was on lead pencils 45 cents a gross and 25 per cent. in addition.

And the protective tariff tax on lead pencils under the Payne-Aldrich Tariff act is 45 cents a gross and 25 per cent. in addition.

The Joseph Dixon Crucible Company sell Dixon's Hexagonal Lead Pencils, No. 167, Satin Finish, to the foreigner at $3.24 a gross.

They sell the same pencil to the American buyer at $5.00 a gross.

The American lead-pencil buyer pays 54 per cent. more for the same pencil than does the foreigner.



In another communication, published elsewhere in the hearings before the Payne-Aldrich committee, the Joseph Dixon Crucible Company ask for nothing less than free entry of Ceylon plumbago, for which that same company has a considerable use:

". . . Another phase of this question we desire to call your attention to. Mr. Towne asks, or says that he thinks, a duty of 3 cents a pound should be laid. In a crucible having a capacity of 100 pounds of steel there is approximately 21 pounds of plumbago: an increase of 3 cents per pound would make an increase of 63 cents in the actual cost of this crucible to the manufacturer, and, of course, would be more to the consumer. The average production of crucible steel per crucible heat is about 100 pounds, and as about five crucibles are necessary for the production of 1 ton of metal, it is evident that an increase in the price of 3 cents per pound on plumbago would increase the price of the crucible steel ingots $3 per ton or more. Since a very large proportion of this tonnage has to be remelted, and allowing for a propor-

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tional increase in profits, it will not be far out of the way to say that the finished steel would cost $6 per ton more, as the result of levying such a tax."

Plumbago is used in the manufacture of both pencils and crucibles. So we must not put a tariff duty on it; if we do, the price of crucibles and steel will rise.

One is expected to believe, I suppose, that a duty on pencils will not affect their price, too.

What a dastardly stab in the back to the protection principles of friend lead pencil! It is flagellation, self-mayhem, or suicide, perhaps—but where is there any flaw in its course of argument? There is none.

And plumbago is on the Free List in the Payne-Aldrich tariff tax law.

The Clark & Noyes Company manufacture whips—horse whips of all kinds. Their horse whip No. 27, Java, with Nickel Head, is sold to the foreigner for $1.20 a dozen.

That same whip is sold to the American buyer in the United States for $1.68 a dozen.

The American buyer pays 40% more than the foreign buyer.

The Payne-Aldrich Tariff tax makes the protective duty on whips 40%.

The Associated Whip Manufacturers also stated their views in writing to the Payne-Aldrich committee, and their letter speaks for itself. It should rank among the classics of protectionist literature.

"We, the whip manufacturers of the United States, desire to enter our strongest protest against the proposition presented to your honorable committee by certain reed manufacturers of the United States to have a duty placed on whip reeds and rattan . . . and *with a duty placed upon them it would cause us* a great hardship. . . ."

The italics are mine.

Also the Associated Whip Manufacturers wrote still another letter to the committee. It may be read in full on page 3245 of the Tariff Hearings, Committee of Ways and Means, Sixtieth Congress, 1908-1909. Condensed accurately, with an occasional quotation, it is as follows:

"The Whip Manufacturers of the United States, in objection to any change or reduction in the tariff on whips, submit the following suggestions in the way of brief:"

1st. They represent the manufacturers of whips.

2d. They are not a trust.

3d. The whip business is $3,000,000 per annum.

4th. The whip business has not increased materially in twenty years.

5th. The small amount of business done renders it unique among the manufactures of the United States.

6th. A rhetorical introductory to:

7th. The bicycle came in and interfered with pleasure riding and light driving. Less whips were used on account of the bicycle. Whips had not recovered from this when the introduction of the electric street railroad hurt the whip business still more, and from this latter it has never recovered and never can.

8th. The automobile has interfered with the horse and is undermining whip manufacture. And "what promises to be the substitution of the taxicab for the horse cab will itself greatly curtail the present whip business."

9th. Legislation has rendered it unprofitable to raise light carriage and track horses.

The above delightful document is signed by the Associated Whip Manufacturers, Henry W. Ely, Attorney.

The Payne-Aldrich committee harkened solemnly; therefore in the present tariff law whip reeds and rattans are placed upon the free list and whips are tariff taxed 40%, exactly as requested.

It is this tariff law that the President said is the best tariff legislation ever enacted, while all of the foregoing are some of the arguments that secured its provisions. Special privilege, major and minor, was well served.

Are you convinced by such arguments as these manufacturers have offered to our august Congress?

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The FACE of FRIENDSHIP VILLAGE

by

ZONA GALE

AUTHOR OF "FRIENDSHIP VILLAGE LOVE STORIES," "MOTHERS TO MEN," ETC.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

"THE day that they denominated Threat Hubbelthwait for mayor of Friendship Village," Calliope Marsh tells it, "was band-concert night. It's real back-aching work to go to our band concerts, because we ain't no seats—nothing but a band-stand in the middle of the market square; but yet we all of us do go, because it's something to do. And you die—you *die* for some place to go to see folks and to move around among them, elbow near.

"I was resting on the bottom step of the band-stand between tunes, when Mis' Timothy Toplady come by.

"'Hold up your head,' says she. 'You're going to be mayored over in a minute by a man that ain't been drunk for six months. I dunno but they used that in the campaign. This town ain't got a politic to its name.'

"'Do they know yet,' I ask' her, 'who's going to run against him?'

"'I heard 'Lish Warren,' says Mis' Toplady. 'They want Eppleby to run interdependent, but he won't leave himself down to run against Threat and 'Lish, I don't believe. I wish't,' Mis' Toplady says, 'I was men.'

"But all of a sudden she sort of straightened up there to the foot of the band-stand.

"'No, I don't,' she says. 'I wish't I was a human being. A human being like the Lord meant me to be, with a finger in His big pie as well as in Timothy Toplady's everlasting apple-pie. I wish't—oh, I wish't I was a real human being, with my brains in my head instead of baked into pies and stitched into clothes and used to clean up floors with.'

"I've often wished that, too, though I'm so little and no account that it don't seem as if nobody could have took me serious when I was planned out. But Mis' Toplady—she's differ'nt. She's big and strong of limb, and she can lift and carry and put through, capable and swift. She's like a woman left from some time of the world when women was some human-beinger than they are now, and she's like looking ahead a thousand years.

"'But just *half* a human,' she says now, dreamy, 'would know that election day ought to be differn't from the run o' days. Some men votes,' she says, 'like they used the same muscles for votin' that they use for bettin' and buyin' and sellin'. I wonder if they do.'

"When the band started to play, we moved over towards the sidewalk. And there we come on Timothy Toplady and Silas and Mis' Sykes and Eppleby Holcomb and Mame, and two-three more. We stood there together, listening to the nice, fast tune. They must have been above six-seven hundred folks around the square, all standing quiet in the rings of the arc lights or in the swinging shadows, listening too.

"The market square is a wonderful, big open place to have in the middle of a town.

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It had got set aside years ago to be a park some day, and while it was a-waiting for parkhood, the town used the edge of it for a market and wood-yard. It stretched away 'most to the track and the Pump pasture, and on three sides of it Friendship Village lay—that night with stores shut up and most of the houses shut up while folks took their ease—though it *was* a back-aching ease—hearing the nice, fast, late tunes.

"Right while we was keeping still, up slouched Threat Hubbelthwait, the new mayor nominee.

"'Evenin',' says he, with no reverence for the tune. 'Ain't this here my dance?'

"'I heard you was up to lead us one,' says Mis' Toplady, dry.

"Threat took it for congratulations. "'Thank you kindly,' says he, easy. 'It's a great trust you folks are talkin' of placin' in me.'

"'Oh, 'most everybody in town has been trustin' you for years, ain't they, Threat?' says Mis' Toplady, sweet.

"That scairt Timothy, her lawful lord, and he talked fast to cover up, but Threat pretended not to hear anyway, and pretty soon he slouched on. And when the piece was over, and the clapping:

"'Mercy,' says Mame Holcomb,'the disgrace it'll be to have that man for mayor! How'd he get himself picked out?'

"Silas Sykes explained it. 'Threat Hubbelthwait,' says he, 'is the only man in this town that can keep the party in at this election. If Threat don't run, the party's out.'

"'EVENIN',' SAYS HE. 'AIN'T THIS HERE MY DANCE?'"

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"'Why not leave the party *go* out, then?' says Mis' Toplady, innocent.

"'Listen at that!' says Silas. 'Leave the party go out! What do we belong to the party for if we're willing to leave it go out?'

"'What,' says Mis' Toplady, troubled, 'do you belong to it for if you're willing to leave it stay in along with a bad man?'

"'We stand by the party to keep the party from being disrupted, woman,' says Silas.

"Mis' Toplady looks at him, puzzled.

"'Well,' she says, 'I *have* made an apple-pie to keep the apples from spoiling, but yet that wasn't the real, true purpose of the pie.'

"Eppleby Holcomb kind of chuckled, and just then we all got jostled for a minute with a lot passing us. Lem Toplady come by, his girl on his arm, and a nice, sheepish grin for his mother. Jimmy Sturgis, Jr., and Hugh Merriman and Mis' Uppers's boy and two-three more of that crowd, with boys' eyes in brown faces, and nice, manly ways to their shoulders. Everybody was walking round between tunes, and everywhere, in and out, under foot, went the children, eight, ten, twelve years apiece to 'em, and couldn't be left home because they wasn't anybody to leave 'em with. And there they was, waiting to be Friendship Village when the rest of us should get out of the market square for good; and there was Friendship Village, over beyond the arc light, waiting to be their town.

"'Eppleby,' I says, 'why don't you run against Threat, and mayor this town like it ought to be?'

"'Because,' Silas spoke up for him, 'Eppleby belongs to the party.'

"'You *do?*' says I to Eppleby. 'Well, if Threat, that would like to see the world run backwards, and you, that's a-pushing some on the west side like the Lord meant—if you two belongs to the same party, I bet the party's about ready to come in two pieces anyhow. Why don't you leave it go, and get denominated on your own hook, Eppleby?' I ask' him.

"'I'm going to if 'Lish gets put up,' he says low, to me. But out loud he says, careless: 'I couldn't beat the saloon folks. They're solid for Threat.'

"'But ain't we more folks to this town than them?' Mame asks.

"'Yes,' says Eppleby, 'but they don't vote. Half the best men won't touch the city hall with a clothes prop. The business men can't vote much—they've got too mixed a trade, both sides eatin' groceries and wearin' clothes. And election time comes when them out towards the city limits is doing spring plowin' and won't bother to come in town. And the *Evening Daily* was give to understand six months ago that the brewery ad. would come out if Threat wa'n't their ticket. Anybody that runs against him is beat before the polls open.'

"'Among 'em all, what about the town?' says I.

"Mis' Sykes spoke up, majestic. 'The town,' says she, 'is as good as any town. I'm sure we've got as many nice residences and well-kep' yards, and as many modern improvements as most towns our size. *My* part, I'm too patriotic to be all the time askin' for more.'

"'I wonder, Mis' Sykes,' I couldn't help sayin', 'you ain't too religious ever to pray for anything.'

"The band always plays 'America' to go home on, not so much out of patriotism, I guess, as to let folks know it's time to go home. And just as they was tuning up, Mis' Toplady leaned over to me, brooding.

"'I wouldn't care so much,' she says, 'if it wasn't Lem's first vote. Lem was twenty-one in the spring, and it's his first vote. I just can't bear to think of his voting for Threat or 'Lish, to cut his voting teeth on.'

"'I know,' I says. 'So it is Hugh Merriman's first vote—and Mis' Uppers's boy and Jimmy Sturgis's, Jr. Don't it seem too bad?'

"Mis' Toplady looked at the men. 'Couldn't you do something to your election day that you own so personal?' she snaps. 'Couldn't you make it a day that is a day? A day that would make folks want to vote decent, and be some kitterin'-minded about votin' bad?'

"'Like what?' says Timothy, blank.

"'Oh—I dunno,' says Mis' Toplady, restless. 'Somethin' that'll roust folks up and give 'em to see their town like a wagon to be pulled and not one to be rode in. Exercises, mebbe——'

"'*Exercises!*' says Silas Sykes, explosive. 'You'll be wantin' the stores closed election day, next thing.'

"'I mean that now,' says Mis' Toplady. 'Exercises,' she went on, 'that'll show 'em what's being done for 'em in the world—and the universe—and I dunno but other places.

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"'THEN I'M NOT TRESPASSING?' HE SAYS. 'NO MORE'N THE EAGLES OF THE LORD', I SAYS TO HIM."

Exercises that'll make 'em think ahead and out, and up and in the air instead of just down into their pocketbooks. I dunno. Exercises that'll make 'em see the state like a state, *their* state——'

"'My dum, woman,' says Silas, 'election day ain't no Fourth of July proceedings.'

"'Ain't it?' says Mis' Toplady. 'That's what I dunno. It kind of seems to me as if it was.'

"Then the band jabbed into 'America' abundant, and the men took off their hats, patriotic as pictures. And I stood there, kind of looking at us all while we listened. I see all them hundreds of us out of the stores and houses of Friendship Village that was laying over behind us there in the dark, waiting for us to keep on a-making it; and I see Lem Toplady and the rest of 'em going to do their first move public towards the making. And while the band was playing and everybody humming their country's air, negligent in their throats, I started to slip off—I couldn't help it—and to go home by the back street, like I didn't want to meet the village face to face.

"But I hadn't got very far when the band done a thing it's been doing lately—ever since the new leader come that's some kind of a foreigner up to the round-house. It run off into some kind of a French piece with a wonderful tang to it. The children have been singing it in school, with some different words to it, and when the band begun it now, they all kind of hummed it, all over the square. The Marseilles, I think they call it—like a kind of cloth. When I hear it, it always makes me want to go and start something. It done that now. And I says to myself:

"'What you slinkin' off home for, actin' like the "best" people that can't look their town in the face at election time? Go on down Daphne Street like a citizen, that you are one.'

"And I did, and walked along the little watchin' streets with all the rest of us, and that march music in my heels. And listening to it, and seeing us all streaming to our homes, I could 'most have felt like we was

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real folks living in a real town, like towns was meant to be.

"But I lost the feeling two days after, when 'Lish got the other denomination, and begun swaggering around similar to Threat, peddling promises. When 'Lish done that, though, Eppleby done like he said and come out to run interdependent; only he done it real half-hearted, and them that signed his petition was mostly out of business or retired or working for the Government or ministers or like that, and everybody knew they was about the only ones that would be to the polls for him. Because the rest was already engaged in utterin' the same old fear that voting for Eppleby now would be throwing their vote away. And they allowed that Threat was a little better than 'Lish, or that 'Lish was a little nobler than Threat, and they laid to vote according.

"'If only the town could get rousted up somehow,' Mis' Toplady kep' saying, grieving. 'It seems as if, if there was something to roust folks, they'd do something. And if they'd only do something, they'd get rousted. It's like a snake with its tail in its mouth. It seems as if, if we could have some doin's on election day—oh, I wish't we was a real human being,' she says, again and again, 'I wish't we was. I bet we'd wind this town up, and we wouldn't set it by Threat's watch nor by 'Lish's, either. We'd set it by the sun.'

"But we see we couldn't take no part. And the town settled down on its oars restful, waiting for election day that looked like it wasn't going to do nothing but shake up the town feather-bed and lay it back on springs that sagged in the same old place.

"Three days before election it happened I was up early to mix my bread. The clock showed half-past six just as I got through with my breakfast, and the sun come in so nice and slanting acrost my kitchen floor that I stepped to the open door to get the smell of it. All outside lay sweet and surprised, like the first notes of something being played. Before I knew it, I went out and down the path, between the things that hadn't come up yet—ain't it like all outdoors was friendly and elbow near, the way it keeps pulling at you to be out there with it? Before I knew it I was out my back gate and acrost the vacant lot and off down the old trail road, my hands wrapped up in my apron and me being just selfish glad I was alive.

"I remember I wasn't thinking of anything but wonder, when away acrost the Pump pasture I see a thing. It wa'n't a tent nor it wa'n't a wagon nor it wa'n't a farm machine of any kind. I looked at it a minute and I couldn't formulate nothing. And as you could drive through the Pump pasture fence 'most anywheres, I went through and started right over to whatever was there.

"'Most anybody can tell you how it looked, for by nine o'clock the whole village was out to it. But I'll never be able to tell much about the feel of the minute when I see the two great silk wings and the airy wire, and knew I was coming close up to a flying-machine, setting there on the ground, like a god that had stopped on a knoll to tie his shoe.

"A man was down on his hands and knees, doing something to an underneath part of it, but I guess at first I hardly see him. The machine was the thing, the machine that could go up in the air, the machine that *had done it at last!*

"'Good morning,' says the man, all of a sudden. 'Am I trespassing?'

"He stood there with his cap in his hand, clean-muscled, youngish, easy-acting, and as casual as if he'd just come out of a doorway instead of out of the sky.

"I says, 'Ain't it wonderful? Ain't it wonderful?' Which is just exactly what I'd said about Mis' Toplady's crocheted bedspread. It's terrible to try to talk with nothing but the dictionary back of you.

"'Yes,' he says, 'it is. Then I'm not trespassing?'

"'No more'n the eagles of the Lord,' I says to him. 'Are you broke down?'

"'There's a little something wrong with the balance,' he says. 'I'm going to lie over here a day or so, providing the eagle of the Lord figure holds for the town. What place will this be?' he asks.

"'Friendship Village,' I says.

"'Friendship Village,' he says it after me, and looked off at it. And I stood for a minute looking at it, too.

"Beyond the trees north of the pasture it lay, with little lifts of smoke curling up from folks's cook-stoves. There was a look to it of breakfasts a-getting and stores being opened and the day rousting up.

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Right while we looked, the big, bass seven-o'clock whistle blew over to the round-house, and the little peepy one chimed in up at the brick-yard, and I could hear the town clock in the engine-house striking, kind of old-fashioned and sweet-toned. And all around the country lay quiet-seeming, down to the flats and out acrost the tracks and clear to the city limits that we couldn't see, where the life of the little fields was going on. And in that nice, cozy, seven-o'clock minute I see it all as I do sometimes, almost like a person sitting there, with its face turned towards me, expectant, waiting to see what I'm going to do for it.

"'Jove,' says the man, 'look at it! Look at it. It looks like the family sitting down to breakfast.'

"I glanced up at him quick. Not many sees villages that way. The most sees them like cats asleep in the sun. But I always like to think of 'em like a room—a little room in the house, full of its family, real busy getting the room-work done up in time.

"'From here,' I says, 'it looks like a real town.'

"'More folks live in the little towns of the United States than in the big cities of it,' he said, absent.

"'They *do?*' I says.

"'By count,' he answers, nodding, and stood a minute looking over at the roofs and the water tower. 'You feel that,' he says, 'when you see them the way I do. From up high. I keep seeing them skimming under me, little places whose names don't show. And it always seems that way—like the family at breakfast—or working—or sitting around the lamp. You're splendid—you little towns. What you do is what the world does.'

"A kind of shiver took me in the back of my head.

"'It looks like such nice things were going on over there—in Friendship Village,' he says, his voice sort of wrapping about the name.

"'Election day is going on,' I says, 'day after to-morrow. But it won't be so very nice.'

"'No,' he says, 'they aren't very nice—yet.'

"That made me think of something. 'Have you been in many cities and dropped down into many towns?' I ask' him.

"'Several,' says he.

"'On election day?' I says.

"'Sometimes,' he answered.

"'Well, then,' I says, 'maybe you can tell me what they do on election day in cities. Don't they ever have exercises?'

"'Exercises?' he says over, blank.

"'Why, yes,' I says, 'though I dunno just how I mean that. But don't they ever open up the city hall and have singing and speeches—not political speeches, but ones about folks and about living? I should think they must do that somewheres—'most anybody would of thought of that. And have the young folks there, and have them that's going to vote sort of *commenced*, like college. Don't they do that, places?'

"When he shook his head I was worried for fear he'd think I was crazy.

"'No,' he says, 'I never heard of their doing that anywhere—yet.'

"But when he says that 'yet' I wasn't worried any more. And I burst right out and told him about our trouble in Friendship Village, and about the 'best' people never voting, and the city limits folks not coming in for it, and about our two candidates, and about Eppleby, that hadn't a ghost of a show.

"'Us ladies,' I wound up, 'wanted to have a kind of an all-together campaign—with mass meetings of folks to kind of talk over the town, mutual. And we wanted to get up some exercises to make election day a real true day, and to roust folks up to being not so very far from the way things was meant to be. But the men folks said it wasn't never done so. They give us that reason.'

"The bird-man looked at me, and nodded. "'I fancy it isn't,' he says, '—yet.'

"But he didn't say anything else, and I thought he thought I was woman-foolish; so to cover up, I says, hasty:

"'*Could* you leave me hear you talk a little about it? I mean about flying. It's old to you, but it's after-I-die to me. I never shall do it. So far I've never seen it. But oh, I like to hear about it. It seems the freest-feeling thing we've ever done.'

"'To do,' he says, 'it's coldish. And it's largely acrobatics—yet. But to see—yes, I fancy it is about the freest-feeling thing we've ever done. A thing,' he says my words over, smiling a little, 'that makes you think you're a step nearer to the way things was meant to be.' Then he stood

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still a minute, looking down at me meditative. 'Has there ever been a flying-machine in Friendship Village?' he ask' me.

"'Never,' I says—and my heart stood still at what it thought of.

"'And day after to-morrow is your election day?' he says over.

"'Yes,' I says—and my head begun to beat like my heart wasn't.

"'The machine will be in shape by then,' he said. 'Would—would you care to have me make a flight on election-day morning? Free, you know. It wouldn't be much; but it might,' he says, with his little smile, 'it might pull in a few votes from the edge of town.'

"'Oh, my land—oh, my land a-living!' I says—and couldn't say another word.

"But I knew he knew what I meant. It was a dream like I hadn't ever dreamed of dreaming. It seems it was his own machine—he was on his own hook, a-pleasuring. And it seemed as if he just had come like an eagle of the Lord, same as I said.

"We settled where I was to let him know, and then I headed for Mis' Toplady's, walking some on the ground and some in the air. For I sensed the thing, whole and clear, so be we could get enough to pitch in. And Mis' Toplady left her breakfast dishes setting, like I had mine, and away we went. And I see Mis' Toplady's ideas was occupying her whole face.

"We went straight to the mothers—Mis' Uppers and Mis' Merriman and Mis' Sturgis and the others that had sons that was going to vote, this year or in ten years or in twenty years. I dunno whether it was the mother in them, or just the straight human being in them—but they see, the most of 'em, what it was we meant. Of course some of them just see the lark, and some of them just didn't want to refuse us, and some of them just joined in because they're the joining-in kind. But oh, some of them see what we see—and it was something shining and real and far off, and it made us willing to go ahead like wild, and I dunno but like mad. Ain't it wonderful how when a plan is born into the world, it grows on air? On air—and a little pitching in to work?

"All but Mis' Silas Sykes. When we went to see her, Mis' Sykes was like that much adamant.

"'Pshaw,' says Mis' Sykes, 'you ladies don't understand politics. In politics you can't fly up this way and imagine out vain things. You got to do 'em like they've been done. As I understand it, they's two parties. One is for the good of the country and one ain't. And anything you dicker up outside them two gets the public all upset and steps on the Constitution. And Silas says you've got to handle the Constitution like so many eggs, or else where does the United States come in?'

"'It don't seem to me that all makes real good sense,' says Mis' Toplady, troubled.

"'No,' says Mis' Sykes, serene, 'the people as a whole never do see sense. It's always a few that has to do the seeing.'

"'I know,' says Mis' Toplady, 'I know. But what I think is this: *Which few?*'

"'Why, them that best supports the party measures,' says Mis' Sykes, superior.

"But Mis' Toplady, she shook her head.

"'It don't follow out,' she says, firm. 'Legs ain't the only things they is to a chair.'

"Nor, as us ladies saw it, the polls ain't all there is to election day. And we done what we could, steadfast and quick and together, up to the very night before the day that was the day.

"On election-day morning, I woke up before daylight and tried to tell if the sun was going to shine. The sky wasn't up there yet—nothing was but the airful of dark. But acrost the street I see a light in a kitchen—it was at the station agent's that had come home to the hot breakfast his wife had been up getting for him. One of 'em come out to the well for a bucket of water, and the pulleys squeaked, and somebody's dog woke up and barked. Back on the trail road somebody's baby was crying. Down acrost the draw the way-freight whistled and come rumbling in. And there was Friendship Village, laying still, being a town in the dark with nobody looking, just like it was being one all day long with people looking on all right but never sensing what they saw.

"It seemed, though, as if they must get it through their heads that day that the town was being a town right before their face and eyes—having a kind of a performance to do, like digestion, or thinking, or working; and having something anxious and fluttered inside of it, waiting to know what was going to become of it. I could almost sense this at six o'clock, when Mis'

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Toplady and I hurried down to the market square. Yes, sir, six o'clock in the morning it was. We had engineered it that the flight of the flying-machine should be at seven o'clock, so's everybody could have a chance to see it on their way to work, and so's they should be at the market-square doings before they went to the polls.

"The sun *was* shining like mad, and the place looked all expectant and with that ready-to-nod look that anything got ready beforehand will always put on. Only this seemed sort of a special nod. We'd had a few board seats put up, and a platform that 'most everybody had the idea the air-ship was going up from. The machine itself was over in the corner of the square ahead so's by the time folks was in the high midst of arriving, the place smelled like a kitchen with savory things a-doing on the cook-stove.

"And I tell you, folks done some arriving! Us ladies had seen to it to have the flight advertised big them two nights. The paper done it willing enough, being the bird-man was so generous and all, so it was like getting the use of Threat's paper for nothing. Then everybody's little boy had been posted off as far as the city limits with hand-bills and posters, advertising the flight, and the breakfast on election day. And it seemed to me that outside the place we'd roped off, and in wagons in the streets, was 'most everybody in Friendship Village

"'IT DON'T FOLLOW OUT,' MIS' TOPLADY SAYS, FIRM. 'LEGS AIN'T THE ONLY THINGS THEY IS TO A CHAIR.'"

near the wood-yard under a wagon-shed they'd made over for it. And to a stand near the platform the Friendship Married Ladies' Cemetery Improvement Sodality had advertised to serve hot coffee and hot griddle-cakes and sausages. And we begun on the coffee and the sausages long enough that I ever knew or saw. The folks from the little city-limit farms, the folks that ordinarily didn't have time to vote nor to take a holiday, even folks from the country and from other towns, 'best' people and all—they was all there to see the sky-wagon.

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"The bird-man had to dicker away quite a little at his machine. A man had run out from the city to help him, and out there with them was Lem Toplady and Jimmy Sturgis and Hugh Merriman, and two-three more of those boys, that had got acquainted with the bird-man. And while they was getting ready, the band was playing gay over in the band-stand, and we was serving breakfasts as fast as we could hand them out. Mis' Sturgis was doing the coffee, I was sizzling sausages that the smell floated up and down Daphne Street delicious, and Mis' Toplady was frying the pancakes because she's had such a big family to fry for she's lightning in the right wrist.

"Everybody was talking and laughing and waiting their turn, and acting as if they liked it. Them that was up around the breakfast stand didn't seem to be saying much about politics. Us ladies mentioned to one another that Threat nor 'Lish didn't seem to be anywhere around. But we was mostly all thinking just about the flying-machine, and how nice it was to be having it, and about the socialness of it all—like the family was having breakfast. . . .

"Just as the big, bass seven-o'clock whistle trailed out from the round-house—the brick-yard one didn't blow because the men was all at the market square—the thing happened that we'd arranged for. Down Daphne Street, hurrying some because they was late, with irregular marching and a good deal of laughing, come the public-school teachers with the school children. We'd give out that they'd be easier managed so, and not so much under foot; but what we really wanted was that they should come in just like this, together, and set together, because we wanted something of them after a while.

They set down on the place we'd left for 'em, on the seats and the grass in front of everybody, and them that could sing we put on the platform, lots of rows deep, so's they all covered it. They was big boys and little, and little girls and big, good-dressed and poor-dressed; with honest fathers, and with them that didn't know honest when they see it nor miss it when they didn't—and all of them was the Friendship Village that's going to be some time, when the market square is emptied of us others, for good and all.

"'Where's Threat and 'Lish?' I says to Eppleby, that was helping keep the children in order.

"'Dustin' the mayor's office out ready, I s'pose,' he says, wrinkling his eyes at the corners.

"'Mebbe they've abducted each other,' Mis' Toplady suggests, soothing.

"It was 'most half-past seven o'clock when the bird-man was ready. Like a big bug the machine looked, with spidery, bent legs and wings spread ready and no head necessary. And when he finally run it off down the square and headed towards the Pump pasture, my heart sunk some. My land, I thought, it can't be a real true one. I guess there are them, but this right here on the market square can't be one.

"Since the world begun, there ain't a more wonderful minute for folks than the minute when they first see some kind of flying-machine leave the ground—*leave the ground!* It's like seeing the future come true right in your face. The thing done it so gentle and so simple that you'd of thought it was invented when legs was. It lifted itself up in the air, like by its own boot-straps, and it went up and up and up, just like going up was its own alphabet. It went and it kept going, its motor buzzing and purring, softer and softer. And pretty soon the blue that it was going up to meet seemed to come down and meet it, and the two sort of joined, and the big, wide gold morning flowed all over them, and the first thing I knew the bird-man's machine and him in it looked like just what I had said: an eagle of the Lord, soaring to meet the sun like a friend of its.

"I couldn't bear it any more. It seemed to me as if, if I should look any longer, I should all of a sudden have ten senses instead of five, and they'd explode me. I looked away and down, and when I done that, all at once there I was looking right into the face of all the folks in Friendship Village. Heads back, a sea of little white dabs that was faces, and hearts beating underneath where you couldn't see 'em—all of us was standing there breathless, feeling just alike. Feeling just alike and being just alike, underneath that wonderful thing happening in the sky. . . . And all of a sudden, while I looked at them, the faces all blurred and wiggled, and it seemed like I was looking into only one face, the face of Friendship Village, like a person. . . .

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"'OH, LADIES, I AIN'T NEVER FELT SO MUCH LIKE A HUMAN BEING SINCE I WAS BORN ONE.'"

"I see it, like I'd never seen it before. While we watched, *we was one person.* When we was all thinking about the same thing, there was only one of us. And the more wonderful things that come into the world and took hold of everybody, the more *one* w^ was going to get and to stay. And this, all vague inside of us, I knew now was what us ladies had meant by what we'd planned. Didn't it seem—didn't it seem as if them that watched had ought to stay *one*—that decent, wondering, almost reverent one, long enough to vote decent and wondering and reverent for their town?

"Right while my heart was beating with it all, the little buzzing and purring of the motor, away up there in the blue, stopped short off. My eyes flew up again, and I see the bird-man coming down. He was up so high that he was a dot, and he grew and grew like a thing being born in the sky—right down towards us and on us he come like a shot, a shot-down shot. Nobody breathed. I couldn't see. But I looked and looked and dreaded. . . . And not eight hundred feet from the ground he begun coming down easy, and he come the rest of the way as gentle as a bird, and lit where he rose from.

"Oh, how they cheered him—like one

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man! *Like one man.* Lem Toplady and Jimmy Sturgis, Jr., and the boys that was out in the field went and shook his hand—like the servants, I thought in the middle of my head, of some great new order. And I was thinking so deep and so breathless that I 'most forgot the band till it crashed right out behind us, playing loud and fine that Marseilles French piece, like we'd told them. And when it done that, up hopped the children that it give the cue to, and there in the midst of us they struck in, singing loud and clear the words they sung in school to that old tune, with its wonderful tang to it, that slips to your heels with its music and makes you want to go start something and to start it *then:*

"Come, children of your country, come!
New glory dawns upon the world.
The ancient banners now are furled.
The earth becomes our common home——
The earth becomes our common home.
From plain and field and town there sound
The stirring rumors of the day.
Old wrongs and burdens must make way
For men to tread the common ground.

"Look up! Our children win to their immortal place.
March on, march on—within the ranks of all the human race.

"Come, love of country, for the part
Invest our willing arms with might.
Mother of Liberty, shed light
As on the land, so in the heart——
As on the land, so in the heart.
Divided, we have long withstood
The love that is our common speech.
The comrade cry of each to each
Is calling us to humanhood.

"Hum it to the tune of that Marseilles piece, and you'll know how we was all feeling. By the time they got down to their last two lines, my throat was about the size of my head.

"And then the bird-man got back in his little sulky seat, and he waved his hand to us, and he left his machine run down the field, and lift, and head straight for open country. His way lay, it seemed, right acrost Friendship Village; and he'd no more'n started before the band started too, playin' the tune that by now was in everybody's veins. And behind them the children fell in, singing again, and with the people streaming behind them they all marched off down Daphne Street—where the little shops lay waiting to be opened, and the polls was waiting to be voted in, and Friendship Village was waiting for us to know it was a town, like it meant.

"All us ladies, except Mis' Sykes that hadn't come near, went to scrapin' up plates like fury. Excep' Mis' Toplady too, just for a minute. She was wipin' her eyes on a paper napkin, and she says:

" 'Oh, ladies, I ain't never felt so much like a human being since I was born one.'

"I dunno for sure what done it. Mebbe it was just the common sense in folks that I can *not* get over believing in. Mebbe it was the cores of their heads that I know is sound, no matter how many soft spots disfigures the skin of their brains. Mebbe it was the inside linin' of their hearts that I'm certain sure is all-silk in folks, even if they use black patches and bad mendin' all over the outside layer—no, I dunno for sure what done it, nor yet who. But they put Eppleby Holcomb in for mayor. Eppleby got in, to mayor the town! And some said it was because the boys that was to cast their first vote had got out, last minute, and done some hustling, unbeknownst. And some thought it was because Threat and 'Lish couldn't wait, but done a little private celebratin' together in Threat's hotel bar the night before election. And others said election always is some ticklish—they give that reason.

"But me—I went and stood out on my side porch that election-day night, a-lookin' down Daphne Street to the village. There it lay, with its arc light shining blue by the market square, and it was being a village, with nobody looking and all its folks in its houses, just like the family around that one light. And their hearts was beating along about the same things, the same things; just like they had beat that day for the sky-wagon, and for the Marseilles French piece, and for their town. Only they didn't know it—they didn't know it.

"And I says right out loud to the village—just like Friendship Village was a person, with its face turned toward me, listening:

" 'Why, you ain't half of us—nor you ain't some of us. You're all of us! And you must of known it all the time.' "

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The REMEDY

by

THOMAS W. LAWSON

How we have been robbed, and why.
Why we are being robbed, and how.
How the cost of living soars, and why.
The device by which our entire annual surplus is absorbed.
How the device can be destroyed by simple, direct legal action, without a revolution.

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The REMEDY

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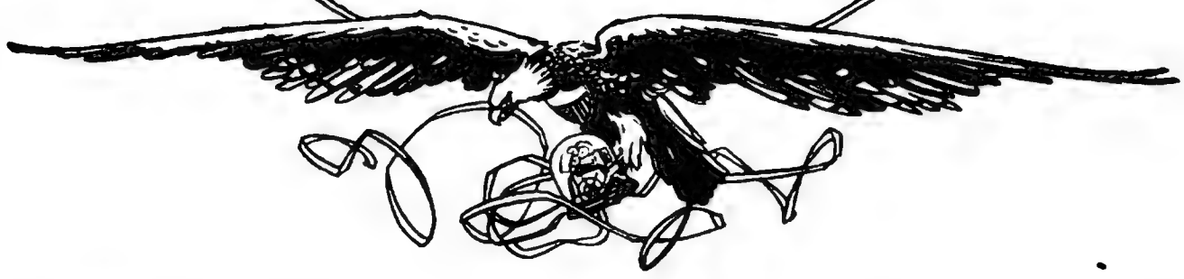
Foreword



MY DEAR EVERYBODY'S:

Opportunity, that somber widow of a brutal past, is a versatile creature. When her cajolings fail, she goes to her knees, and man—at best, man is a weakling. Just now her prayers would touch a heart of flint; and Duty, always a divine temptress, joins her pleadings. Is it any wonder the dead embers of a once-compelling ambition flicker?

Time and again in the past few months, as I stood moodily watching the hellward swirl of the nation's affairs, have I groaned: "O God, if only 'Frenzied Finance' could have had this 1912 setting instead of the leering, sneering unbelief which cradled that queer child of the reckless pen who scoffed patience and blasphemed consequence, that weird cave-prowler who dreamed of the unshackling of a great enfettered people!"

Pardon the boast, "I told you so." Eight years ago I told you of the coming of to-day, with its mad unrest, its frenzied agitation, its reckless desperation, and its nearly garroted hope. You and the millions who waded through my pen's deluge of black civic venality and scarlet business immorality, and into the yellow-gray muck reservoired from a dollar-mad republic's debauch—you who read my "Frenzied Finance" prophecy, now know how faithful it was to the rapidly moving picture which to-day obscures America's future; and you know, too, that what everybody is saying to everybody to-day, "Frenzied Finance" said then.

It took more than type and imagination to say what "Frenzied Finance" said in its "Foreword." In the light of the

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now-proven what-"Frenzied Finance"-said-then, it takes but a rusty pen and a jaded ambition to trace another prophecy:

Ere another eight years have misted into the "back-yonder," the American Republic will have foreshown whether its proud towers are foundationed in granite or in quicksand, whether its inspiring pinnacles are permanently nested in God's everlasting blue, or whether they are inevitably to be dumped among the moss- and slime-covered ruins of Rome.

When, in 1904, I penned to your readers—and it afterward turned out that your readers and my story's readers were Christendom—that "Foreword" which bulletined my desire and my purpose, I believed to its fullest possibility the truth not only of my facts but of my conclusions. No groveling pagan at the base of his stone god ever was surer of his prayer's answer than was I that before my pen had "Finised" the last page, my promised "Remedy" would have scrolled the half-masted flags of rotting Dollardom.

But—oh, the madness and the sadness of that word "but!"—when, confronted by the armies of hell which "Frenzied Finance" conjured from the sewers and moats of the System's citadel, I attempted in vain to marshal the skeptical-eared and doubt-eyed masses for whom I had invaded Leprosy Land, I saw red and, in my scarlet vision, I swore that my babe, which had been conceived in the sacred marriage of Ambition and Duty, and carried in an exultant agony of uncertainty, should not be born upon so hazardous a field.

What profits the world by the birthing of a funeral?

I may have erred—'tis human. You said I did, and I may have. Anyway—the punishment was mine, and my ambition and my hope took it, and no man heard me groan and no man heard me moan.

For eight years the grim, grinding wheel of corruption has turned upon its shaft of inevitability, and to-day all men see the black-red tracks it has scarred toward that waiting hell I tried to show to the American people.

To-day all men see the awful ruin, the mere prophecy of which incubated for me and mine and my work the System's vengeful curses.

No man to-day even whispers of "Frenzied Finance's" critic-created exaggerations—everywhere men decry its moderation!

The pulpit, the lecture platform, and the press have long since outrun my double-syllabled indignation.

The courts open with the crier's "Hear ye, hear ye, a new device for public crime!" and close with, "God save the Commonwealth from the latest invention in private wrong!"

And the halls of legislation reek with proven and unproven civic immoralities such as would make "Frenzied Finance," had it a tear-well, weep for the effeminacy of its early wrath.

COURT-PROVEN "FRENZIED FINANCE" FACTS

"Frenzied Finance's" unbelieved facts are to-day court-proven and court-decreed truths;

"Frenzied Finance's' incredible implications are to-day the commonplaces of the public square;

"Frenzied Finance's" scoffed-at warnings are to-day the people's from-the-housetop-shouted alarums;

"Frenzied Finance's" crazy-seeming prophecies are to-day the bricks and the mortar with which the people are building the System's dungeon or the Republic's tomb.

When I look at these developments which bridge "Frenzied Finance" with to-day, I wonder were you and the people in error, or was I? I wonder whether conditions would have been better to-day if I had

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produced my "Remedy" in the days of "Frenzied Finance," pinned it to the then prevailing winds, and chanced its being wafted or cycloned to its right destination. I wonder if it was not all for the best that I sullened and sulked, and that, in a fit of disgust at the seeming ingratitude of the people in not help ng my "Remedy" through the toll-gate to "Better Land," I flung it back into the discard with a peevish: "Oh, what's the use? What is, is; what is to be, will be. And why should I claw flesh, why should I vinegar heart and soul to force its coming?"

Is it strange that from my wonder, like a voice from Out-there, come Opportunity's plaintive prayer and Duty's divine urge, and that from God's great blue steals too the inspiring whisper of Duty's lover, Ambition, and that I—vain mortal—unable to resist them or to shut out the vision of another tented field and another glorious battle, throw up my hands and again enlist for humanity's war?

Your readers will recall that at the beginning of "Frenzied Finance," in the "Foreword," I told of existing conditions and how impossible it would be to alter them without the people's first visioning the System's crimson crimes in their cradling; how vitagraphing them would be my first task; how this would be followed by the blue-printing of the motive and the method—the trick—of their "happening;" how I would put into the people's hands a key to the trick, and then how I would give the "Remedy," which not only would kill the evil, but would so dismember it as to make its reincarnation impossible.

Your readers know that I made good in all I promised—in all except the exhibition of the "Remedy." My most biased critics now admit this. Therefore it is with the "Remedy" that I will begin this new battle.

There are two sections to the "Remedy" for the present big evil from which the American people suffer. The First Section is as important as the second, inasmuch as the second can not come into existence until the first has been effected. If the First Section is carried to a successful fruition, half of the present big evil will have been destroyed. So let us to the First Section with the best there is in us. And that we may start right and strong, and for a sure finish, let us burn all retreat bridges. Thus:

WE, EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE, PLEDGE OURSELVES UNQUALIFIEDLY TO OUR READERS AND TO THE PUBLIC TO RUN EACH MONTH WHATEVER LAWSON WRITES OF HOW TO FREE THE AMERICAN PEOPLE FROM THEIR GREATEST EVIL.

LAWSON PLEDGES HIMSELF TO FIGHT UNTIL THE AMERICAN PEOPLE ARE FREED.

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Indeed, it is a startling pledge—your part, I mean. I know, better than any one else can possibly know, how much I am asking of you. In the "Frenzied Finance" battle, EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE toed the advance line like the blind-to-fear, deaf-to-favor warrior it was. I, better than any other, know that but for my decision to call the battle off, EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE would be victorious—or still rooted to the line, fighting—or dead in its effort to plant my banner, the "Remedy," on the System's battlements. And I know, too, as no other man can know, that I, and I alone, was responsible for the furling of that banner against a "some-other-day" battle.

And yet, knowing this, I think it but fair to accept from you the pledge you have given.

The voluntary assumption of a responsibility shackles regret. The weight of a responsibility becomes lighter as it is assumed and lighter still as its assumption grows heavy. So, having voluntarily assumed our responsibility and having lightened it by squarely assuming it, let us start on our road by showing what led us to assume it.

The American people are oppressed, and their oppression is each year becoming more unbearable. This can not continue. *There must be reform or there will be revolution.* It should be unnecessary to go into the particulars. The following statement of facts will suffice:

1.—*The United States* is the most prosperous nation on earth. To prove it, one has but to show that while there are nations so prosperous that their people are rich and happy, none has so great a natural base of prosperity as the United States. For instance, Germany—our closest prosperity competitor—is a mighty nation. The German people are rich and prosperous, and yearly growing richer and more prosperous. Yet Germany is only one-seventeenth the size of the United States and has less than one-twelfth of our natural base of prosperity. The story of the competitive possibilities of Germany and the United States is told in a sentence:

One square mile in Germany must furnish existence for three hundred and ten people—and as a matter of fact it does give them a splendid existence—while in this country one square mile is called upon to support only twenty-five people.

2.—*In the United States* the very rich are few, comparatively few—the poor many. Ten thousand of the first, and ninety-nine million nine hundred and ninety thousand of the last. The very few are continually growing richer and the many poorer.

3.—*The people* know that the vast wealth of the few has been produced by the many, and that they, the people, have been parted from it by the few, who gave nothing of value in return.

4.—*The people* believe they rule; they do and they don't.

5.—*The people* know that they would never, after having produced uncounted wealth, consciously allow the few to take it away from them without getting an equivalent.

6.—*The people* know that the wealth which was theirs, and should now be theirs, is being used by the few to enslave the many.

They know this because the results of their efforts—their mental and bodily efforts—their wage and income, will not now meet the cost of their existence; or if they do meet it now—barely meet it—the people know that they will not meet it in the near

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future. They know this because they know that the cost of living is on the increase without a *corresponding* increase in the people's wage and income.

7.—The people know that this condition has long existed and that they have had no relief. And they know that there is no relief in sight. And they are beginning to know that there can be no relief but that which they themselves initiate, perfect, and perpetuate.

8.—The people know that the ten thousand who possess three-fourths of all the wealth of the country will never voluntarily share it with the people from whom it has been pillaged, but that, on the contrary, the few are using it and will continue to use it to prevent the people from taking it away from them.

9.—The American people know that they, the many, will never consent to become the slaves of the few, neither will they submit to starvation while there is the basis of plenty in their country. They know that, on the contrary, they will rise and revolt.

I repeat that *these nine simple statements of fact absolutely prove there must be reform or revolution.*

Admitting this—and it must be admitted—the question is, "How can the reform be brought about?" But before that question comes another: "What is it that must be reformed?"

And that brings us face on to this:

The American Republic is going to destruction because

It is in the clutches of an evil which

Is not of the people's own conscious making and, consequently,

It is beyond their power of curing because

They do not know what it is.

This is, in fact, the trouble to-day, the cause of the mad unrest, the frenzied agitation, the reckless desperation, the nearly garroted hope. **THE PEOPLE KNOW THAT THEY ARE HURT AND ARE BEING HURT UNTO DEATH; BUT THEY DO NOT KNOW WHAT IS HURTING THEM.**

If the American people to-day, in the zenith of their wealth, courage, might, and all-round power, really knew what it is that is bedeviling them, they would, between one sunrise and another, destroy their bedevilers and their bedevilment in the consuming flame of their wrath.

Throughout the length and breadth of the land, in the church and the college, in the hives of business and the haunts of society, on the platform and in the printery, within the halls of legislation and the homes of justice, down in the mines and up on the mountains, everywhere from the poorhouse to the palace-gate, man asks of man:

"What is it, what can it be, that in our land of peace and plenty and prosperity robs us of our honest efforts' fruit?"

And from no man comes an intelligible answer, but in place of answer there come from all, the wail of pain, the moan of fear, the howl of reprisal rage: "We know our robbers but not their method. Show it to us, and then, O God, and then—!"

There has never been a stranger spectacle in the affairs of a civilized people than the one now up-and-downing and all-hands-rounding that great stage which is winged by Canada and Mexico, backgrounded by the Atlantic, and footlighted where the Golden Gate opens to the Orient—the spectacle of a nearly frenzied, free-and-equal, republic-housed people raging at incredible

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wrongs incubated in their own broodery, fattened on their revered ballot-box traditions, feathered, winged, and cropped in their own back yard, and sanctified in their holiest temples of justice, by their highest Constitution-ordained high priests:—the spectacle of a people raging at their inability to understand the how and the wherefore of their wrongs, cursing those who committed them, and railing at their own impotent ignorance.

This is not an overdrawn picture.

ROBBED—BUT HOW?

The American people know that they have been robbed, because the ones who have robbed them brazenly flaunt the vast loot in their faces.

They know they are being robbed, because, though their prosperity continues, the high cost of living continues to mount, while their wage and income remain stationary.

They do not know how *they have been and are being robbed, because their robbers point to their "legal" title to the loot and leeringly remind the people that they themselves make the "legal"!*

They know that they will continue to be robbed, because of their inability to see how it is done, and, therefore, how it can be stopped.

Is not this a proud condition for a people who boast their individual and collective superiority over all the world? Is it not an inspiring spectacle for a republic which claims that the whole world must cut its morning coat, evening waistcoat, and pajamas by the republic's free-and-equal pattern? I trust my readers will ponder, and again ponder, this astounding situation. If they do not, then we shall have had our pains for their amusement instead of their emancipation.

And in their pondering, let them take no comfort in the fool's argument: "How can we be expected to understand a problem which puzzles our expert thinkers, our scholars, and our statesmen? It is for them, not for us, to find the answer and the cure, and they must find both." Fool's argument because the beneficiaries of the trick have provided it with its own squid.

Bear in mind, O ye wise American people, that your statesmen have been playing leapfrog with these cumulating complexities for well-nigh half a century, that they are today enjoying the game, and that they are no nearer the "horse-sense" solution of their high-cost-of-living problem than they were three decades ago.

Could the American people have a better illustration of the helplessness of their present condition than this fall's presidential campaign?

The whole world knows that in a few weeks the American people will choose the commander-in-chief for a four years' fight—for, make no mistake, the long roll is being sounded—a fight the history of which may prologue the downfall of the greatest republic or the reincarnation of Freedom's Utopia. The world knows that a mighty problem confronts the American people—the mightiest since that which screamed from the cannon's mouth in '61. Who shall be the commander-in-chief, what the battle lines, and what the issue?

The world knows that the American people have marched to this campaign in solid phalanx, that their teeth are set, their eyes ablaze, their bayoneted guns held at charge.

And then what does the world see?

Wilson — Taft — Roosevelt! Taft — Roosevelt—Wilson!—the three overtopping statesmen of the age, with banners and with war-cries that would make a dime museum Zulu chief cock-eyed with envy. The

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world reads upon their proudly borne banners:

WILSON
AND
DEMOCRACY
"For the Outs and Weird Potions."

TAFT
AND
REPUBLICANISM
"For the Ins and Tried Lotions."

ROOSEVELT
AND
PROGRESSIVISM
"For Ourselves and Our Notions."

The world hears their war-cries:

"To wit, to wee, take me."

"To wee, to wit, I fit."

"To wit, to wee, to wit, I'm It."

Nowhere on the banners, nowhere in the war-cries, do the people see or hear a correct answer to their frenzied questions:

"What has robbed us, and how?
"What is robbing us, and why?"

Nowhere in all this din of battle is there an intelligible word as to what "reform" will stop present conditions, nowhere an intelligible word as to how long raw, red, brutal revolution can be stayed.

A Saturnian, way-stationing here for a fresh supply of airship oil, would surely conclude, from the swirling phrases, "Referendum and Recall," "Tariff," "Trusts," "Interstate Commerce," etc., that the American people were—as in '80, '84, '88, '92, '96, '00, '04, and '08—indulging in an interscholastic debate on amateur statecraft, instead of facing a great crisis.

And if our Saturnine visitor should be tempted to read the three great statesmen's best thoughts on the people's evils, it is safe to say that, upon his return to Saturn, that snug little community's leading daily would contain an interview running something like this:

Our foremost airship citizen, just returned from an extended tour of the United States of America, reports that the people of that nation are at the present time lolling in the state of perfect bliss which rises only on a rock-foundationed prosperity cemented with laws ideally administered. He reports that all their affairs, material and spiritual, are so perpetually-motioning themselves that the people's only concern is with abstract problems which have not the remotest connection with their present or future life.

However things may look to the Saturnian, is it not strange that we of America, who are so deeply interested, do not bestir our wits—in this, our most important campaign year—long enough to demand of ourselves "horse-sense" answers to our one great question? If we have been continuously robbed for almost half a century—robbed, by the few, of billions of our wealth; if this robbery is still continuing; if its continuation means slavery or revolution—why, in the name of all that is reasonable, should we devote our energies, in this short yet most vital political campaign, to a lot of thrashed-out and thrashed-in questions that are as old as our evils? Why have we given so little thought and study to the big question:

"What is there to be reformed and how?"

Then, too, why do our tallest statesmen devote their energies in this campaign to

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swatting political flies and economic mosquitoes which, while an annoyance to the American people, are not, and can not, be the real cause of their big evil? Why do they not, instead, show us the terrible monster that we know is hiding out yonder panting for fresh raidings? Why are they, our wisest men, not arming to go forth to hunt this devouring beast to its death?

There can be but one answer to these questions. For we of America know that Wilson, Taft, and Roosevelt are sturdily honest, superbly intentioned, grandly ambitioned, and that they would be only too willing and anxious to answer the question, "*What is there to be reformed and how?*" if they were equipped to answer.

Neither Wilson, Taft, nor Roosevelt knows even the name of the big evil that must be reformed unless there is to be terrible revolution. If they knew its name, they would long since have tracked it to its lair and lanced, shot, or clubbed it to death.

The fact is, there are but few who know what is to be reformed and how to reform it.

Tut, tut! my impatient and easily irritated Democratic-Republican-Progressive readers. I know as well as you the boastfulness of that statement, but I insist upon its truthfulness, however your partizanship may urge you to deny it. Let me give you who feel that my claim is a reflection on the ability or honesty of your candidate just one little short-arm jab:

The American people have been shooting toward hell at a mile-a-minute gait for the past twenty years. Every one who is not System-doped knows it; and yet the efforts of all the statesmen in public life to put on the brakes have had as much real effect on the people's tobogganing as would the insertion of a butter-ball between a million-horse-power fly-wheel and its brake-block.

I repeat, it is a fact that there are but few who know what the big evil is, much less how to destroy it.

And why is it, you ask, that honest, brave, and ambitious American citizens do not know more than they do about the one big evil; that, election in and election out, they rave—just rave—over a lot of subsidiary evils that radiate from the one fundamental and overtowering evil?

The answer is simple, and in it lies concealed no unintentional reflection nor intended slur upon an American citizen's intelligence or ability. In fact, it is perhaps to an American's credit if he does not know the one big evil.

NO MAN CAN POSSIBLY KNOW THE ONE BIG EVIL WHICH MUST BE KNOWN TO BE REFORMED, AND WHICH MUST BE REFORMED TO PREVENT REVOLUTION, UNLESS HE HAS HAD HAND IN ITS CREATION OR ITS WORKING——

Because it is a device contrived with most devilish cunning, and

Because its creators, maturers, and perpetuators have worked overtime spending a large part of the vast loot collected by means of this device to throw dust in the eyes of all honest men who sought knowledge of its construction and its working. Why?

Because when honest men once actually know either its construction or its working, they will inevitably scrap-heap it.

THE GREAT UNIDENTIFIED EVIL

Let me say unqualifiedly:

The chance of the ordinary American citizen who has had no part in the construction or the working of the System's device for pillaging the American people, to secure a working knowledge of the device, is the same as his chance of securing the key to hell's fire-alarm box after he has been clamped to the broiler.

Although the American people do not know what the one great evil is, I do—root, trunk, branch, leaves, and fruit. I not only know what the thing is that should be reformed, but I know how to reform it—*that is what the "Remedy" is for.*

I do not boast when I say this. I know this evil in its every part—its creation, its maturing, and its perpetuation.

I know the System's motive, its conscience, its heart, its soul.

I also know the people—their conditions, past and present—and, knowing these things, I know the time is ripe for a complete exposition of the big evil and its destruction.

And because I know, I have enlisted for this new war.

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Here is a frank statement of what we purpose to do: The Remedy is in two sections:

THE FIRST IS THE DESTRUCTION OF THE BIG EVIL—AND THE BIG EVIL IS A GIGANTIC, "SURE-THING" GAMBLING DEVICE BY WHICH THE PEOPLE ARE ANNUALLY ROBBED OF BETWEEN TWO AND THREE BILLIONS OF DOLLARS. THIS DEVICE IS—AND MUST BE, TO BE EFFECTIVE—WORKED THROUGH THE STOCK EXCHANGE. THEREFORE, THE PURPOSE OF OUR WORK IS THE CLOSING UP OF THE STOCK EXCHANGE—ITS CLOSING SO FAR AS GAMBLING IS CONCERNED.

After the gambling end of the Stock Exchange has been destroyed, and in its place there is an honest and useful institution entirely devoted to the legitimate business of keeping the capitalist's wealth and the people's savings invested in the billions of stocks and bonds which truly represent the legitimate industries of the nation, we will bring out our Second Section—*an entirely new device through which all of the people's industries will be conducted in the future.*

In other words, when the Stock Exchange has been destroyed—destroyed so far as its present function of pillaging the people is concerned—the wholesale robbery of the people will be at an end; but the few, the possessors of gigantic fortunes, will still collect through the instrumentality of stocks and bonds a legal but an undue return on their investments. The Second Section of the Remedy will correct this by compelling a fair division with the people, who at all times own the "real" money of the country—five billions of dollars deposited in savings banks.

This new device, once it is working, will absolutely destroy all trusts, as trusts are now known, and all kindred devices by which the few pillage the many.

It may take months or years to accomplish the two sections of our task; to birth and establish our "Remedy." But however long it may take, we will stay by the job until it is completed. The earnest support of the people and their active cooperation in our work will assure the success of the First Section of our task, *and with its completion the cost of the people's living must begin to drop rapidly and universally.*

In regard to the First Section, the closing of the Stock Exchange so far as it is a gambling institution, this will be our method of procedure:

We will show the big evil; how it has been worked in the past, and how it is being worked now; we will show what laws are necessary to close the Stock Exchange, to close it as thoroughly to all gambling as the old Louisiana Lottery was closed.

A few years ago the Louisiana Lottery was as firmly established an institution as the Stock Exchange is to-day. It took the money of all the people and returned some of it to the many. Its controllers, the few, retained over one hundred millions each year for working the game. The people knew this and knew that the whole affair was gambling pure and simple, but they said people must gamble—so why not? Yet to-day there is no man so idiotic as to dare suggest its re-establishment.

But the Louisiana Lottery compared with the Stock Exchange was as influenza to tuberculosis. Ninety-nine per cent. of the Stock Exchange business to-day is gambling, three-fourths of this is loaded-dice gambling; and it takes from the people over two billions each year, and gives them absolutely nothing in return.

WE WILL POINT OUT TO THE LAWMAKERS AND LAW ADMINISTRATORS HOW LAWS FOR THE CLOSING OF THE STOCK EXCHANGE CAN BE READ INTO THE STATUTES, AND SHOW THE AMERICAN PEOPLE WHY THEY MUST BE MADE A PART OF THE CRIMINAL LAWS—AND QUICKLY.

That I may give the "Remedy" its best possible start-off, that is, that I may get into my readers' minds a clear plan of my work structure, I will give a scant blueprint of it:

First: I will depend, very largely, upon the repetition of its fundamentals. I don't want my readers to get impatient when they find, time and again, as they will, the same thing—the same idea in new phrasing, or some other idea in old phrasing, or the same idea in the same phrasing. I, not my readers, am the doctor in this particular case. I profess to know my business—my business

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of diagramming the people's evils, which are foundationed in finance, and I intend so to diagram this particular evil that my readers will know, when I am through, what I intend that they shall know—the evil and how to destroy it.

When they trip over my repetitions, they should say to themselves: "He knows his business better than we do, and if he has decided it is necessary to repeat, well and good—let him."

All of my readers may rest assured that I will not repeat from fun or through carelessness. This crusade of mine is one of deadly earnestness to me, and I will carry it on to the best of my powers.

When in "Frenzied Finance" I said the same to my readers, they might have had license to wonder whether I did know my job. But now, having lived through frenzied finance, they should know, without taking my word for it, whether I or they best know how to tool the shafts—whether I, consciously or unconsciously, miser, slouch, or spendthrift my phrases.

I will say that if my present job was a for-the-fun-of-it or for-the-money-of-it story-telling affair, I should perhaps treat it differently. I would chip, clip, and polish it to its prettiest. But it is not that sort of mongoose—it is a clearly defined, thoroughly understood coon-bagging affair, and as such I intend to tackle it, tributing nothing to literary rules, regulations, customs, or traditions, and kowtowing neither to pride, vanity, nor personal hanker—in other words, from start to finish, the job I have undertaken is going to boss me, instead of my bossing the job.

Second: Having clearly—cameo-clearly—in my vision the evil and its cure, I will transfer them to my readers' vision, so transfer them that my readers will, before I have ended, be as surely possessed of my vision as I now am.

STORIES FOR BLIND MEN

This means that each month I will write a story which will show—so vividly that even a blind man in a midnight jungle can see—the past, present, and contemplated future workings of the big evil.

These stories will be written, first, to interest, and then to educate, and, last, to raise all the latent hell in the American people—in the victims and the to-be-victims of the big evil and its ruthless creators and workers.

Let my readers make no mistake about this. My stories will be truthful, and I will forge each of the links in my fundamentals-and-conclusions chain in as simple and homely phrases as my tongs, sledge-hammer, and anvil will permit. But the stories will be scarleted, yellowed, and blacked to the limit. They will be directed to the undamming of the indignation of millions of the wronged, to the end that the victims, direct and indirect, of the Stock Exchange deviltry may in great numbers and in their loudest voices howl for a quick and lasting reform.

THE FIGHTING DIET

We have not selected this method because we itch for muckraking, but solely because we know that if the American people are to be saved from a black revolution they must first be aroused—aroused to a fierce blind-to-fear, deaf-to-favor passion; and we know that to arouse them to such a state we must pilot them from their present diminishing meal of syndicate-skimmed milk, corporation-kneaded bread, and trust-churned nine-ounces-to-the-pound butter, to a raw-meat, cayenne-peppered, green-cactus diet.

We estimate that there have been countless spine-backed brutalities, blood-jellied venalities, and cold-chiseled deviltries pulled off by the System during the past quarter of a century—and many of them since the finish of "Frenzied Finance"—any one of which contains within itself a good story—a story hot enough to red-froth the indignation of all crimson-blooded men and salt-tear the sympathy of all left-hearted women, even when they are told in that spike-clubbed, buzz-sawed, fife-and-drum style with which since the beginning Truth has equipped herself when going forth to massacre fraud and oppression.

My stories will sound their own jinglers from chapter to chapter as I fashion them for lodgment between the fundamentals and conclusions which they are intended to illustrate. But, as the huckster says, I will here give a few sample packages of the material of which they will be constructed:

The Standard Oil Company was lorgnetted by the people as one of their greatest evils. The people "by-heavened" to them-

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selves and to the world their sureness that it was one of the main causes of their high-cost living. The press mocking-birded its "Sure, Mike!" The pulpit amen'd "Verily it is." The lecture-platform organetted its O. K. The statesmen graphophoned "'Twas we who saw it first." And all chorused, "Sic 'im, Tige!"

And the people jumped for their seven-league boots, and, guided in their going by the press, the pulpit, the lecture platform, and the statesmen, they overtook and shackled and dungeoned this big malefactor. Then the courts basso-profundoed: "Standard Oil, thou art a chameleon-skinned, hoof-footed, tail-spined, triple-eyed, hawk-beaked, rubber-mawed, thirteen-fingered, centipededly-propelled, soul-sucking, and heart-shucking he-hellite."

Then the courts ordered that it destroy itself, efface itself from the earth.

So, still proclaiming itself a law-abiding innocent, it did efface itself. All this took fourteen years of most strenuous battling, battling which cost millions and millions of money; and these millions were paid by the trusts and by the Government, having first been collected from the people.

Then a strange thing happened. This black thing of hell, this Standard Oil, reorganized, and continued its old business of supplying the American people with one of their foundation necessities, and lo! within one year from the time it had effaced itself from the earth, its business had increased, its oil price likewise, and its stock had actually doubled in value.

"BUT 'TWAS A FAMOUS VICTORY"

In other words, it took more from the people in the form that the American people's victory compelled it to take, than it had done before. Or, in still other words, the American people by their victory over this trust increased, instead of decreased, their cost of living.

And the American people at the present time being aware of this, not only because of the tremendous increase in the worth of the reorganized trust capital stock, but because the price of the oil they consume is higher now than it was before they won their fight, are staring with sheep-faced incredulity into each other's eyes and mentally asking: "Where were we at before? Where are we at now? And how, and why?"

And while asking, they are figuring on a problem something like this:

"*If our cost of living increased with each victory, without any corresponding increase in our wage and income, how many victories will be necessary to put us over the brink?*"

WHEN CONVICTION DOESN'T CONVICT

Again: The great Tobacco Trust industry, which supplies the American people with their tobacco in all its different forms, went hand in hand with the Oil Trust. It was attacked by the people, effaced from off the earth by the people, reorganized by itself, *and after reorganization was worth scores of millions more than before its effacement.*

Again: The Beef Trust, another of the great trusts of the country, the one that supplies the people with their meat food, was attacked by the people through criminal laws. After a long and strenuous battle that cost millions for offense and defense, the trust won. That is, it licked the people, and thereupon, like the Standard Oil and Tobacco trusts, jumped in value. And the price of its product also jumped—thereby increasing the cost of the people's living, without a corresponding increase in wage or income.

Having its habitat in the West and conducting its affairs with less regard to the good form and conventionalities observed in such affairs than the trusts that have their homes in the East—the Beef Trust celebrated its victory over the people in a more brazen and insolent manner than the oil and tobacco members of the trust tribe: it jumped the price of the people's beef, *on the very day when its victory over the people was announced, four cents per pound.*

Again: The Sugar Trust, one of the great trusts of the country, supplying the people with a foundation necessity, was attacked by the people civilly and criminally and was convicted of crimes that would put to shame a properly educated professional pickpocket, blackjacker, or second-story worker. It was convicted of so many different crimes in so many different ways that the people were dazed at the crimes and at the ease with which they had proved them. The result of the civil and criminal convictions of the Sugar Trust was the same as in the case of the civilly convicted Oil and Tobacco trusts, and the criminally

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acquitted Beef Trust: the worth of the property increased.

Or, in other words, all these trusts were privileged to charge the people more for their necessities than they had charged before conviction.

After contemplating this curious condition of affairs—that civil conviction, criminal acquittal, and civil and criminal conviction combined, all produced the same effect—an increase in the people's cost of living and an increase in the income of the trusts that were civilly convicted, or criminally acquitted, or civilly and criminally convicted, the American people stared into each other's eyes with a "*Where were we at, where are we at, where are we going to be at?*" expression.

HALO-ING A DOLLAR KING

Another: There was a panic in 1907. At its height, after a few score heart-and-soul-and-conscience two-eyed citizens had suicided and convicted, and thousands of honest business men had bankrupted and departed for the poorhouse, and the business communities of every center and corner in the country were town-meetinging for the erection of cyclone cellars and graveyard extensions, the mightiest of all dollar kings stayed the panic's destruction by tossing into the Wall Street vortex a score or two millions of real money.

'Twas a noble deed, a brave deed, and a generous one, for it certainly takes nobleness, bravery, and generosity to jeopardize one's hard-thrifted millions in such a panic; and the world lifted its bonnet on the end of its huzzas. "Long live the noble act—long live the kingly actor!"

After the turbulent financial waves had subsided, and the soughing sewers had gutturaled the names, to the last one, of those who had been sucked down to oblivion, and when peace and calmness returned and the people had time to reflect—then from all over the land came contributions of laurel, sweetly fragrant laurel, to make a wreath which, in due time, was placed upon this hero's dollar-royal brow. History says: "He wore his honors and his people's halo with a graveness fitting unto his generosity and a generosity fitting unto his graveness."

Republics are brutally ungrateful critters:—this kingly coin monarch had hardly set foot within his fourth year when a brute Congress, at a cruelly crude investigation, compelled the admission that the millions so nobly, bravely, and generously hazarded to stay the panic were in fact Government coin—that coin which a free and equal people contribute in pennies and dollars for the legitimate conduct of their Government—and that *it had been entrusted to the haloed Dollar King secretly and without charge, that he might save the people at six per cent. per save.*

Again: A great labor strike, involving millions, was at its height. The labor general was a down-trod Napoleon. His worldly goods, at the beginning of the contest, consisted of a God-and-humanity oratorical tongue, an alarm-clock conscience, and a teasing-to-be-filled gripsack. Capital had every outward appearance of being groggy—Capital, in its labor contests, during the first few rounds always has the outward appearance of being groggy; then Capital delivered its solar-plexus, and the down-trod Napoleon had dislocation of the shoulder from lugging a full-of-thousand-dollar-bills gripsack.

Again: Five million American families, twenty-five million of the one hundred million American people, have five billions' worth of the accumulated results of their mental and bodily efforts in savings banks. The interest received by these every-day people from this vast and most sacred accumulation of American wealth is a very important part of their total income.

WHERE DO THE PEOPLE'S SAVINGS GO?

This capital of the many, after it gets into savings banks, is employed by the national banks and trust companies—very important cogs in the System's pillaging machinery—in the same way as the billions belonging to the few, to the ten thousand who have accumulated and are possessed of their one hundred billions of the nation's one hundred and thirty-one billions of total wealth. That is, it is loaned, or supposed to be loaned, back to the people, and by them employed in the conduct of their affairs. *As a matter of fact, the larger part of the savings of the people deposited in savings banks is indirectly—by a roundabout process—borrowed by the System at four and a quarter to four and three-quarters per cent. and by them used to earn for the few thirty-eight per cent.*

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Forty years ago the many who owned the deposits in savings banks received from such savings four per cent. yearly; that is, if the amount then had been what it is to-day—five billions of dollars—they would have received two hundred millions. *Yet forty years ago what they received had a purchasing power more than double what it has to-day.*

DIMES WHERE NICKELS USED TO DO

In other words, forty years ago the people could have purchased those necessities of life which to-day cost them four hundred millions, with two hundred millions; or, to put it in still another way, **THE PURCHASING POWER OF THE PEOPLE'S INCOME HAS IN FORTY YEARS BEEN MORE THAN CUT IN HALF BECAUSE OF HIGH-COST LIVING.**

Forty years ago the income of the few's capital in national banks and trust companies returned them six per cent. annually. To-day it returns them thirty-eight per cent., or six and a third times what it did forty years ago. But this six and a third times, owing to high-cost living, has been cut in half measured by its purchasing power, or to three and a sixth times as much as forty years ago. This means that the incomes of the many and of the few, which were 100% and 150% respectively forty years ago, are to-day 50% and 475% respectively.

Incredible! you say. Yet it is fact—statistical, every-day fact! I could even heighten the top places in these figures.

For instance, one of the greatest-in-the-country System banks, the First National of New York, with deposits of one hundred and fifteen millions of the people's moneys, *has returned in a single year to its system owners, from its profits, 1900%—1900% as against 4% returned to the people from their savings employed in the same line of business!*

No twenty-four-sheet poster is needed to show the human-interest meat and limelight possibilities of the stories which spout from such story-material geysers. Yet none of the three great statesmen who are presidential candidates has discovered enough in any of this worth-while material to make the discovery his campaign battle-cry, although each one finds much of vital interest to a people who are being driven to the poorhouse, the slave-pen, and the grave by high-cost living, in the statesman dilettante's favorite, "Referendum and Recall," in the politician's marionette word-fake, "Tariff," and in the score and one now-you-see-it-and-now-you-don't other whistled, sung, and danced favorites of the hustings.

I pick at random these samples of every-day and holiday and Sunday System life only for the purpose of showing my readers the sort of building material—bricks, plaster, and gallows-beams—I will use in the erection of the structure with which I mean to bridge that Stock Exchange gambling-hell-high-cost-living chasm which must be bridged that the victims of the System may haul their battering-rams and catapaulting apparatus to the field of real activities—the field where, when the fight is finished, will be found the System's mangled carcass or the Republic's poison-shafted corpse: the field of aroused public opinion.

THE AMERICAN TIRED FEELING

A lifetime's activity and intimate acquaintance with the human animal—domesticated and wild, big, little, and in-between, lily-white, ebon-black, red, yellow, and grass-green—has shown me that if one hopes to get one's audience safely from a burning theatre to join in a real scalp-gathering vigilante-fest, one must have for both jobs—in addition to the standard corn-shucking, penny-tallying, steak-potato-and-pumpkin-pie outfit—a self-playing fiddle, an illuminated husking-bee dance-order, and an automatic, liquidless, corpse-embalming apparatus of the sort that can be thrown into gear to meet instantly that tired feeling which, sooner or later, comes to the American people when they find themselves gathered for any particular purpose—comes without reason or warning, and stays overtime—and which may overturn the most carefully planned, truth-foundationed, fact-cellared, bomb-proofed structure man ever made.

I have not, after the pleasant joint-cracking, spine-stretching, eye-searing, heart-sickening, soul-crucifying experience of "Frenzied Finance," taken up my "Remedy" task for the purpose of pleasure or gain, but solely because I am compelled to—compelled by the groans from the valley, the moans from the hilltops, and their tear-and-blood echoings as they frenziedly carrom

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from the noisome places of the cities to the violet-and-buttercup-bedded villages where peace, plenty, and contentment hived before the legions of Easy-Moneydom hob-nailed themselves for tribute-raiding.

Had I my choice between my present occupation of teaching my gentle-faced Jerseys to rebel against automatic milkers, my bees to rise in protest against machine-made combs, and my flowers against man's hand-placed pollen—and the privilege of entering again that field where one's mornings are spent in disinfecting yesterday's battles, one's noons in armoring oneself for afternoon strolls, one's evenings in forgiveness prayers to one's dear ones for asafœtida-ing their home life, and one's nights in shoeing and saddling nightmares for the next day's tiltings—I repeat, had I my choice, I would answer as did the hermit who was told that he could exchange his pine-needle-couched hut for a crown-canopied throne:

"Rather would I navigate the Styx in a lead canoe, cushioned with broken glass, commissaried with *papier-mâché* chickens and thermos-bottled red-hot oil, than accept thy honor-encased job."

I say these things now in my Foreword, that I may not be tempted to ungear my gait when, in the height of battle, Time lock-steps Opportunity, and my critics bugle me to bare the sword of my resentment and give battle to their false charges of personal gain. The task I have undertaken is a sacred one, and I want you to know that I know it.

BEFORE THE BELL RINGS

Now, my readers, may I, before I strip for the fight I have undertaken, have just a heart-to-heart word with you? We may not find another opportunity, for no man can with sureness itinerary his route once the bell rings and the mighty engine of Fate plunges into the great Out-there. God alone knows where his human wisp will drive it, whether to His laid-out destination, or to one of the many disused sidings that end in nowhere.

EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE, when it enlisted in my "Frenzied Finance" crusade, was filled with that enthusiastic militant ardor which is born of youth and fearless enthusiasm. Perhaps that was why it leaped with me to the firing-line.

To-day EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE is an old, scar-seamed warrior, broad of shoulder, deep of chest, and with the punching arm of a Hercules. To-day its calm, deliberate decision to back the war and shape the siege carries ton-ton impetus. Its long list of successfully fought people's battles, humanity's battles, is thoroughly known to the American people. EVERYBODY'S has become a great of-the-weak-and-oppressed-humanity champion.

CALL TO ARMS

But this fight can not be won without your help, without your active working support and cooperation. You must do your share.

How can you do it?

In a thousand, and another thousand, ways.

Let each of you, from this, the first gun's peal, make the fight your personal one, as if your very life, your very salvation, depended upon its winning. Do everything within your power to support us in this fight, for you can easily see that all our work will go for naught unless the story, the revelation of deviltries, the proof of hell-mean crimes, is placed in the hands of millions upon millions of Americans.

Above all things, don't allow my old "Frenzied Finance" enemies to polish for parade that ancient argument of theirs, the one which they wore thin in their attempts to discredit our "Frenzied Finance" work, the argument that my work is being actuated by any financial interest in EVERYBODY'S.

In the present fight, as in the "Frenzied Finance" fight, I must necessarily at the finish, as well as at every turn along the road, be poorer financially than at the start. As it is necessary that I should cover every point of the coming fight in this, my Foreword, I will say, flatfootedly and unqualifiedly, that I have not to-day, nor have I ever had, directly or indirectly, or in any way, any financial interest in EVERYBODY'S; nor will I receive, directly or indirectly, or in any way, for my work or any part of it, anything of moneyed worth from EVERYBODY'S or from any one.

I say to you, the readers of "Frenzied Finance," and to the readers of this, my new work, that I know EVERYBODY'S in this work, as in its "Frenzied Finance" work, is actuated first of all by its desire

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to assist oppressed humanity, and that its business motive was from the beginning, and is all through its work, a matter of secondary consideration.

So far as my motives go, my old readers know them, and my new ones will have ample opportunity, as my work progresses, to know them. Sufficient for me to say here that I do my new work as I did my old work, and pay my way as I paid my way in "Frenzied Finance," because I want to, asking favor of none, and allowing none to take me to task for my omissions or my commissions.

I should not close my Foreword without saying to my readers what I said to EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE, before asking them to join with me in that remarkable pledge which now binds us to our work and our work to our readers and to the American people:

"Notwithstanding we were compelled to hazard our lives, our fortunes, and our reputations in undertaking 'Frenzied Finance'; notwithstanding the American people mistook our work for a free-finance, sightseeing, holiday jaunt; notwithstanding I enforced my ultimatum—Fight or Flop—the one I announced to EVERYBODY'S readers at the critical point in our fight; and notwithstanding a score and one other equally good reasons for dodging another battle of the 'Frenzied Finance' type, nevertheless, we should be craven if we refused the call to enlist. The times are ripe, the skies clear, the wind fair, the ammunition dry—all conditions right to take up the march just where we grounded arms.

THE ENEMIES' GUNS

"Life at best is short, its worth-while-snatching opportunities are scarce, and the millions of oppressed humanity still cry for help. Therefore, let us to the wars; but first let us count the possible cost:

"If we fail, you—EVERYBODY'S—and I will pay the price—you in prestige, perhaps bank-account, I the same except perhaps not so heavily dollar-and-cent-wise:—certainly as heavily reputation-wise, because it will be plain from the publication of our first chapter that you bank your pledge on mine.

"Bear in mind, though your position was weaker in 'Frenzied Finance' than now, it was also stronger. Then you were a new institution, with the world before you and no bulky wealth behind you. Humans fight more pluckily in those conditions than in the ones with which we shall have to deal. In the coming war your big, rich, and successful structure will be a mark for the enemies' guns—an invitation to attack. Make no mistake: Before the System allows our logic to shatter their base of supplies—close their gambling-hell, the Stock Exchange—they will train every available big gun upon us—upon our business, our friends, our very homes.

"I could dwell at long length upon the many and different methods by which they will try to silence your gatlings and howitzers; but you know their ways as well as I do.

SYSTEM GHOSTS

"I need not recall that day when they suavely proffered you their help in editing 'Frenzied Finance' to guard against the libel suits I was sure to bring upon you.

"I need not recall that other day when two of the System's sleek lawyers read to your astounded ear a blackmailing letter which they told you I had written, and exhibited my signature to the base proposition. I need not recall our wrath when you discovered that they had forged the blackmailing lines into space originally filled by lines of an exactly opposite character.

"I need not recall how, failing to wheedle, trick, coerce, or frighten you, they tapped my wires, burglarized my offices, bribed my associates, corrupted my house servants, and presented me with more than a score of their devilish contrivances, any one of which, if improperly handled, would have blown me and my workshop, by a score of different routes, to that far, far-off place of unequivocal temperature.

"Before finally deciding to jeopardize you in another war, I ask you to let your memory stroll again these shadow places of our former work, that I may feel all through the coming battle that in soliciting your partnership, I at least did so on the square; that in those dark nights and cloudy days which I feel sure our work will bring forth, those nights and days when we shall need all the faith and the pluck that can possibly be within us, my conscience may not be

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tempted to battledore and shuttlecock my heart between your lost peace and my hope deferred.

"Your readers and the risk-less public may think me over-finicky, but you surely will not make light of my caution, for you know, as I do, how important it may be when, at some critical stage of the battle, victory and defeat balance on a dream-thread.

"This I have just written is all along failure lines. But if we succeed—and I will say I have a stake-my-all conviction we shall—these indigo-wrapped apprehensions will have been but spendthrifted words.

"I feel that it is but fair to say to your readers, however, and through them to the great public, that while they have much at stake on our battle and apparently little to lose, they have perhaps as much to lose collectively in the event of our success as we have in the event of failure.

"If we fail, they will lose nothing, for they will have had front seats at what must be an interesting and educational show—and without extra charge. But if we succeed—just let me in a dwell-of-a-minute outline what may be to them a stern reality:

"When the powers that be in American finance—crooked American finance; the powers that be in American business—crooked American business; the powers that be in American politics—crooked American politics, see clearly the handwriting on the wall—see clearly that it will spell to them: 'The Stock Exchange, the gambling Stock Exchange, your one and your only base of supplies, must close, is going to close'—they may attempt to ring-nose the American people and lead them destructionward, as they did in the 1907 System-made panic.

"They may even attempt more lurid diabolisms; but if the American people fight as they know how to fight, the victory will be certain and the losses slight, because they are shared widely—and slighter still when compared with the immense gains that must follow victory."

I have endeavored in this Foreword to signboard my readers to my coming work. I do not guarantee the smoothness of the road, nor its shortness. I know it will run through many a jungle, up many a hill, down many a ravine. And I know, too, that it must follow dangerously near the brink of yawning precipices and roaring cataracts. Had I my choice, not a yard of it but would be velvet-grassed and tufted with daisies, violets, and cowslips. And, if I could, I would fence it with hollyhock and honeysuckle and sweet-scented clematis, and alternate its every span with oak-leaved shade and flecking sunbeams.

I did not make the road. My readers, like myself, must take it as they find it, thanking God when it rests their feet and fills their eye, and cursing those who make its traveling dangerous.

I will guarantee my readers that the road's end will more than repay them for all the hardships by the way. And, after all, is not that the guarantee my readers want?

Their liberty, their happiness, their very lives are in danger; the liberties, the happiness, and the lives of millions of the helpless—of those who can do nothing to save themselves, are in danger. What matters it then to the brave, the strong, the true, how long and crooked and dangerous the road if, after it is traveled, they can say to those who are now helpless:

"You are helpless no more."

In the November number Mr. Lawson will show you clearly and convincingly how High-Cost-Living follows directly and inevitably from Stock Exchange gambling. And how by putting a stop to Stock Exchange gambling you will restore Low-Cost-Living.

—The Editors.

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"Frenzied Finance" was a merciless exposure of the sinister forces at work in the Underworld of Wall Street.

"The Remedy" is a crusade to rout those sinister forces and wreck the Underworld.

Enlist!

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SILENT SAM

by

HARVEY J. O'HIGGINS

AUTHOR OF "THE SMOKE EATERS," "OLD CLINKERS," ETC.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY M. LEONE BRACKER

THE deputy sheriff who brought Sam from the county jail to the state penitentiary came always with one prisoner at a time, because he traveled on a railway pass and charged the state with "mileage and expenses" for each trip. He would have preferred to bring several prisoners together and make fewer trips, but this would have reduced his "graft." He had a wife and two daughters to provide for; and though the trips were a weariness, he sacrificed himself for his family.

He was a bald and genial Welshman of the name of Johns, unhealthy looking, flat in the chest, and flabbily heavy-waisted, as if the weight of his flesh had settled down toward the seat of the office-chair in which he spent so much of his time. He had a native genius for gossip—interesting human gossip, particularly of little political scandals and partisan intrigues. It was one of the jokes of his circle that he had been "born to wear a Mother Hubbard and gabble over a back-yard fence." He would talk to a prisoner as insistently as to a judge, with all the democracy of garrulousness, on the same terms of common human frailty, in a loud cheerfulness, with a cynical humor, protruding his tongue when he laughed. He was generally regarded as a comic character, but "no such fool as you'd think."

He had found it impossible to get any reply from his prisoner, or even any attention. Sam sat dumb, staring at the red plush of the seat before him, with his black

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eyebrows raised and his thick forehead wrinkled in a frown. It was not that he ignored Johns, but, evidently, that he did not hear him.

The deputy concluded, first, that he was "a sulky tramp."

As a tramp he was typical—collarless, in a dirty linen shirt, with a greasy leather belt supporting trousers spotted with oil stains, his shoes looking as if they had been worn in a lime-pit, his felt hat, soiled and stained, his beard as coarse and rusty as his hair. And yet his face, in a painting, would have drawn the eyes of an art gallery. It was full of the record of life, of things seen and suffered, though, perhaps, not understood. His mild blue eyes were set in a vacancy of thought. The lifted eyebrows of his frown suggested a mute groping.

He had been found guilty of train-wrecking—of causing the deaths of thirty-two passengers on the "D. & C." railway by loosening a rail on the bridge across the "Little Sandy" near Golden Gorge. And he had been sentenced to imprisonment for life.

This shocking fact did not affect the deputy at all. Professionally, he had no more interest in the reason for the man's imprisonment than a "funeral director" has in the cause of death; it was enough for him that "the body of Samuel Daneen" was in his hands for delivery to its living tomb. He had had sufficient cynical experience of the courts of his state to know that innocence was sometimes convicted and that guilt often went free; but this was a matter that was not on his "beat," as he would say; he could not help the innocent any more than he could impede the guilty.

He was only anxious, at the moment, to know whether or not Sam was a bachelor; for it was one of his theories of life that marriage preserved a man to virtue, whereas "single blessedness" led through dissipations to disease, shiftlessness, the poor farm, or a penal institution. His own wife, he held, had made a man of him.

He wished to preach to Sam from some such text, and it piqued him that Sam rejected his friendly overtures of conversation. He bounced himself impatiently on the springs of his seat—or he turned suddenly to look back over his shoulder at the car—and each time he contrived, as if accidentally, to give a twisting wrench to the bare wrist that was chained to his handcuff. At last Sam, without a change of his blank look, uttered a low, moaning groan that came as if it had worked its way up from the very depths of inarticulate distress.

It gave Johns a chill. He said to himself: "He's bug! He's crazy!" And, sitting very quiet, he watched his prisoner, warily, askance.

Sam showed no further sign of life, having now sunken upon himself in a staring collapse. The deputy could not even see the blinking of an eyelid. "He's got an eye like a fish," he complained to himself, contemptuously. "He's a dope fiend." "He's dotty," he concluded later. "He's just a half-witted bum." But though he was reassured, he remained watchful, with a sense of something uncanny beside him and a nervousness that was not relieved till their train slowed down at the little muddy mountain town that made a railway station for "the Pen."

Sam rose to the pull of the handcuff, like a man drugged, and followed out to the station platform in a shambling daze. Johns turned him up the cement sidewalk of the hillside street, shuffling along beside his prisoner flat-footedly. The deputy's insteps had fallen, in his days of police duty. Whenever he was accused of any political obliquity, he would admit "Well, my feet don't track good"—with a humorous air of conceding the one fault of which he could be justly suspected.

To the man who has been condemned to prison for life there may be something momentous in his arrival at the gates of doom, but to the little world that receives him the event is commonplace and routinary. In Sam's case, his coming was only an incident in the arrival of Johns, whose visits were always welcome; and to the officials who received him the prisoner remained as inconspicuously negligible as a boy led by the hand to make a call with his parent.

Handcuffed to the deputy, he was drawn up the stone steps of the "administration building" in the cheerful sunlight and led into the coolness of a white-tiled hall that echoed at once with Johns's "Well, boys, how *are* you? How *are* you?" There was a note of eager escape from silence in the exuberance of his voice. He turned Sam into a receiving office and held him standing before a wooden railing while he gave a clerk a *mittimus* from the judge who had passed sentence.

"All right," the clerk said. "I'll give

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THE STEWARD FINALLY TOOK HIM AWAY AND PUT HIM WITH THE MEN WHO SAT ALL DAY PEELING POTATOES.

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it to you on your way out"—referring to the receipt for the prisoner. He was busy making up his quarry accounts for the warden's annual report. "How are your feet?" he asked, with his pen in the teeth of his grin.

"Still steppin' heavenward, little one," the deputy replied from the doorway. "Be good."

He took Sam down the tiled hall to its farther end, where a turnkey sat in a cage made of two ceiling-high gratings across the passageway and two grated doors in its side walls. Johns greeted him jovially; he nodded in reply, with a slow smile, but he did not speak.

He had a manner of being unwilling that he should be distracted by conversation from his attention to his life-work of opening and closing four grated doors so as to have only one door at a time unlocked. He did not even glance at the new prisoner in reply to Johns's genial "Brought y' another ol' bachelor, Jake." When they had entered his cage he locked the door behind them, spoke softly into a telephone on the wall, and then unlocked another door, in the side of his cage, to let in an official in a blue uniform whom the loquacious Johns greeted as "Cap'n."

"Here's the noisiest bum I ever seen," Johns said, as he released Sam from his handcuffs. "He's about as chatty as a load o' lumber."

Sam stared past them at nothing. "He's a terror to think," Johns said. "You can see that."

They looked at him for the first time, and there was something in the sadness of his set eyes that discountenanced all but Johns. The captain, with the brusqueness of a man who had blundered upon the scene of a private emotion, immediately signed to the turnkey, who noiselessly opened the third door. The captain hurried Sam through it, holding him by the upper arm, and led him down the hall to a large arch that opened upon the prison courtyard. A guard, sitting in a steel cage above them, with a pump-gun across his knees, looked down watchfully upon their backs as they stepped out into the graveled court. And Sam was "in the Pen."

Here, between the gray stone ramparts of the outer walls, stood a gray stone quadrangle of cell-houses, workshops, and barrack-like buildings, guarded by sentries with rifles in watch-towers, or by men at grated doors with loaded canes and concealed revolvers. These men wore blue uniforms. Their sole work in life was to watch over seven hundred other men, in striped yellow-and-black uniforms, so as to prevent them from escaping from the little granite hell to which they had been condemned for transgressing those commandments of society which we call, proudly, "laws."

The sunlight that had shone upon Sam as he mounted the entrance steps to the administration building shone upon him again as he crossed the quadrangle to the hospital building, where he would be numbered, photographed, bathed and shaved, and photographed a second time in his stripes. But the difference between the sun in the courtyard and the sun on the steps was this: no matter how long Sam might live to see the sun shining in the courtyard, he would never again see the sun shining on the steps.

II

Johns went at once to "talk politics" in the warden's office, where he was as welcome as a country peddler who brings all the neighborhood news. And he was still there—his hat pushed back from his bald forehead, his hands clasped pudgily across the bulge of his waist—when the day captain returned from entering Sam according to the prescribed formalities, and stood frowning at a paper in his hand till the warden should recognize him.

Warden Zug was merely a political henchman thriving in a political office. It was his business to make easy the fulfilment of prison contracts by faithful partisans without public scandal; to collect his own graft on supplies and not be too greedy of the larger profits of the contractors; to find places on the prison staff for the lesser parasites of the party and see that in their grafting on the prisoners they stopped short of oppression—in short, to manage the prison (and its annual appropriations) for his political "friends," while carefully preserving the appearance of administering it as a penal institution. He was a small, sandy-haired, wrinkled man, who had been known to his home district as "Foxy Zug."

"We've got a prisoner here," the day captain said, "that don't answer questions. I think he's kind o' dotty. I've filled this out the best I can." He put his paper on the warden's desk and held it with a

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forefinger pointing. "Sam Daneen's the name on the *mittimus*. He looks about thirty-five, now he's cleaned up. But I can't get his religion—nor whether he's married."

"Ol' bach'lor," Johns put in, authoritatively. "He's an ol' bach'lor. They always are. They always are."

"What's the matter?" the warden snapped. "Sulky?"

The day captain rubbed his forehead. "No-o. He don't seem to hear you. I don't know but what he's simple. When you prod him, he just looks round at you an' sort o' don't see you. Jim had to strip him —an' do everything else for him. Mebbe he's sick. I don't know."

"What's he in fer?"

Johns interposed: "Say, Warden, don't you remember the wreck on the 'Little Sandy'—down by the Gorge—on the 'D. & C.'? Judge Purvis gave him life fer it."

Warden Zug had begun to dip his pen. He looked up at Johns with a quick craftiness, stirring his pen around in the shallow ink-well. "Judge Purvis?" he said. "A 'D. & C.' case?"

And Johns, without releasing a muscle of his fat impassivity, dropped a solemn, sly wink of guile at him.

Zug scrutinized his pen-nib a moment and then returned to the paper before him. "'Unmarried,'" he said, scratching it in upon a blank line. "Daneen, eh? Huh. 'R. C.' Let it go at that. Where've you put him?"

"Number one cell-house, Warden—till I find out where he's goin' to work."

"Uh - huh." The warden thought it over. He said, absent-mindedly: "That'll be all right, I guess," and held out the paper to the captain.

The man took it with an air of official indifference, but he had noticed the passage of looks between Johns and Zug and he resented his exclusion from the secret. When the door had closed behind him, Johns hitched his chair up closer to the desk and said under his voice: "I didn't see the trial, warden. I was off to the convention. But I remember when he was arrested. Gerter found him asleep 'n under a tree near the track, an' run him in on the chance."

"How many was killed?"

"About thirty, mebbe. I forget."

"Huh!" Zug nodded shrewdly. "What was it? Spread rails?"

Johns looked as wise as a joss—to conceal his ignorance. "Warden," he said, "that 'D. & C.' road-bed ain't safe fer a hand-car, except when the frost holds the rails steady." He insinuated: "An' *you* know what Purvis is."

He was, in fact, trying to draw out information under the pretense of imparting it. He knew almost nothing of Daneen's case; he had scarcely given it a thought. But Zug's face of suspicion had started the hint of a judicial scandal for him, and he was "smoking it out."

"The 'D. & C.' backed Purvis's nomination with twenty thousand," Zug said. "Gave it to us flat fer the campaign in our distric' the night we put him on the ticket. He's been doin' their dirty work ever since. There ain't been a cent o' damages collected from 'em in his court since he went on the bench."

"Well," Johns hazarded, "they'd 've had some damages to pay on that 'Little Sandy' wreck if they hadn't hung it on this poor hobo. Him wreck a train!" He lay back and laughed shrilly—venting the pleasure he felt in having caught his scandal. "Why, the poor mutt ain't got spunk enough to derail a jack rabbit."

Zug said suddenly: "I want to see him."

Johns rose with ingratiating alacrity. "He's in number one."

The warden merely growled: "Tell 'em to bring him in here."

As a politician, he knew, of course, that he could not meddle with any decree of injustice that had been inspired by the great "D. & C.:" it made the governors; it picked the legislatures; it nominated the supreme court of his state. But in forcing Judge Purvis upon the district bench it had crowded aside Zug's favorite son-in-law, in Zug's own district, and humiliated him in the home of his friends. By their subsequent reward of that humiliation the "D. & C. people" had only served to justify his resentment to himself, though he had come to feel less bitterness toward the "D. & C." than toward Purvis. He wished—humanly enough—to despise the man, to look down on him, to find him guilty of some act that would make him contemptible; for Zug was not so small in mind that he could be satisfied with a mere resentment.

He waited, frowning darkly.

He was disappointed in Daneen's appearance when the guard led him in. The convict

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was no longer a possibly innocent man; he had been made into a criminal. His head had become the sinister cropped skull of dishonor; stripped of his beard, his face below the eyes had a wrinkled, unwholesome, repellent pallor; his ill-fitting prison stripes disfigured him as much as they degraded; he stumbled in his clumsy convict shoes. He looked ridiculous, odious, evil. There remained only the dignity of pathos in his mute eyes.

Zug, without rising, dismissed the guard with a jerk of the head toward the door, and said to Sam, in a kindly gruffness: "Come over here."

Sam did not move; he stood with his arms hanging, his head drooped. Johns took him by the sleeve and drew him up beside the warden's table-desk. His prison cap lay on the carpet where he had been standing.

"He's dotty, Warden," Johns apologized. "He's doped."

Zug replied, in an undertone, impatiently: "Leave him alone." He was absorbed in his scrutiny of the heavy, slanted sag of the mouth, the perplexed corrugation of the forehead, the sightless, wrinkled stare of the blue eyes. "Look at me," he said. "Here." He rose and put his hand to Sam's chin, and turned the face toward him.

For a moment the eyes did not even see him; they looked through him, beyond him; when at last the pupils focused on him, it was with the empty dulness of the gaze of a sick animal.

"What've they been doin' to you?" Zug asked.

If he had been holding a cowed collie dog by the muzzle to speak to it, it might have watched him so—not looking at his lips when they moved, as even an intelligent child would, but at his whole face in a large, meaningless, dumb regard.

"You never wrecked that train, did you?"

It seemed as if he were about to answer. His eyebrows twitched and contracted. The muscles trembled in his lips with a fluttering that accompanied a clicking of his teeth. His eyes wavered irresolutely, but with a light of intelligence. And then suddenly the eyebrows went up in their plaintive frown again. His gaze set on the distance, his lips sagged back into their loose droop. And Zug felt that he had been heard and, after some sort of despairing consideration, ignored.

He sat down and drummed thoughtfully on his blotter-pad. "I suppose," he said. "I suppose . . .

"He's got *his*," he summed it up to Johns, "an' I guess he knows it." There was some contempt in his pity—the natural contempt of such a man as he for the victim of those conditions of society over which he himself had triumphed. "Tell them to take him back," he ordered. "Tell them to ask the steward to give him work in the kitchen."

Johns had been watching and listening in an alert and eager silence. He took Sam by the elbow now, with the air of an old woman who has shared in a scene of family scandal and who conceals, in an expression of decent deprecation, her relish of the gossip in which she is to delight. He even stooped sympathetically to pick up Sam's prison cap as they passed it; and he gave the warden's instructions to the guard in the corridor, under his voice, as if confidentially, in the manner of a loyal friend of the family who could be depended upon to be discreet. ("I wonder what the hell's up?" the guard asked the turnkey, and they both stared at the mysterious Sam.)

"Well, Warden," Johns said, after an awkward pause of lingering, "I guess I'll toddle along."

Zug grunted indifferently; and the deputy sheriff hurried away as fast as he could shuffle to pursue the truth about Sam where he knew he should find it—in the sheriff's office.

III

It was a week later that he returned to the penitentiary (with a young "burglar" who whistled rag-time sibilantly through his teeth all the time, to show his courage). And in the meantime Daneen had become "Silent Sam" to the whole prison. He had been put among the dish-washers in the kitchen, and no one had been able to get a word from him.

For two days he had held back the line by the fumbling slowness of his movements, which seemed rather blindly automatic than guided by any attentive intelligence; and because dish-washing is a rushed and hasty affair, particularly in the evening when the kitchen squad are the last to reach their beds, the men harried him with muttered imprecations, tried to jostle him to greater activity surreptitiously, and complained to the "trusty" who was their foreman.

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On the morning of the third day Sam dropped his arms into the dish-water without even rolling up his sleeves. When the trusty came to remonstrate, he seemed unable to control his hands, staring at them like an idiot when the tin dishes slipped through his fingers and clattered upon the stone flagging of the floor. The steward finally took him away and put him with the men who sat all day peeling the potatoes that were boiled for the prisoners by the barrel.

Here he did better for a time, hunched on a stool, scraping away mechanically at the big Western tubers with a dull knife, in fits of industry that alternated with intervals of a frowning and motionless vacuity from which he had to be wakened with a shake. Then he began to have trouble with his eyes —an inflammation, apparently. It kept them always blurred with a moisture that overflowed on his cheeks, as if he were peeling onions instead of potatoes. He seemed no longer able to see what he was doing, and he cut ruinous slices from the vegetables instead of merely peeling them.

The prison doctor found him suffering from a nervous affection of the tear-ducts; they had so contracted that they were unable to drain the eyes. For want of a better place for him, he was given a cell in the hospital annex, where the feeble-minded were confined. They had the freedom of the corridor of their cell-house during certain hours of the day, and Sam walked there incessantly, with his head down, or rested, squatted on his heels in a corner, blinking his wet eyes.

When Deputy-Sheriff Johns had turned over his young burglar to the prison, he found the doctor in the warden's office reporting upon Sam's condition. He was saying: "There's nothing to prevent him from talking if he wants to. I thought he'd been hurt in the head—a brain lesion. No such thing. And it isn't that he won't talk because he's insane, but he's probably going insane because he won't talk. We can't do anything for him, except keep him quiet and give him a chance."

A NEGRO TRAMP HAD BOASTED IN A BAR-ROOM THAT HE HAD HELPED DANEEN WRECK THE TRAIN ON THE BRIDGE ACROSS THE "LITTLE SANDY".

Johns contained himself in silence—as a sort of proof to himself that he *could* be silent, for he had been talking of Sam to a newspaper reporter, and he knew that he had been indiscreet. Not until the door had closed on the doctor's departure did he draw his chair up beside the warden's desk and whisper eagerly:

"I found out all about him, Warden. He was jobbed—Daneen. One o' the boys down in our office was on to the whole game, an' he's tellin' about it. He talks too much, that boy. He'll get himself into trouble.

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But he was jobbed—Daneen. He was jobbed."

The warden nodded, sat back from Johns's excited whisper, lit a cigar, and said indifferently: "Sure. That's what I told you."

"He was jobbed. Gerter found him asleep 'n under a tree, when he went down to look over the wreck, an' he woke him up, an' he said he hadn't heard nothin' an' they gathered him in on suspicion. Then some feller named Gahn, that nobody never seen round here before, got into the case an' swore he'd seen Sam foolin' round the bridge an' kickin' the rails, an' they had the damnedest jury you ever seen—a reg'lar lot o' old court-house bums, with that crook Dietz fer foreman—an' them an' Purvis soaked him. Gahn's lit out since." He dropped his voice still lower. "The track-walker told one o' the boys—he was up fer a witness—an' he told him Gahn was a railroad detective he'd knowed back East. He'd made out he was a ranch-hand—Gahn did—walkin' from Sandy City to Big Golden lookin' fer work. An' they soaked Daneen."

"Sure," the warden said dispassionately. "That's what I told you."

"Sam'd got a-hold of a shyster lawyer that took a twenty-dollar bill he'd carried sewed up in his shirt—an' then let him get it in the neck. He didn't have nothin' to say fer himself till Purvis ast him, an' then he started a long spiel about his wife havin' consumption an' shippin' her off to California, an' him startin' to walk from Pittsburg after her, doin' odd jobs an' bein' six months on the road—'cause he'd give her all his money an' sends her half he makes—but Purvis cuts him short an' gives him life—so's the road wouldn't have to pay damages."

"Sure. Sure. That's Purvis." The warden stood up with a sour smile.

"He ain't opened his mouth since," Johns added; "they couldn't get a word out of him in the jail. He didn't even write to his wife about it."

Zug had reached the door. "Lot o' good that 'd 'a' done him," he grumbled. "I got to get my report out." And he left Johns without any apology.

Johns found himself resentfully pleased that he had talked to the reporter. That reporter recognized a good "story" when he heard it.

Johns was "no such fool as you'd think." Though he could make a joke at his own expense, he was not a meek man; he had his vanity; and he could be secretly and poisonously malicious in his enmities. He could "tell a thing or two," if he chose, about almost any one who crossed him. He was not above telling what he knew even about the Powers that befriended him—and then denying that he had opened his loyal and protesting mouth. The reporter to whom he had been talking worked for the independent "labor journal" that was leading the new political revolt against the railway control of the government of the state; he had had more than one scandal "tipped off" to him by Johns.

"I'm right in the game with the rest o' them," Johns would tell him. "I got to be—to keep my job. But I wouldn't weep any salt tears if the whole bunch was blown to blazes. They make me work fer *my* bread an' butter—an' *they* get all the cake."

He had concluded his account of the jobbing of Daneen: "An' him a decent married man! A decent married man!" He was sincere on that point. It had touched his sympathy. It might have excused him to himself for "leaking" to the newspaperman, if he had had any scruples about it. As a matter of fact, he had recently persuaded himself that he was a man of singular independence who did political "dirty work" for the "higher-ups" because he had to earn his living under them, but who secretly preserved himself clean of any loyalty to them, in their "sculduggery," by criticizing them behind their backs to any one who was not of their following.

IV

Silent Sam's story was published to the state under a startling three-column head—"Innocent Man Condemned?" with the saving question-mark as an insurance against libel. Judge Purvis was handled with a sarcastic courtesy that could not be prosecuted for contempt of court. Four "professional jurors" who had sat on the case were ringingly denounced, but not by name. The witness Gahn was "alleged" to be everything suspicious. The whole article, written to make a charge of criminality against the railway, was ingeniously worded to give the effect of making the charge, without actually making it, so that the sovereign "D. & C." might not have the opportunity

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"IT'S A GREAT SIGHT TO LOOK AT—ON THE FOURTH OF JULY."

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of defending itself in its own courts, before its own judges, with a jury picked to find it innocent.

Sam's case, in fact, was carried to that almighty court of ultimate appeal in the democracy—the people. And they began to sit upon it.

They were assisted by the ironic editorials of the little labor journal and by the dignified exterior of silence preserved by the "kept" newspapers of the ruling powers. The "D. & C." refused, of course, to come into any such court. The case began to go against the railway by default. Deputy Johns carried himself with such circumspection that he refused to recognize the reporter when they passed on the street. Silent Sam, trudging up and down the cement corridor of his cell-house—stared at through the bars by visitors, interrogated in vain by the guards—remained as insensible to his notoriety as he was to the mumbling of the megalomaniac who thought himself the Czar of Russia and accepted Sam as the faithful sentry at his palace gate.

At the end of the week a negro tramp was arrested in Portland, Oregon, after he had boasted in a bar-room that he had helped Daneen wreck the train on the bridge across the 'Little Sandy'. He was promptly extradited and brought back for trial—before Judge Purvis. He pleaded guilty. He was sentenced to imprisonment for life. And the court of ultimate appeal dismissed from its mind forever the case of Samuel Daneen.

So it came to pass that Deputy-Sheriff Johns had another prisoner to deliver to "the Pen"—a big, simply-smiling negro who called him "boss" and accepted his escort almost protectingly.

"Don't be in such an all-fired hurry," Johns snarled at him on their way from the county jail to the railway station. "This 's no foot-race."

The negro guffawed whole-heartedly. "All raight, boss," he drawled. "Ah'm sa'sfied. Don' you tiah yusself none. Mah laigs is jus' kind ah *on*easy."

"Yeh," Johns grunted. "Well, they'll get ust to *that* in the nex' thirty er forty years."

And the negro chuckled delightedly. "Tha's raight, boss. Tha's no lie."

He continued interested, pleased, and happy in all they saw, in everything they did; and when their train was well under way, Johns put into words his conclusions upon the man's behavior by saying: "You're just darn fool enough to believe these people ain't goin' to keep you in, eh?"

The negro, flattered by this attention from a white official, asked, with his head on one side, grinning: "How d'you mean, boss? How d'you mean?"

"You know 'how' I mean. They're playin' you fer a sucker. Did they promise y' any money?"

"Ainy money? Fo' God, boss, I don' get nothin'!"

"All right," Johns said. "Dream on. Dream on. What's your name?"

"Mah name's Joel."

"All right, Joel. Tell me when you find yourself beginnin' to wake up." Johns tipped his hat down on his eyes and leaned back comfortably in his seat. The train was crawling up the rise of alkali flats toward the foot-hills in the heat and glare of dusty barrenness. After a long silence, Joel asked: "Does you know this heah Sam D'neen, boss?"

Johns replied placidly that Sam was an old and intimate friend; that every one knew he had not wrecked the "D. & C." train; but that the "railroad people" had accused him of it so that they might not have to pay damages on the wreck. Johns made that point very clear. He illustrated it, elucidated it in detail, forced it upon the intelligence of the blinking negro.

"They put him in the Pen," he said, "so's to save all that money. See, sonny? We were fightin' to get him out. We were provin' he'd never wrecked the train. So they gets you to say you helped him wreck it, an' that settles *him*, an' keeps the money in the bank. See? An' then they flings you in with him—'cause you said you'd helped him—an' they keeps you there, so's they won't have to pay *you*. See? An' everybody's happy. Eh? Dream on, you darn fool."

Joel studied on it; his smiling confidence had gone as suddenly as a child's. Then he perked up with: "What's the matteh why Ah cain't tell 'em Ah lied about it, if Ah wants to gait out? Ah can *do* that. They's got nuthin' on to *me* but what Ah says so, boss."

"You'll never get the chance to open your fool mouth about it, nigger," Johns replied.

His indifference was convincing. After a frowning interval, Joel observed more

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plaintively: "They's suhely requiahed to play squah with *me*. Ah suttenly stood by mah promises. Ah suttenly did."

To which Johns sneered: "You suttenly are one big fool nigger-man. You suttenly are."

He rested complacently in the cushioned seat with his eyes closed, and enjoyed hearing the negro shift and mutter to himself and punctuate his uneasy thoughts with uneasy sighings. Every mile or so Joel would break out: "Mebbe Ah nevah wrecked no train, boss." And Johns would reply: "You said you did, nigger, an' we got to believe you." Or: "Mebbe Ah nevah seen this heah Sam in all mah bo'n days;" and Johns would reply: "Well, I'll introduce you, bo. You're goin' to spend the rest o' your 'bo'n days' locked up with him." Or, more desperately: "Cain't Ah do nothin' 'bout it, boss?" And still more cheerfully: "You've done your doin's, Joel. You're a gone nigger."

After forty miles of this sort of "third degree," Joel was a worried-looking, mulatto-colored son of slavery betrayed into the power of the dominant race. He began to stammer an almost unintelligible, terrified explanation of what had happened in Portland.

"Keep that fer the warden," Johns stopped him; for Johns was planning a "sensation" for Zug. "I can't help you any. Keep it fer him."

"The wa-wahden? 'S *he* the man?"

"He's the man fer *you*, sonny. He can do a lot fer *you*. Come along, now. Here's where you meet the 'wahden.'"

A hope as simple as his terror drew him out to the station platform and cheered him up the fatal hillside to the stone walls of "the Pen."

"Don't go too fast," Johns purred. "You'll get winded. You won't be able to make your little speech. That's better. You'll have lots o' time. . . . Fine day, Joel. Sun's hot, eh? Well, it'll be shadier inside. Here we are."

He led him straight to the warden's office. "Here's a nigger wants to see you," he announced to Zug. "He wants to tell you how they got him to swear he helped on that Little Sandy wreck."

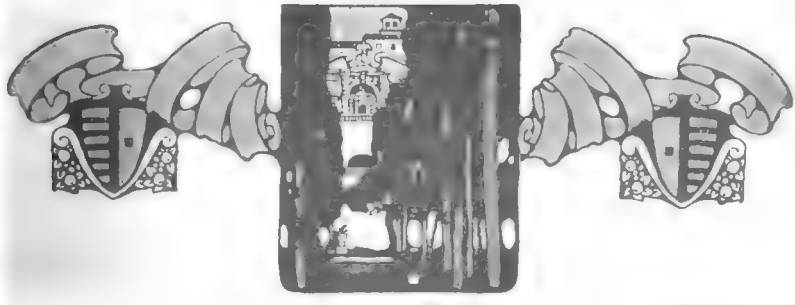
"Fo' God," Joel broke out wildly, "Ah nevah wrecked no train, boss. Ah——"

Zug rose with his wrinkled smile and patted him on the shoulder. "Just a minute, boy," he said. "You better tell this to a man it'll do some good to. He's inside here." He led him to the corridor. "Jake," he said to the turnkey, "tell Geddes to put this man in to take care of Sam. He's not much of a talker, Sam," he explained as Johns unlocked the handcuffs in the turnkey's cage, "but he'll like to listen about that wreck. Tell *him* about it."

Johns winked and chuckled flatteringly. "He needn't hurry, neither. He can tell him two or three times, eh? He can tell him as often as he likes. He'll have lots o' time."

"And the funny part of it is," the reporter always says, when he finishes telling his version of the story—"the *funny* part of it is that this happened *in America*. They're down there yet—in 'the Pen.' Daneen's gone blind, as well as nutty, and the nigger leads him around by the hand. It's a great sight to look at—on the Fourth of July."

Editor's Note:—Yes, this is a true story.



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MEASURES- not MEN

What the Five National Platforms really Mean

by

PETER CLARK MACFARLANE

DECORATIONS BY T. D. SKIDMORE

"AND poor Macfarlane has to read all these platforms!"

With a ghoulish chortle the editor made this verbally sympathetic but sentimentally heartless remark to his staff as, having first stuffed all the pockets of my garments with the documents in question, he indicated by a graceful wafture of his hand that my general direction was toward the door.

And the next day I laughed myself! It was so ridiculously easy, so delightfully interesting. I leaned back and began to read them—and to laugh! It really was mirth-inducing. To think that they were paying me, actually paying me, those folks down at EVERYBODY'S, for sitting under a chestnut-tree where the air with its mountain tang teased the dappled locklets on my brow, while I informed me as to those issues about which, fellow citizens, it is the duty of every voter to know.

Glancing through the opening vistas of the Republican document, we read: "The Republican party looks back upon its record with pride and satisfaction, and forward to its new responsibilities with hope and confidence." Hope, it would seem, springs eternal in the platform-maker's breast. After something like half a newspaper column of self-felicitation, the Republican platform launches out in a plank upon the "Integrity of the Courts."

With Judge Archbald occupying attention at one end of the country and Judge Hanford occupying attention at the other, while the antics of still another stir up the sunny South, and the memory of C. P. Connolly's series in this magazine on "Big Business and the Bench" still tingles in the ears of the voters, this plank would seem to be sufficiently important.

The Democratic platform moves with snap and ginger. After shaking hands with itself in six short lines, it wastes no time in fiddling for an opening, but immediately rushes to the center of the ring and begins to land right and left swings squarely on the nose of the tariff. The Socialist platform, on the other hand, does not even felicitate. It starts with a biff and ends with a bang. The Prohibition platform, as was to be expected, explodes its biggest gun on the liquor traffic, but has other things to say.

The Progressive platform is frankly the program of change — unsettling, some people will call it. It is Henri Bergson's philosophy of flux applied to politics. The first cry of this new-born infant is: "The conscience of the people, in a time of grave national problems, has called into being a new party, born of the nation's awakened sense of justice."

THE TARIFF

The starting-place for all platform study just now, of course, is the tariff. It is easy to dispose of the Republican plank. What it demands is a tariff high enough to "protect adequately American industry and

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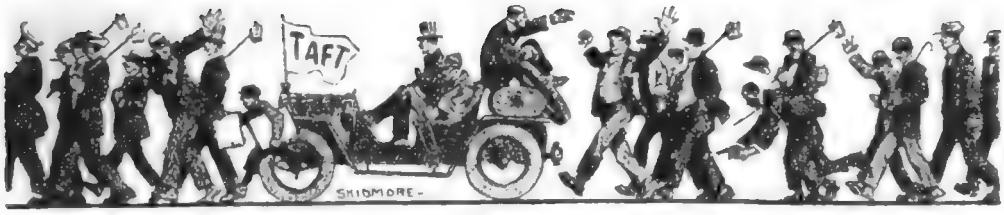

American wages." There is absolutely no promise to lower the tariff. The nearest approach is in these sentences: "Some of the existing import duties are too high and should be reduced."

What, for instance? Diamonds or dimities?

The next following sentence says: "Readjustment should be made from time to time to conform to changing conditions and to reduce excessive rates, but without injury to any American industry."

To do all this the need is found for an "expert commission," i. e., the Tariff Board. The Democratic party is condemned for its failure to finance the Tariff Board and for its reckless method of making tariff reductions, while the tariff bills of the last Democratic Congress are condemned heartily on three separate counts.

This is as bold a high-tariff plank as could well be written. The man who can extract from it any hope of appreciable lowerings of our tariff must be a cheery soul indeed.

The Democratic plank on the tariff is altogether different. It begins with truly Democratic extremity of statement by affirming that a protective tariff is entirely unconstitutional. This does not seem very sensible. We can not quite think our Democratic friends mean it, and would respect their protestations more if they would shorten the curves of their hyperbolas a bit.

However, having thus rudely dragged the tariff out of the sanctuary, their platform proceeds to indict it on numerous counts. "The high Republican tariff" is all and sundry the cause of the following iniquitous conditions which the platform asks us to believe are the sad facts of life to-day: "the principal cause of the unequal distribution of wealth;" "it makes the rich richer, and the poor poorer." " . . . . . under its operation the American farmer and laboring man are the chief sufferers: it raises the cost of the necessaries of life to them, but does not protect their product or wages."

As for high tariff making high wages, it finds that the most highly protected industries, such as cotton, wool, steel and iron, pay the very lowest wages.

Then come the teeth: "We favor the *immediate downward* revision of the existing high, and in many cases prohibitive, tariff duties, insisting that *material reductions* be *speedily made* in the *necessaries of life.*"

There is something specific, gentlemen. But there are more specifics: "*Articles entering into competition with trust-controlled products and articles of American manufacture which are sold abroad more cheaply than at home, should be put upon the free list.*"

Do you wish that done?

Yet, protection is not to die to-day. Here is another splinter of the Democratic plank, a splinter that reads as if cleft from some old Republican platform.

"WEASELING"

"We recognize that our system of tariff taxation is intimately connected with the business of the country, and we favor the *ultimate attainment* of the principles we advocate by legislation that will not injure or destroy legitimate industry." That is what Colonel Roosevelt the other day yclept a "weasel phrase." It ties a string to every brick thrown from the tariff wall by the first paragraphs, lest haply we find ourselves wishing them back again.

However, I am emphatically in favor of some weaseling on the tariff. Having little faith in the prognosticating of experts, I think we shall have to proceed empirically, knocking a few feet off a select number of schedules at the places where the walls are highest; after which let us all hold fast patiently for a couple of years, and mark the effect.

"Exactly our policy!" exclaim the Democratic platform-makers, pointing to the clause which condemns the President for vetoing their bills reducing the duties in the cotton, woolen, metal, and chemical schedules. That, of course, is all right.

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These bills did involve real reductions. As campaign thunder those vetoed tariff bills are good strategy. As tariff legislation they might be less happy. I am therefore content that this platform which bites its thumb so savagely at the protective tariff shall also have a weasel look in its eye.

Now, of course, when we come to glance at the platform of the Progressive party, we find further evidence of weaseling on the tariff. Only the weaseling is in plain words, and barkingly calls attention to itself; and therefore, as Colonel Roosevelt, who is a better authority on natural history than I, will tell us, is not weaseling, but plain and simple woozzling. Woozzle, one regrets to write, is a word not yet hog-tied by the dictionaries, but it hath a connotation not necessarily vicious. Indeed, it is a good-humored word and connotes an amiable weakness of the American character.*

Our platform-makers seem to have woozzled upon the tariff, and doubtless at places in this article the writer will woozzle or perhaps already has woozzled.

PROGRESSIVE "WOOZZLING"

The Progressive platform declares for "a protective tariff which shall equalize conditions of competition between the United States and foreign countries, both for the farmer and the manufacturer," and says that, "primarily, the benefit of any tariff should be disclosed in the pay envelope of the laborer." It demands "tariff revision, because the present tariff is unjust to the people of the United States." The immediate repeal of the Canadian reciprocity act is called for. A non-partisan, scientific tariff commission is demanded. As the principal function of this commission is to ascertain differences in cost of production at home and abroad (pure woozzling—we fear), this commission is to have power to compel uniform systems of production cost accounts in the protected industries. The work of the commission, it is specified, however, "should not prevent the immediate adoption of acts reducing those schedules generally recognized as excessive."

* My editors insist that the definition of this unbranded word, this verbal maverick, as it were, shall be appended. Oh, very well!

Woozzle, woozl, *v.* (Slang, U. S.) *Polit.* To take a position apparently favoring both sides; to straddle, and to do it in a honeyfugling manner.

After careful reading of the speeches of acceptance of the three leading candidates, the following deductions are offered as reasonably authentic tariff prospects:

President Taft would *gradually* revise the tariff.

Governor Wilson would revise the tariff *gradually*.

Colonel Roosevelt would re-*gradually*-vise the tariff.

The Socialist platform is silent on the tariff. While the Prohibitionists, after considering the matter carefully with brains unclouded by the fumes of alcohol, acquit themselves thus: "As the tariff is a commercial question, it should be fixed on the scientific basis of accurate knowledge, secured by means of a permanent, omni-partisan tariff commission with ample powers." This is a disappointment. We somewhat fear our cold-water friends have both weaseled and woozzled.

THE TRUSTS

After the tariff, the next question that burns is the trusts. We see at a glance that the Republican platform is "opposed to special privilege and to monopoly," and are therefore surprised to observe that special privilege and monopoly is by no means opposed to the Republican party. Which, we should say, shows a truly forgiving spirit.

There are some clauses in this plank that sound good. As, for instance, the one demanding legislation "which will define as criminal offences those specific acts that uniformly mark attempts to restrain and monopolize;" and this: "The same certainty should be given to the law prohibiting combinations and monopolies that characterizes other provisions of commercial law in order that no part of the field of business may be restricted by monopoly or combination."

But just as we begin to like the plank, there trails into view a phrase asking for such legislation that "business success honorably achieved may not be converted into crime."

Whom could that be for, now, do you think?

This trust plank, on closer examination, seems a sort of warning that the trails are getting so plain that the Government really may have to imprison somebody if

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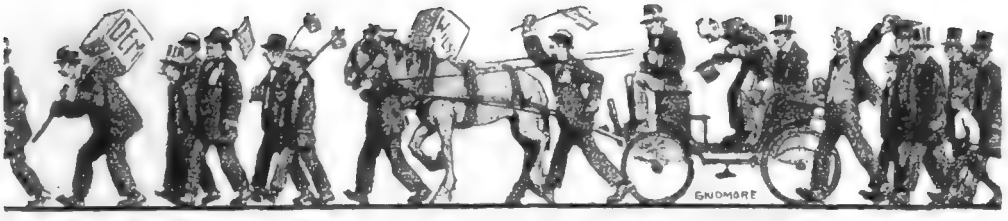

somebody doesn't get out of the game or learn a few new tricks, and that therefore if somebody is unhappily caught, somebody need not blame the prosecution, for the Government really had to do it, you know.

The Democratic platform declaims forcefully against trusts. It favors "the declaration by law of the conditions upon which corporations shall be permitted to engage in interstate trade." Among these conditions are "*the prevention of holding companies, of interlocking directors, of stock-watering, of discrimination in price, and the control by any one corporation of so large a proportion of any industry as to make it a menace to competitive conditions.*" The platform regrets that the Sherman law has been seriously debilitated through a series of judicial decisions, and strongly recommends that it be reinvigorated with a stout dose of legislative tonic.

The plank also takes great satisfaction in condemning the Republican administration for compromising with Standard Oil and the Tobacco Trust, and especially for failing to invoke the criminal provisions of the law after "the court had declared that, from the undisputed facts in the record, they had violated the criminal provisions of the law."

FEDERAL ADMINISTRATIVE COMMISSION

In the last paragraph of the Republican plank are some deliciously innocuous phrases regarding a Federal Trade Commission. The scope of such a commission is not defined. We regard it immediately with disfavor, but recognize the idea as the big central principle for trust control in the ill-fated La Follette platform. However, it is here shorn of every possibility of use except for woozzling. Now in the Progressive platform this idea turns up again as the Federal Administrative Commission, and once more it is a big, fully developed organ. Its functions have been specialized to "permanent active supervision over industrial corporations engaged in interstate commerce."

The powers it is proposed to give this Federal Administrative Commission are enormous. Its position with respect to the corporations would be analogous to that of the Interstate Commerce Commission with regard to the railroads, but with powers vastly greater. Among its duties would be to "attack unfair competition, false capitalization and special privilege, and by continuous trained watchfulness guard and keep open equally to all the highways of American commerce."

The platform-makers must have been preparing a job for Colonel George W. Goethals, Chairman of the Isthmian Canal Commission. He would seem to be the only man on the horizon big enough for the task. Or, belike, they had in mind another George W. However, this particular phase of discussion would seem to be taking a census of Progressive chicklets considerably in advance of the date of their possible incubation.

The final clause in the Progressive plank on business says: "We favor strengthening the Sherman law by prohibiting agreements to divide territory or limit output; refusing to sell to customers who buy from business rivals; to sell below cost in certain areas, while maintaining higher prices in other places; using the power of transportation to aid or injure special business concerns, and other unfair trade practices."

This anti-trust plank is by all odds the most immediately important plank in the Progressive platform. Attention may be diverted to other utterances which seem more radical; but there is none which has in it at once so much of the thrill of possibility and immediacy.

And the platform-making college professors of the Progressives jimmied it out of La Follette's strong box. Where La Follette got it, the writer does not know, which is,

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perhaps, confessing dark and inexcusable ignorance.

On the trusts the Socialist platform has nothing to say. Socialists regard the trusts as mere symptoms of a disease. Their platform treats the disease.

The Prohibition platform has hard words for no trust, not even the "Whisky Trust."

Next to the tariff and the trusts, undoubtedly the greatest political interest just now attaches to the possibility of a legislative amelioration of the acutely

HIGH COST OF LIVING

The Republican platform admits the fact, denies the tariff is to blame, and offers to "support a prompt scientific inquiry into the causes." After "the exact facts are known it will take the necessary steps."

The Democratic platform also admits the fact, but says the tariff *is* to blame, and the trusts also. It is going after both.

The Progressive platform contributes little more than an increase of candor. It says it "is due partly to world-wide and partly to local causes; partly to natural and partly to unnatural causes." It assures us that the unnatural causes will disappear when the tariff, the trusts, and conservation have had a stiff course of Progressive treatment. As to the natural causes, it promises to look into them.

The Socialists have a plank that, if practicable, would affect the cost of living. It is: "The immediate acquirement by the municipalities, the states or the federal government, of all grain elevators, stockyards, storage warehouses, and other distributing agencies in order to reduce the present extortionate costs of living."

When potatoes are worth forty cents a bushel on the farm and two dollars a bushel on the dumb-waiter, it begins to look as if something were wrong with the intermediate processes.

But our Socialist friends go farther, much farther, when they propose "the collective ownership and democratic management of railroads, wire and wireless telegraphs and telephones, express services, steamboat lines and all other social means of transportation and communication, and of *all large-scale industries*."

BANKING

Upon this subject the utterances of all are disappointing. The Republican plank wanders through two stickfuls of type and emerges without a definite proposal of any kind. It tells us what we need, which we very well know, but it does not tell us how to get what we need.

Nor do the Democrats do much better. Their plank does condemn the Aldrich Bill or any central bank idea, and asks for protection from the money trust, but does not say what shall be our defense. It condemns the present method of depositing Government funds in favored banks, and demands their deposit by competitive bidding without discrimination as to banks or sections.

Both Democratic and Republican planks recommend an investigation of the agricultural credit systems in foreign countries with a view to inaugurating something of the kind here.

The Progressive plank opposes the Aldrich Bill and strikes an original note by pronouncing the "present method of issuing notes through private agencies" as "harmful and unscientific." It declares the "issue of currency is fundamentally a government function."

The Socialists propose the "collective ownership and democratic management of the banking and currency system."

CONSERVATION

Both Republican and Democratic platforms express themselves formally in favor of conservation, and both contain hints that they are afraid a little too much conserving is being done. The Republican

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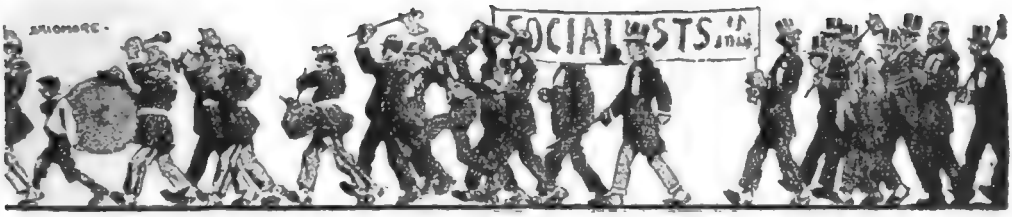

platform seems to embody a good idea in the way of extending relief to those settlers on reclaimed land who are unable to complete final payment within the legal limit, by advocating "an amendment to the law which will reasonably extend the time within which the cost of any reclamation project may be repaid by the landowners under it."

CONSERVATION THAT CONSERVES

On conservation, the Progressives strike a new and radical note when they demand that "the remaining forests, coal and oil lands, water-powers and other natural resources still in state or national control (except agricultural lands) . . . shall be retained by the state or nation, and opened to immediate use under laws which will encourage development and make to the people a moderate return for benefits conferred."

They further specifically pledge "our party to require reasonable compensation to the public for water-power rights hereafter granted by the public." They would also lease the public grazing lands, and rather heckle the State's-Rights shouters by remarking casually:

"Natural resources whose conservation is necessary for the national welfare to be owned or controlled by the nation."

The utterance of the Socialist platform on conservation is definite and practical: "By scientific forestation and timber protection; by the reclamation of arid and swamp tracts; by the storage of flood-waters and the utilization of water-power; by the stoppage of the present extravagant waste of the soil and of the products of mines and oil-wells." Nor is there indicated in the Socialist platform any nervous anxiety lest conserving be overdone.

Some may think the Prohibition plank on conservation the best of all. It says: "All mineral and timber-lands and water-powers now owned by the Government should be held perpetually and leased for revenue purposes."

RAILROAD REGULATION

Strange to say, the Republican platform has no railroad plank. The Democrats reutter their 1908 plank in regard to efficient supervision and regulation of lines of transportation and communication, including legislation prohibiting such corporations from engaging in business that brings them in competition with their shippers or patrons; also legislation against overissue of stocks and bonds.

They further recommend that the Interstate Commerce Commission make a physical valuation of railroads, express companies, telegraph and telephone companies. This is distinctly progressive legislation.

The Progressives second the demand of the Democrats for a physical valuation, and ask for the abolition of the Commerce Court.

RIGHTS OF LABOR

On rights of labor, the Democratic platform has reprinted from its 1908 platform the long plank dealing with the question of writs of injunction, although in their roll-call in the Democratic Congress they claim credit for "a bill to prevent the abuse of the writ of injunction." This plank further pledges the party to "an employee's compensation law providing adequate indemnity for injury to body or loss of life," and also promises to create a Department of Labor, the head of which shall have a seat in the President's Cabinet.

This platform also takes an advanced step of distinctly humanitarian flavor when it says: "We favor the repeal of all laws and the abrogation of so much of our treaties with other nations as provide for the arrest and imprisonment of seamen charged with desertion or with violation of their contract of service", and further declares:

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"Such laws and treaties are un-American, and violate the spirit, if not the letter, of the Constitution."

The Republican platform proposes to "limit effectively the labor of women and children, and to protect wage-earners engaged in dangerous occupations; to enact comprehensive and generous workmen's compensation laws in place of the present wasteful and unjust system of employer's liability, and in all possible ways to satisfy the just demands of the people for the study and solution of the complex and constantly changing problems of social welfare."

These words have the ring of a fine sincerity. There is nothing better in the Republican document.

TRAILING ALONG AFTER EUROPE

It is in the plank on Social and Industrial Justice that the Progressive platform declares itself in regard to the rights of labor. This plank will undoubtedly be regarded as the entering wedge for that great flood of socio-industrial legislation which is either being advocated or enacted in Europe.

Yet the disquieting signs in the plank, if they are disquieting, are more in the spirit of the utterance than in the declarations themselves. "Minimum wage standards for working women" constitutes the most striking innovation, and is closely seconded by "the general prohibition of night-work for women, and the establishment of an eight-hour day for women and young persons."

Some of the planks seem to come almost direct from the Socialist platform, and others are to be found more guardedly expressed or merely hinted at in the other platforms. "The eight-hour day in continuous twenty-four-hour industries" and "the abolition of the convict contract labor system" are proposed. The Progressives join with the Democrats in demanding a Department of Labor. They, too, would check the misuse of injunction, and they propose an innovation in giving jury trial to persons charged with contempt of court when the contempt was not committed in the presence of the court—to John Mitchell in the Buck Stove Company case.

The Prohibitionists demand "the abolition of child labor in mines, workshops, and factories, with the rigid enforcement of laws now flagrantly violated."

The Socialist platform, of course, aims to concern itself almost wholly with the rights of labor. Its proposals begin under the subject of unemployment, where they demand "the immediate Government relief of the unemployed by the extension of all useful public works. . . . The Government also to establish employment bureaus; to lend money to states and municipalities without interest for the purpose of carrying on public works. . . ." For the employed man they ask: the shortening of the work-day in keeping with the productiveness of machinery, a day and a half of rest each week for every laborer; more effective inspection of shops, factories and mines; no children working under sixteen years of age; laws forbidding the interstate transportation of products of child-labor, of convict labor or uninspected factories and mines.

They further desire a minimum wage scale, old-age insurance, state insurance against unemployment, and a "system of compulsory insurance by employers of their workers, without cost to the latter, against industrial diseases, accidents, and death."

Verily, when one considers the amount of interest in the rights of the man who works with his hands displayed by all the platforms, the conclusion is forced that the working man's day is approaching.

DIRECT LEGISLATION

No advocacy of the initiative, referendum or recall appears in either the Democratic or Republican platforms, except that the Republicans mention the recall of judges in

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order to avow their disbelief in it. These triple measures of progressivism are, however, emphatically demanded in the Socialist and Prohibition platforms, and looking back four years we find them in the Socialist, People's and Independence Party platforms, though not in the Prohibition.

The Democratic platform has some long strong words for presidential primaries, while the Republican platform is significantly dumb. On the income-tax and popular election of United States senators, the Democratic platform also gets a "scoop"; and quite naturally, because their platform in 1908 asked for these things, while the Republican document was silent as the grave upon them.

The Progressives approve the income-tax, and go Democrats and Socialists a little better by demanding a Federal graduated inheritance tax which will return "to the states an equitable percentage of all amounts collected." The Progressives, of course, come out strongly for the initiative, referendum and recall, for direct primaries all the way up the line, and for direct election of United States senators.

THE RECALL OF DECISIONS

But it is in regard to the *interpretation* and *amendment* of the Constitution that this platform becomes most radical. First, by pledging itself to "provide a more easy and expeditious method of amending the Constitution." Second, by advocating for the United States Supreme Court the same right of reviewing decisions of state courts that nullify state laws as unconstitutional, which the Supreme Court now has of reviewing such decisions when they *sustain* state laws. Third, by Colonel Roosevelt's now well-advertised plan for the recall of such state court decisions as nullify acts "passed under the police power of the state," with, however, "an ample interval for deliberation" before the popular poll is taken.

The point of innovation here, however, is rather the declaration of principle than the method, the principle being "such *restriction of* the *power* of the *courts* as shall leave to the people the ultimate authority to determine fundamental questions of social welfare and public policy."

The Democracy would limit the Presidency to a single term, of the duration of which they say nothing. The Prohibition party has thought this out also, and sets the limit at six years.

WOMAN SUFFRAGE

The Progressives declare for "equal suffrage to men and women alike." The Socialists and Prohibitionists also declare for equal suffrage, though the issue is by no means new with them.

NAVY

The Republicans declare for an adequate navy, and condemn the action of the Democratic House in refusing to authorize additional ships. The Democrats also declare for "an adequate and well-proportioned navy," and point to their proposed "council of national defense which will determine a definite naval program." The Progressives deplore the survival of "the barbaric system of warfare among nations," and say: "We favor an international agreement for the limitation of naval forces." But, *in the meantime*—"two battleships a year"!

PANAMA CANAL

The Democratic platform is for the exemption of American coastwise ships from canal tolls, and would prohibit the use of the canal by steamship lines owned by railroads that would compete with the canal route. The Progressives practically ditto this plank. The Republicans dismiss the subject with: "There should be American ships, and plenty of them, to make use of the great American interoceanic canal now nearing completion."

THE AIM OF SOCIALISM

The Socialist platform formulates eighteen political demands which range all the way from such mild proposals as the initiative and referendum to such radical ones as the abolition of the Senate and the veto power of the President. After writing down the whole eighteen, they tighten their belts with the observation: "*Such measures of relief as we may be able to force from capitalism are but a preparation of the workers to seize the whole powers of government in order that they may thereby lay hold of the whole system of socialized industry and thus come*

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to their rightful inheritance." No woozzling there!

PROHIBITION HUMOR

Among the demands peculiar to the Prohibition platform are those for a uniform marriage and divorce law, the abolition of the white-slave traffic, and the extermination of polygamy. Our Prohibitionist friends also contribute some humor to the situation at this point by furnishing the most naive bit of straddling come upon in any of the documents. It is a statement so carefully equilibrated that the touch of the frond of a feather would throw it out of balance. Before glancing at it the reader should carefully part his hair in the middle and double-loop his watch-chain, after which he may read:

"Absolute protection of the rights of labor without impairment of the rights of capital."

If that is not the olive in this political omelet, then we have none.

THE SPIRIT OF THE PLATFORMS

Viewing the platforms as a whole, the voter may make his choice. If he pins his faith to conservatism, it is here—a static conservatism in the Republican document and a progressive conservatism in the Democratic. If he values progressivism, that is also here—a conservative progressivism in the Progressive platform and a revolutionary progressivism in the Socialist.

The Republicans declare themselves a party of progress, of advanced and constructive statesmanship; yet in their platform of 1912 we have a picture of a party standing still—trumpets blaring, drums beating, feet moving—but marking time! On the tariff, no advance: on the trusts, no progress; on the great socio-industrial problems of the hour, no constructive statesmanship! Instead, we have the utterance of generalities that glitter, but are without the gleam or grasp of understanding.

In the Democratic document, on the other hand, we have a progressive conservatism. In its open-eyed recognition of the evils of our times it is far and away ahead of the Republican document.

Its spirit, its enthusiastic determination to treat those evils as diseases, is greatly to be commended; and yet it would treat these modern diseases with an ancient nostrum. Its main dependence in checking the trusts, in curbing the climbing cost of living, and much else—the paramount plank in its platform—is tariff for revenue only. Its body of proposals that are distinctly progressive, or savor of it, is large, but they are incidental or supplemental to the paramount principle, which is not tariff revision, but tariff for revenue.

And tariff for revenue, as the history of the United States has been written, is a position of primal conservatism.

The paramount principle of the Progressive platform appears to be a proposal to secure to the people a closer hold upon the ropes of government. They would not destroy representative government, but they would guarantee that our present delegated government should be representative. They would do this by the extension of the suffrage to women, by direct primaries, by the initiative, referendum, and recall—by that whole body of innovation usually termed direct legislation.

They would by no means infringe upon the liberties of the courts, but they would prevent the courts from infringing upon the liberties of the people—and their method here is to make constitutional amendment easy and give the people the right of recall over a certain distinctly limited kind of judicial decisions.

All else in the Progressive platform, however good or bad, radical or conservative, is incidental to this one fundamental principle.

The Socialist platform declares itself with fierce sincerity. It says, "all political parties are the expression of economic class interest," and "the Socialist party is the political expression of the economic interests of the workers."

The Prohibitionist platform is the voice of the more distinctly moral issues, using the word "moral" in an old-fashioned sense.

Yet the choice which the voter is to make is less simple than it can be made to seem. For standing on these platforms are personalities. Each of these personalities is of sufficient force to modify sharply the classification to which the platforms are themselves assignable. The intelligent voter will, of course, consider the personalities in connection with the platforms.

May the best combination win!

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The Slave of the Lamp

by

Thomas P. Byron

ILLUSTRATIONS BY J. SCOTT WILLIAMS

IN SPITE of certain masterful qualities on the surface, the Tethertons at bottom were a family of a slavish nature. This was one of the reasons why Sammy Tetherton was so ready to play the degrading rôle of the Slave of the Lamp—who was the ghost of a negro, and whose spectral duty it was to paddle about the Pachatoula Swamp of nights, and to lead the Deschampes to their pirate-ancestor's treasure in time of family stress. The other reason was Céleste.

Now take Sammy's father. The world at large called him a railroad king, his underlings called him a slave-driver and a tyrant, and his rivals called him a pirate. He was all these things as the occasion might demand, but deep underneath it all, at heart he was a *slave*.

His master was Samuel Tetherton, Jr., aged eleven when we meet him, and *he* ruled Tetherton, Sr., as despotically as Tetherton, Sr., ruled railroads and boards of directors and—be it whispered softly—legislators. For Tetherton, Sr., essayed to be both father and mother to the boy, and the sum of these twain is always serfdom, just as two and two are always four.

So when Tetherton *père* found it necessary to make a tour of inspection of the newly acquired Queen City and Southern Railway, Tetherton *fils*, who was vastly weary of a place called school, determined to go along, and so informed his subject, who acquiesced meekly.

The Queen City and Southern skirts the great Pachatoula Swamp for some forty miles, and at the time of the Tethertons' passage its ponds and creeks and bayous were fairly alive with water-fowl. And little Sammy, athrill at this marvelous sight, whispered, "Daddy, bring me down here to shoot some time!"

And the serf—who was a cunning hand with a shotgun himself—answered, Yes.

So the following fall the private car of Tetherton, Sr., stood on a newly built switch by the Pachatoula, while in a newly built log bungalow on a pine island half a mile out in the swamp, Tetherton, Jr., had the high honor of affiliating on equal terms with the fat, bald, elderly sportsmen who were his father's guests. Also, he shot

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ducks with a sixteen-gage and paddled about all alone in a cedar canoe, and felt himself the peer of Nimrod and Leatherstocking, and the blaze of his glory had but a single shadow. The Swamp to him was a forbidden Happy Hunting-Ground.

Out in its gray allure were mysteries, treasures, incomparable adventures—it was a place where all the fairy-tales might come true. But Sammy was not to paddle beyond the long bayou. He would get lost, they told him. As if that were not the very thing he would give his ten finger-bones to do!

Now Sammy was a lover of swamps, and the Pachatoula was the first one he had ever seen. So he stared at it, thought about it, dreamed of it, and one day a sort of madness took possession of him, and, forgetful of promise and precept, he paddled away into it feverishly and got lost just as they had told him he would.

He was lost for two whole days, and it was considerable of an adventure. The first morning he paddled *into* the swamp, looking for game, adventures, enchanted castles, and Sleeping Beauties. In the afternoon, when he had eaten all his lunch and was very thirsty and rather tired, he tried to find his way back again. But he couldn't, and that night he slept in his canoe, very fearful of snakes, which seemed to be the swamp's chief product. About the next morning he never remembered much, except that he was weak and dizzy and so thirsty that he had to drink swamp water.

And then he found the house of the Princess. It was on a pine island—a one-story affair like half a dozen kiosks stuck together, with a wide veranda running around it. And there was a maze of briers and high palmetto and thick brush that cut it off from the water and pent it in, just like the palace of the Sleeping Beauty. Sammy fought his desperate way to it—it stood a good seventy yards from the water—and found it a wonderful place.

On the veranda were chairs and rugs and a hammock and a red setter puppy asleep, who roused himself drowsily at Sammy's approach and licked the boy's hand and pretended to bite it, rolled on his back and kicked his legs in the air a bit, then lay down on a rug and went to sleep again—as if Sammy's coming were only a brief interlude in his term of enchantment.

On the veranda were other things—three or four dolls and a lot of bright-colored blocks. Along the rail of the veranda some of these last were arranged to spell a name —Céleste. Sammy thought *she* must be the Princess, and he fully expected to find her asleep within and to waken her with a kiss.

But although the house was a gorgeous place inside, it was quite deserted, and when Sammy came out on the veranda on the other side he found before him a well-kept lawn that stretched down to a wide pond sprinkled with countless islands of reeds. All about was the swamp. It was a gray, lonely place and seemed to crawl and quiver in the faint haze. Out between two of the fantastic little islets of the lake floated a canoe, and in it sat a dainty little maid who had a world of flaxen hair that gleamed like gold in the sunlight.

She waved both hands at Sammy frantically, and her voice came to him thin and far away. "Oh, boy!" she cried. "I see you, boy! I see you!"

And then the canoe passed slowly behind an island and Sammy saw it no more. Nor did she call again.

The idea came to him that he might paddle around the pine island and thus gain the lake of reedy isles, and he fought his way back through the brambles again to his canoe and paddled out desperately. Each time he made a turn he thought he had won it, and each time he was disappointed he paddled harder; and then his head began to burn, and he was deathly sick.

But he paddled on again pretty soon, and he was still paddling that evening when two men found him and took him back through the night to his father's car, which started for the north the next morning with Sammy in a raging fever. He was sick for a long time, and when he told them about the Princess Céleste and the House in the Swamp they told him he had imagined it all when he was feverish.

Sammy knew better, though, and for some fifteen years he had resolved to go back to the Pachatoula and find *Her* again. But first school and then college kept him busy at duck-shooting time; and then he went abroad and met an explorer who took him out into the Zambesi, the Bahr-el-Ghazal, the upper Amazon — swamps where the Pachatoula might be lost like a needle in a haystack—and he became a F. R. G. S. He came back one day, shaking with fever, to

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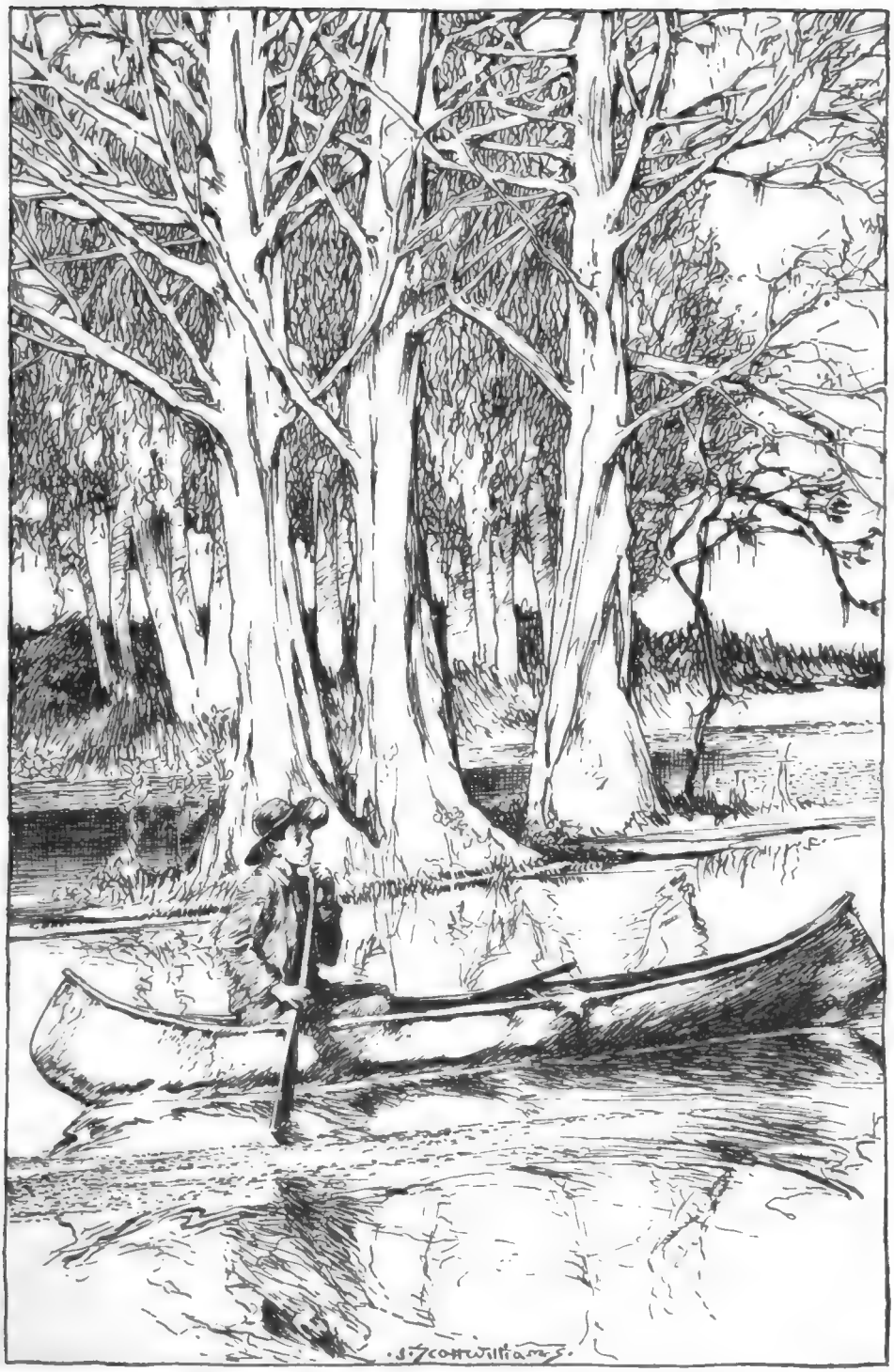

HE PADDLED INTO THE SWAMP, LOOKING FOR GAME, ADVENTURES, ENCHANTED CASTLES, AND SLEEPING BEAUTIES.

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find that Tetherton, Sr., was dead, and that he—Sammy—was the possessor of millions, a little weary of everything in the world, and more than a little lonely.

When he began to pine for a swamp again he went down to the Pachatoula, where his father had religiously shot ducks every year since Sammy's first swamp adventure, and once in the bungalow he thought of Princess Céleste. So of course he set out to look for the house on the island.

He found it easily enough. There was the jungle of briers and creepers still penning it in; but as Sammy fought through them he saw that there had been changes. There was no drowsy puppy, no hammocks, chairs, rugs—no blocks proclaimed the name of Princess Céleste. The house was leaning and drunken, and the jungle wrapped it in a thousand clinging arms and held it tight, and reached its snaky limbs in through vacant windows as if to lay hands upon its heart and still its beating. Sammy climbed the rotten steps with throbbing pulses and crept around the veranda to stare out upon the little lake with its jumble of islands.

The dusk had wrapped lake and islets and the forest beyond in a changing mist of shadow, and from reeds and grass and palmetto came a constant tremulous whisper, and above this murmur, out of the far darkness, came music.

It was the airy strain of a song with a returning quaver in each verse that seemed the expression of the vague loneliness of the swamp, and it was in a girl's voice, far-away and clear and sweet. Sammy with straining ears caught every word:

"Follow the Wraith
Into the Swamp—
Through the Death—
Over the Damp!
Follow the Slave
Of the Lamp
To the Treasure—
The Pirate Treasure—
The Hidden Treasure
Of Jean Deschampes."

It died away, and then came a tinkle of clear laughter that found no answer save the endless rustling of the swamp.

When it was quite dark, Sammy roused himself, returned to his canoe and hauled it high and dry, and took all his plunder within the house. The place was bare and had long been deserted. As he explored with a lighted candle, he came upon a white envelope impaled on a nail in the wall. It was new and clean, and Sammy, bursting with curiosity, had no scruple about reading its contents when he found that it was unsealed and addressed in an irregular hand to

THE SLAVE OF THE LAMP

Dear Slave:—No doubt the past performances of our family have kept you pretty busy, and you are surely entitled to a vacation if you want one, but we are obliged to suggest that you get back to your spectral duty. Do you know that the Deschampes are going to the dogs? Charles was chewed up by mosquitoes the last time he went hunting, Jean has had an attack of fever, and *all* of us are financially extinct. Do you know that flood ruined our best crop of cotton, that a cyclone lifted our gin into the river, and that a bank where we had the money to pay the mortgage went bust? That mortgage is for twenty thousand dollars and is due on the first of the month, and unless it is paid we are going to lose the plantation. Just think of it! The Deschampes kicked out of home and swamp! And everybody blames us! It is a matter of history that the Deschampes have tried to ruin themselves for a hundred years, and here are we—the first of the family who are not prodigals—on the verge of ruin. We don't mind cutting out the riot and revelry, but we don't want to lose the place. So either lead us to the Treasure or else bring us about twenty thousand of it and oblige

The Descendants of your Master and Murderer,

Charles
Jean
Louis
Alexandre } Deschampes.

P. S.—Céleste wrote this, but refuses to sign it because she says you are a fraud, legend is a liar, and she doesn't believe there is a Treasure or a Slave of the Lamp at all.

Sammy Tetherton read this document over and over.

Suddenly he became aware of a light outside the house. It was down by the edge of the lake and came straight up to the house, wabbling and jerking from side to side. He extinguished his candle, and the next moment the light of a lantern shone in through one of the vacant windows, illuminating a very black, very thick-lipped and flat-nosed face.

"Is dat you, Missy Céleste?" whispered a voice. "I done heah yoh singin'," it went on, when Sammy did not answer.

Sam stepped forward into the light.

"Pahdon, suh, pahdon," said the negro. "Yoh ain't a Deschampes, is yoh? Yoh ain't—yoh ain't a ossifah, is yoh, suh?"

"Not I!" answered Sammy. "And *you* —are *you* the Slave of the Lamp?"

"Ho! Ho! Hoho!" laughed the negro, showing teeth like double blank dominoes, and blue gums. "No, suh."

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SAMMY FULLY EXPECTED TO FIND THE PRINCESS WITHIN AND TO WAKEN HER WITH A KISS.

"Well, then," said Sammy, "come in and answer a few hundred questions. Who is the Slave of the Lamp, and who are the Deschampes, and whose house is this, and who are you, and who is Céleste who was singing? But let us have some supper first. Have you supped yet, Mr. ——? I didn't get your name."

The negro entered the house and placed his lantern on the high fireplace. They looked at each other curiously, and Sammy saw that the man was ragged and soiled with mud—a black giant, gray with excitement. "Mah name is Sam, suh," he said, "an' Ah ain't had no suppah—nor no dinnah neithah, suh. An' Ah's hoongry."

Sammy pointed to his provender; the negro hurried about, got wood, built a fire, and presently they dined on bacon, coffee, bread, hominy, roasted yams, and broiled teal, staring now at each other in silence by the light of three candles, and then out of the windows of the old house on the vague, whispering murkiness that rustled about them.

"Do you live in the swamp?" asked White Sam. "And what do you live on?"

"I catches fish and buhds, and when I needs 'em I goes down nights to the Deschampes place and gets a load o' yams. Ah's goin' thah to-night. Ah lives on a li'l pine islan' five mile f'om heah, suh."

"What are you doing here?"

The negro stretched a leg out into the candlelight. His muddy trousers were gone at the knee, and on the leg was an iron ring tied up from the ankle by little pieces of rope. "Ah's a runaway convick, suh," he said.

Sammy stared at him. "What did you do?" he asked.

"Ah mos' kill anothuh niggah, suh."

Sammy looked at him harder. With his tattered clothes and his huge bulk he was a wild figure in the flickering light of the candles, in the lonely ruin of a house with the swamp stirring endlessly outside. His shotgun stood against the wall beyond the negro, and Black Sam handed it to him as he glanced at it.

"Ah don' remembah it, suh," he said slowly. "Ah was crazy drunk."

Sam laid the gun carelessly on the floor and they sat in silence.

A saurian bellowed almost at their very door; the reeds rustled their applause; under the wall-paper of the house that hung down in great sheets mice scampered continually, adding to the sibilant note of the swamp.

"Soun's lak all dah cotton-maouths in dah swamp was a-hissin' to once, suh," said Black Sam.

White Sam handed him a cigarette. "Tell me about the Deschampes and the Slave of the Lamp and the Treasure—and Céleste," he said.

"Ho, boss," cried Black Sam, "yoh nevah heah ob dah Deschampes! Yoh nevah heah ob dah Treasuah! Nevah heah dah song! Dey all sing dat song down yeah—niggahs sing it nights on dah bayou—in dah woods. Dat Missy Céleste—*she* sing it to-night, I think. I think huh heah when I see dah light, suh. All dah Deschampes sing dat song when dey paddle in dah swamp. Dah Deschampes is great people, suh. Dey owns dah swamp an' dah Treasuah. Dey's Swamp-Folk, suh, an' dey's immune. Muskeeters won't bite 'em, an' fevah can't shake 'em, and dey can't nevah be ruined 'cause dey's got dah Treasuah."

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"Go ahead!" urged White Sam.

And Black Sam whispered his saga. Everybody in the parish—in the county—in the state—believed in the Deschampes and in the Treasure. For they had always heard the doggerel song, and every one knew some one who knew some one else who knew still another who had seen the Slave paddling down the lone bayous of the swamp.

And then the family history lent the story color. Old Jean Deschampes, who was either a partner or a rival of the Lafittes—history is a trifle dim on this minor point—had paddled out with a single slave into the heart of the Pachatoula Swamp, his great dugout awash to the gunwales with pirate gold and jewels, and there he had buried his loot. He had come back alone, and the Slave of the Lamp was the ghost of his murdered serf, and it was his province to lead the Deschampes to the Treasure in time of financial stress. He came to them at night, it was said, with the lamp in his hand which he had held that his master might see to stab him on the night of the hiding of the loot, and led them forth to gather the wherewithal to play the prodigal. For the Deschampes were *all* prodigals, always had been, and always would be, amen. Down through the generations they had wasted and spent and gambled and thrown at the birds in the most scandalous manner.

And when they were at the last gasp and every one looked to see them reduced to husks, from some unknown, mysterious source would come money—lathers and slathers of it; debts would be paid, mortgages lifted, and off would go the Deschampes again on their exuberant career.

To Sammy, listening, these prodigal sons seemed, first, kith and kin—later, supermen — demigods — Swamp-Children. For he, Sammy, lover of swamps, and F. R. G. S., had yielded gallons of *his* blood to billions of mosquitoes; he had shaken from fever in the fens of Asia, Africa, and America; and here in this marvelous Pachatoula was a race immune to both. And they were prodigals to boot, which made them the salt of the earth.

Then he thought of the paper he had found on the nail and read it again while Black Sam talked on.

"You were going down to the Deschampes plantation after yams to-night?" he interrupted the negro.

"Yes, suh."

"How far is it and which way do you go?"

Black Sam pointed out across the lake. "Out dat way, suh, an' it's 'bout five mile."

"Help me get my canoe across the island," commanded Sammy Tetherton, "and I'll go with you."

So Sammy crossed the lake where he had seen the Princess Céleste, wondering if the unbeliever of the Deschampes family were *his* Céleste, and if so, *why* she did not believe in the Slave of the Lamp. Sammy did not like girls of small imagination.

Presently he emerged upon a wide bayou, black and still as a river of ink. Down and across it, on a little height, a single light came from a great, rambling house that stood silent and lonely in the midst of a grove of trees.

"Heah's whah I get mah yams," whispered Black Sam, "an' yondah's the Deschampes place."

"You can have the stuff I left at the house, Sam," answered Sammy Tetherton. "Good night." He paddled out into the bayou.

From the darkness behind him came a whispering voice, athrill with dark curiosity. "Ah say, boss—who *is* yoh, anyway?"

"An explorer of swamps," answered Sammy gaily, and, with fire dripping from his paddles and his wake a pathway of phosphorescence, he drove his canoe straight toward the house of the mysterious and fascinating, immune and prodigal family of Deschampes.

Now Sammy Tetherton, though he had that evening stolen a letter, aided a runaway convict, and watched the convict embark coolly upon the larceny of a dugout-load of yams, was still above the pettiness of prowling under people's windows; and had he not —as has been said—felt himself kin to the Deschampes, he would not have marched into a tangle of rose-bushes to peer in the window from which came the light.

Within there were many things—but Sammy saw only one.

It was a *girl*, and she had flaxen hair, and she was laughing and blushing and frowning all at once at four young men (also flaxen-polled) who faced her in a semicircle as she sat upon a piano-stool.

"Cheer up!" she said, "and keep up the family traditions you have been telling me about. A Deschampes should never have a gloom."

"Cheer up?" said one dismally. "Look

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"ARE YOU THE SLAVE OF THE LAMP?" ASKED SAMMY.

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at my mosquito-bites. They itch and smart and——"

"And look at me with the fever," said another. "Isn't it time to take some more quinine?"

"Not yet," said the girl, laughing. "I'll give it to you when it's time."

"You've made us work," said all four in chorus. "You've made us work, and refused to let us spend any money or have any fun or do anything like reasonable human beings. And we've denied ourselves and toiled and slaved, and now look at us. Mosquitoes and fever and ruin all at one fell swoop."

The girl laughed until she almost fell from the stool. "You are children and idiots," she said severely. "Look at your moral and industrial advance. I used to be ashamed of you, and now I am proud of you——"

"But, Céleste," groaned he of the mosquito-bites, "what are we going to do about that infernal mortgage?"

"Leave that to me," said the girl placidly. "Something will turn up."

"It's funny to me," said the victim of fever, "where all the money has gone. I always thought father had lots of it. I thought there were securities or something like that. He always gave us all we wanted, and we always spent more than the place earned, and three years ago—a year before he died—he bought all that land across the river. *Where* did he get the *money?*"

"The Slave of the Lamp," said the youngest of the four.

At this they all laughed, and Céleste became furious. She would have risen, but they forced her back upon the piano-stool.

"Sit still, unbeliever," said one of them, smiling. "*You* have done all this! You don't believe in the Slave or the Treasure or the family luck or anything else. You make us work and won't let us spend a cent, and tell us that is the way to succeed. Were there ever any Deschampes that did such things before? No, they whooped things up and had a good time doing it, and when the time for reckoning came, lo and behold! the Slave of the Lamp to the rescue! And now he has quit his job. Unbelief will kill any self-respecting family specter. Now aren't you ashamed of yourself! Upsetting family traditions that way! I'll tell you what we'll do, boys. If the worst comes to the worst, we'll make Céleste marry a millionaire."

"I won't!" cried Céleste angrily.

They all danced about her, singing, "Céleste shall marry a millionaire," until she began to laugh and, turning, accompanied them upon the piano, whereupon they immediately ceased.

"And I won't believe in the Slave and the Treasure until I see them," said she firmly, "or until you believe me about the boy I saw on the veranda of the swamp-house."

"You were in my canoe at the time," said one of them, "were you not?"

"You were stretched out asleep," she answered.

"What sort of looking boy was this?" went on her interlocutor gravely.

"He was little and he looked scared and he carried a gun," said Céleste defiantly.

"Which was fifteen years ago, when our little sister, boys, was four years of age. In some respects she is still that age. Let us leave her. She has ruined us. Let us leave her!"

They left uproariously, calling out, "Cheer up, Céleste, everything will be all right," and then the lights went out and Sammy Tetherton sank down into the prickly roses and stared out across the bayou.

From out the gray shadow of the swamp a silver rim rose, and a wan, lopsided moon swung free from the crimsoned reeds and poured upon swamp and bayou a luminous haze of pink. Sammy stared at it dreamily for a while, then rose slowly to his feet and turned to the window.

"Céleste," he whispered, "Céleste."

For the girl was there, her face pressed against the mosquito-netting of the open window, and she, too, was wrapped in the glamour of the night. There were gleams and shadows in her hair; in her eyes, only a foot from Sammy's own, the moonlight lay in still and depthless pools.

She looked, unafraid, at the young man who had risen so strangely out of the roses. "Who are you?" she breathed.

"Céleste," said the explorer of swamps, "I'm the *Boy*. The boy you saw at the house in the swamp."

A smile crept slowly over her face, then she laughed softly.

But the laugh changed to a gasp, for Sammy Tetherton's unruly head had bent

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quickly forward, she felt a hot breath on her cheek, then burning lips, and then there was a form fleeing swiftly in the shadow of the Spanish oaks hung with Spanish moss. A moment later a canoe shot swiftly out on the moonlit bayou and a clear voice was lifted in song. It was a swamp song too—the very

swamp-house again? If you do, Sam, I will give you my shotgun."

"I shuah will, suh; I shuah will."

So Black Sam withdrew into the Pachatoula Swamp and White Sam crossed to the village and took an early morning train to the city. When he met Black Sam the next

OLD JEAN DESCHAMPES HAD PADDLED OUT WITH A SLAVE INTO THE SWAMP, AND THERE HE HAD BURIED HIS LOOT.

one that Céleste would have thought a swamp boy would sing:

"And oft, from the Indian hunter's camp,
The maid and her lover so true
Are seen at the hour of midnight damp
To cross the lake with a firefly lamp
And paddle their white canoe."

From the village a mile across the river the bell on the church-tower tinkled twelve times.

Sammy Tetherton found Black Sam where he had left him, with, however, his dugout full of yams.

"Sam," he said breathlessly to the negro, "we are a pair—a pair of larcenous scoundrels. Now tell me how I can get to the railroad."

"Jus' paddle across the rivah, suh, to the town."

"And will you meet me here to-morrow night at moonrise and take me out to the

night at moonrise, in the bottom of his canoe lay a bag. In it were twenty thousand dollars in gold.

Sammy Tetherton cast a last glance at the great house on the bank of the bayou, black and unlighted, its windows dusky mirrors of moonlight, and then they slipped away into the weed-walled canals of the swamp. For a while he had thought of flinging the bag of gold, together with the letter he had found at the swamp-house, through the window where he had kissed Céleste.

But a better scheme was now his, and he purposed to hide the stuff in the house in the swamp, make the acquaintance of one of the Deschampes, and lead him very dexterously to the Treasure. Whereupon would ensue joy, admiration, and—a meeting with Céleste.

Black Sam left him at the lake and hunted his own lair, to gloat over the newly

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acquired weapon; so it was all alone, with the night half-spent, that Sammy climbed the steps of the ruined bungalow and, candle in hand and bag of gold over his shoulder, looked about to find a proper place to conceal the treasure.

Now the night before Sammy had trodden every corner of the house, but not with one thousand ounces of gold weighting him down; and as he opened the door of a closet to peer within, the floor gave way under him like rotten cardboard—softly, suddenly, treacherously, with never a crash nor a crack; and he fell, striking first on his feet, and then rolling on a hard surface.

He picked himself up, dazed and bruised, and struck a match. The gold had burst the bag and strewed the floor, and in the midst of it was his candle. He lighted it and looked about, principally for snakes, for Sammy felt as if he had fallen a thousand feet beneath the surface of the earth. He found himself in a cellar about thirty feet square. It was floored and walled with cement, and was clean and dry and absolutely empty. At one end was a small, iron-barred window which opened out on a tangle of brush through which the moon shone palely. At the opposite end a stairway led up to a door that promised exit. The door was only eight feet above the floor, but the stair was a thing of cobwebs and subsided into dust and broken pieces when Sam tested it.

When he had wrenched vainly at the iron bars of the window, it began to look as if he was to pass the night there. So Sammy—who was a philosopher—resigned himself to the inevitable, made a neat little pile of his spilled gold, covered the same with his coat, and lay down upon the floor, which was *hard*—harder even than his golden pillow.

He thought things over. All his plans had gone awry, but Black Sam was sure to come in the morning and release him, and it was three whole days till the first of the month when the twenty thousand would be due. So Sammy was content—or would have been—had the floor been a little less adamantine, the pillow more yielding. He had slept not at all the night before.

And then, of a sudden, neither floor nor pillow distressed him, for Sammy was paddling madly through a swamp that the moon filled with crimson haze, and he pursued a phantom with flaxen hair who sang a song about a treasure while she turned now and then to pelt him with gold pieces. She flung them faster and faster as he gained upon her, and just as he was about to seize her she flung them upon him in an avalanche and they swamped his canoe and Sammy sank down into a black, dense bayou through whose waters the moon smirked, while gold pieces jingled and rattled about him.

Sammy sat up straight. The moon *was* smirking—in through the barred window. Something *was* jingling and rattling! And then it ceased, and Sammy leaned forward and lifted a double handful of it and let it fall back on the floor musically.

Under his pillow was *his* heap of gold, and there on the floor at his feet was *another* heap. And Sammy was willing to bet the two of them that the second one contained just about twenty thousand dollars.

Another Slave of the Lamp seemed to be looking after the fortunes of the Deschampes.

So Sammy turned to ask the moon a question or two, and there at the window was a face. He couldn't see it, of course, but as the moon peeped past to shine on the cellar's treasure, she peeped through *another* gold that waved in delicate strands by the other peeper's head. So Sammy asked his question of the other peeper.

"Are *you* the Slave of the Lamp, Céleste?" he queried.

"Who are you?" came a tremulous voice.

"Your understudy. Only the Boy again. The Boy you saw at the swamp-house fifteen years ago."

"The boy? My understudy?"

"Both."

Sammy crossed the cellar and pressed his face against the bars and looked at the other Slave of the Lamp, who had shrunk back in the bushes a bit and stared at him, half-frightened, half-smiling.

"Yes, I am the Boy," he said. "My father had a bungalow on the other side of the swamp. And that day I'd got lost in it—looking for the Palace of the Sleeping Princess. And I found it—out in the center of the swamp—and I fought through the bushes, and when I reached it I found her name written in blocks along the rail of the piazza—Céleste. And her dog awoke. *He* was glad to see me. But when I came through to the piazza on the other side of the house I saw her—the Princess Céleste.

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I'd hunted for her two whole days—with nothing to eat and nothing to drink but swamp-water, which gave me a fever, and when I found her she merely called 'Hello, Boy,' and then her canoe passed on behind an island—for fifteen whole years—*fifteen whole years*."

The girl laughed and shrank back against the wall of the house until Sammy, with his face strained against the bars, could barely see her from the corner of his eye.

"Have you a name, Boy?" she said in the faintest whisper.

"Samuel Tetherton."

"And where have you been—the last fifteen years?"

"Mostly in swamps," said Sammy.

"So I should judge," said the girl softly, "from your books."

"So you have read my books?"

"Yes. I liked them. We Deschampes like swamps too. My uncle who built and lived in this house loved swamps. He was what they call a recluse, and it was here that ***he*** wrote ***his*** books. He stayed here because he loved the place. But you—I suppose—have explored the swamps of the world—merely looking for princesses." Her laughter tinkled in Sammy's ears.

"No," he answered. "*I* knew where the ***only princess*** was. And I came here after fifteen years—looking for her. And I found the note she'd written to the Slave of the Lamp. And I heard her sing. And then I

THEY PADDLED AWAY INTO THE GLAMOUR OF THE MOON.

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listened under her window. And I—I came out here with twenty thousand dollars in gold. I wanted to be the Slave of the Lamp. I never dreamed that *she*—the Princess—was the Slave."

"You came out here with twenty thousand dollars!" cried the girl. "And what right had you—even if you *are* the Boy—listening under windows and——"

"I took those tremendous liberties," said Sammy penitently, "because I considered the Deschampes almost as kith and kin of the Tethertons—being swamp people and all that, you know. If it was a blunder—*Boys* always make blunders."

"It was noble and generous of you," whispered the girl. "But you don't understand. Father left plenty of money, but he knew the boys were prodigals, so he left all his securities in the charge of the president of the very bank where you got the gold this morning. He told me that all the world seemed to want twenty thousand dollars in gold this morning. And I was the only one of the family that knew about it—the money father left, I mean. You see, there must be some check on them for a while. That is the reason the Deschampes are immune—there is always *one* to look out for the others. And I brought the money out here and was going to have the fun of letting them find it. And here are *you*—*another* Slave of the Lamp."

"I must have a servile nature," whispered Sammy. "I fairly burned to be a Slave—of the Deschampes."

CÉLESTE.

Céleste laughed and shook her head.

"Don't you think I'd make a good Slave?" begged Sammy.

"Yes," said she. "And now I must go and I'll leave you here—to guard the treasure. Good-by!" She thrust her hand in to him through the bars.

"Don't!" pleaded Sammy. "It isn't fair to leave me—when I've come back after fifteen years—here in the dungeon with your treasure that you poured all over my feet——"

"Let me go," said Céleste.

"Besides," whispered Sammy eagerly, "it's contrary to rhyme and reason and the legend—two Slaves of the Lamp. There must be only *one*, and there's only one way to do it. And besides, I really need some one from a prodigal family like the Deschampes to help me get rid of my superfluous wealth, and then you're *my* Princess that I've found after fifteen years——"

"Why," cried Céleste breathlessly, "what are you doing?"

"Merely asking you to marry me," whispered Sammy, as he pulled her forward until her face pressed the bars.

And then for an instant Sammy's face, too, was against the bars, in the moonlight.

When he released her, she went away—but it was only to bring an ax from his canoe, with which he pried open the bars.

And so all was well, and they paddled away into the glamour of the moon and the lake of reedy isles. And it is a matter of history that the *two* Slaves of the Lamp *did* become *one*—and were happy ever after.

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The "MOVIES" on the MOVE

By HELEN LOCKWOOD COFFIN

SHOW an American anything new and his first query is: "What is it good for?" His Yankee ingenuity is awake at once to turn everything to account. So it is natural that before the moving-picture machine was ten years old it was taken out of the recreation class and condemned to hard labor.

The school boards of a dozen cities, including Philadelphia, St. Paul, Detroit, Newark, Minneapolis, Denver, and San Francisco, have declared in favor of installing moving-picture machines as part of the regular pedagogical equipment. At the recent convention of the National Education Association there was much discussion and debate on the use of films as a national school feature; but no definite decision was reached. The New York Board of Education, however, has had several thousand feet of films made to order for the use of the New York schools.

Where the local school boards have not been sufficiently aroused to give official backing to this innovation, outsiders have been instrumental in providing the means for installing the machines in the schools.

With help of this kind the Audubon School of Chicago led off in that city. In Decatur, Illinois, the money was raised by subscription among the citizens. The Parents Association of Manhattan Public School Number 10 engaged a theatre and gave an entertainment of a purely educational character to raise money enough to buy a machine for the school. The Woman's Municipal League of Boston has been active in advocating the schoolroom use of moving pictures, basing its recommendations on results obtained from experiments made in the East Boston High School under the auspices of the League. The Mothers' Club of the Ridgely School of Springfield, Illinois, and many Teacher-Parent Associations throughout the country are purchasing the machines and equipment for their schools.

The field of things that can be taught by this new method is unlimited. The doom of the geography text-book is sealed. No more will pupils read about our own and other countries, but on the Aladdin carpet of the film away they will go and see the sights with their own eyes. History, too, is made alive again, not only by the reproduction of scenes where history was born, but by the clever photo-plays that dramatize the hard, dry facts into living stories. Children now can see the brave Revolutionists in the very act of signing the Declaration of Independence. Paul Revere dashes off on his famous ride before their eyes; they are interested onlookers at the Boston tea-party; Washington, Lincoln, Grant—all pass and repass on the screen.

How things are made—an integral part of modern practical education—is also taught by pictures of things in the making. Cotton-growing, the tea industry, cod and salmon fisheries, gold-mining, diving for pearls—all the industrial phases of life—are shown as they really are. Processes in the various trades are exhibited to the pupils of the so-called vocational studies.

But even more intangible things than these are taught by moving pictures. Literature, particularly the drama, is indebted to this new method. One grade teacher of Chicago reports that she had great difficulty in arousing interest in Shakespeare until a moving-picture theatre in the vicinity of the school put "Macbeth" on the boards. After that her pupils were intensely interested in anything the author of that tragedy had written.

In the high school of Fitchburg, Massachusetts, they are using their moving-picture equipment to teach morals. The distinct purpose here is to present in this graphic manner the rights and wrongs of ethical questions which arise daily among children, such as fights among boys, jealousies among girls, fair play in games, cheating at examinations, and problems of that char-

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acter. Interest in current events is stimulated by the Animated Weeklies, in which glimpses of history in the making are vividly presented in the schoolroom.

And one thing more! While the child is enjoying the exhibitions, he is at the same time developing a quickness of perception and attention that increases in a remarkable degree his proficiency in mathematics and other studies.

Others besides the public schools are using moving pictures as teachers. Medical schools use them with marked success to show the mode of procedure in difficult operations, and to present clinical studies of patients afflicted with various ailments, particularly those of a nervous nature. The State School for the Deaf at Boulder, Colorado, uses moving pictures to teach its pupils agriculture and mining. The Duke of Montpensier, who has distinguished himself as an explorer and traveler, insists that as an instrument of "rapid-fire instruction" the moving picture has no equal in its use among uncivilized people. He has personally demonstrated this with the savages of Indo-China, and missionaries and explorers and colonizing influences generally are supporting his claims.

The moving picture is used with marked success to teach the general public. The Southern Sociological Congress, held in Nashville last year, the various Child-Welfare Exhibits in different parts of the country, the National Society for the Prevention of Tuberculosis, have demonstrated the practical value of the moving picture.

A film showing the total depravity of the common house-fly has been rented by the State Boards of Health of Louisiana, Kansas, and Florida; by the City Health Boards of Chicago and Galveston; by the Oklahoma Agricultural Station, the University of Wisconsin, and the Battle Creek Sanitarium. The New York School of Philanthropy recently held an exhibition of moving pictures in which evils under child labor, drink, convict labor, tenement-houses, and tuberculosis were revealed. The Illinois State Farmers Institute has been using the film, "The Romance of the Reaper," as an educational feature in many of its meetings this year.

Churches and Sunday-schools are installing machines and equipments, and engaging competent and experienced operators to run them. Among those that have taken this step are the Christ Episcopal and Salem Congregational churches of Los Angeles; the Grace Methodist Episcopal Church of Worcester, Massachusetts; the Bethany Sunday-school of Philadelphia; the People's Church of Cincinnati; St. Anthony's Catholic Church of Fitchburg, Massachusetts.

Some of them use the machines for entertainments during the week, running a mixture of so-called educational and purely recreational films. Some use them on Sunday to teach the Sunday-school lesson, restricting the themes to Biblical lands and subjects. St. Anthony's Church uses them on Sunday with secular themes, for the avowed purpose of keeping people off the streets and quietly and safely amused during Sunday afternoons and evenings.

Political candidates are finding the moving pictures fine campaign literature. Prominent suffragette leaders, including the national president, Rev. Anna Shaw, and the national vice-president, Miss Jane Addams, appeared in a play, "Votes For Women," which was filmed, and will be used vigorously in campaign work.

The Chicago Historical Society is making film records for posterity of old landmarks and significant local events. When Arizona was admitted to the Union, the birth of the state was "filmed," pictures being taken of President Taft and other officials signing the necessary papers. From time to time development in the building of the Panama Canal has been recorded in moving pictures.

Other countries, notably France, are urging the use of films in the schools, and are daily discovering new uses to which the records can be put. But it has remained for Italy to make the most human use of this wonderful new invention. The Italian Government has called upon the film to aid in keeping its soldiers happy and contented while on duty, and to prevent homesickness, if possible. It has caused the families of the Italian soldiers who are on duty in Tripoli to pass before the cameras—"from the wives and babies of the officers to the mothers, sweethearts, sisters, of the privates." Here they are, each one smiling and waving a greeting. These films are exhibited at night in the camps at the front.

From the teaching of facts to the curing of homesickness—was there ever so versatile a servant of mankind as the moving picture?

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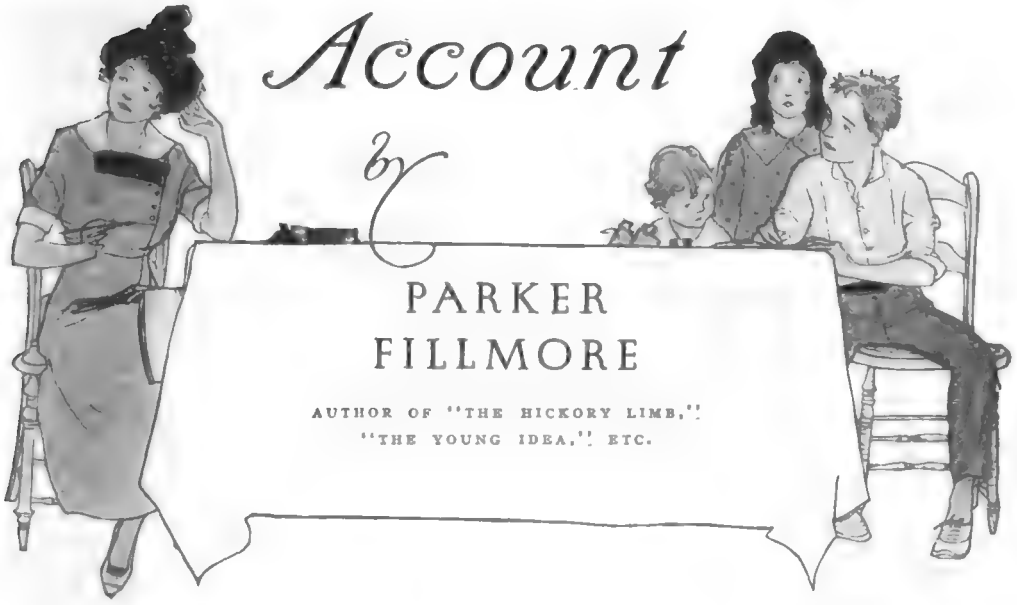
A Little Savings Account



by

PARKER FILLMORE

AUTHOR OF "THE HICKORY LIMB," "THE YOUNG IDEA," ETC.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY MAGINEL WRIGHT ENRIGHT.

ON SATURDAY night, as soon as supper was cleared away, Terrence was accustomed to make out his weekly accounts. He had a small account-book with criss-cross rulings and two fascinating little canvas money-bags, one for coppers, the other for nickels and silver. After his book accounts were finished, he would gravely open his money-bags and with banker-like precision pile up together coins of the same denomination.

Though oft repeated, it was an impressive performance and one that Rosie and little Jack surveyed with untiring gravity and respect. With a frown between his eyes and his lips working silently, Terrence would compute the totals of the various piles, then the sum total. He would very deliberately compare this with the amount his book showed and then—it always happened just this way—with a sigh of relief, he would murmur to himself: "All right this time!"

On this particular night, instead of sweeping his money piles at once back into their little bags, Terrence paused and looked at Rosie with a questioning: "Well?"

"Well." Rosie used the same word with a different intonation.

"I suppose I owe you twenty cents."

"Yes, Terry, you do."

"Did you have any trouble?"

"No, I didn't have a bit of trouble; honest I didn't. Are you going to let me have it now, regular?"

Before Terrence could answer, Ellen O'Brien, who was seated at the far side of the table, presumably studying the pot-hooks of stenography, called out suddenly: "Ma! Oh, Ma! Come here! Quick!"

Mrs. O'Brien appeared at once. She was still nursing the baby to sleep, but no matter. Whenever her oldest child called, Mrs. O'Brien came.

"Say, Ma, I think it's disgraceful the way Terry's letting Rosie sell papers! If I was you, I just wouldn't allow it! I

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think it's awful for a girl to sell papers!"

Rosie's heart sank. Was this comfortable income of twenty cents a week now, at the last moment, to be snatched from her?

"Aw, now, Mama, it's only right around here where every one knows me; honest it is! This is the end of Terry's route, and he gets around here so late that if I don't help him he'll lose his customers, won't you, Terry?"

Rosie appealed to Terrence, but Terrence was busy scowling at his older sister. "Say, Ellen O'Brien, what do you think you are? You mind your own business or I'll give that pompadour of yours a frizzle!"

Ellen concentrated on her mother: "I don't care, Ma! You just mustn't let her! How do you think I'd feel going into a swell office some day, hunting a job, and have the man say, no, he didn't hardly think he wanted any common newsgirls around?"

"WHY, JANET, ONCE YOU KNOW HOW TO DO IT, MAKING MONEY'S AS EASY AS FALLING OFF A LOG!"

For a moment every one was silent, overcome by the splendor of that imagined office. Then Terrence broke into a jeer: "Aw, forget it! If Rosie was to make her living selling papers, who'd know about it down-town? And if some one from down-town did see her, how'd they know she was your sister? Say, sis, it's time for you to go shine your nails!"

"Now, Ma, just listen to that! I wish you'd make Terry stop always making fun of me! Haven't I got to keep my hands nice if ever I'm going to be a stenog.?"

Mrs. O'Brien tried hard to restore a general peace. "Terry lad, you mustn't be talkin' that way to your sister. P'rhaps what Ellen says is thrue. I dunno. We'll see what himself says when he comes in."

The young O'Briens were used to having their mother refer to their father as one to decide all sorts of vexed questions. When he was out of the house he seemed the proper person to appeal to. When Jamie O'Brien was at home, however, no one ever heeded him in the least. He would come in tired and silent from his run and, after sitting about in shirt-sleeves and socks long enough to smoke a pipe, would slip quietly off to bed. So no one was deceived by Mrs. O'Brien's maneuver of begging them to await their father's judgment in the matter. Rosie and Terrence would have been willing to let it mark the close of the discussion, but Ellen was not.

"I tell you, Ma, it's a perfect disgrace if you don't stop it right now!"

Terry regarded his sister grimly. "Listen here, Ellen O'Brien, I've got something to say to you: Who's been paying your carfare and your lunch money, too, ever since you been going to this fool business college of yours?"

Mrs. O'Brien feebly interposed: "Ah, now, Terry lad, Ellen's just borrowin' the money from you. She'll pay you back as soon as she gets a job, won't you, Ellen dear?"

Terrence grunted impatiently. "Aw, don't go talkin' to me about borrowin'! I guess I know what borrowin' means in this house! But I tell you one thing, Ellen O'Brien: If you don't stop your jawin' about Rosie, it'll be the last cent of carfare and lunch money you ever get out o' me!"

More than two-thirds of Terrence's weekly earnings went into the family coffers, so what he said carried weight. Ellen tossed her head, but was careful not to speak. Terrence rumbled on disjointedly:

"Business college! Business nuthin'!

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I bet all you do down there is look at yourself in a glass and fix your hair and shine your nails! Huh!"

Ellen merely shrugged her handsome shoulders and, tilting a scornful nose, returned to her pothooks.

Rosie was jubilant. She was sure Terry had intended letting her keep on, but Ellen's opposition had clinched the matter firmly.

"So it's all settled," she told her friend, Janet McFadden, the next day. "Just think of it, Janet—*twenty cents a week!*"

Janet sighed. "My, Rosie! What are you going to do with it all?"

Rosie had not quite decided.

"Why don't you save it and buy roller skates, Rosie? I don't mean old common sixty-cent ones, but a fine expensive pair with good ball-bearings. Then you could skate on Boulevard Place. Why, Rosie, is there anything in the world you'd rather do than go up to Boulevard Place with a pair of fine skates? And listen here, Rosie: If you lend them to me in the afternoon while you're on your paper route, I'll take good care of them, honest I will."

H'm, roller skates. The longer Rosie thought about it, the better she liked the idea. She decided to talk it over with old Danny Agin on Monday afternoon when she left him his paper.

Danny was a gay, friendly little Irishman whom rheumatism and asthma had not succeeded in robbing of the zest of life. He and Rosie were great friends. Rosie always delivered his paper in the kitchen and stopped for a moment's chat.

"Say, Danny, listen here," she began; "bet you can't guess what I'm saving for."

Danny couldn't, so Rosie explained. Then she continued: "You see, it's this way, Danny: Those cheap skates are no good anyhow. They're always breaking. I'd just give anything for a good pair, and so would Janet. We just love to skate on Boulevard Place—the cement's so smooth and it's so shady and pretty. But do you know, Danny, last summer when we used to go up there on one old broken skate they called us 'muckers!' We're not muckers just because we're poor, are we, Danny?"

Danny Agin snorted with indignation. "As long as ye mind yir manners, ye're not to be called muckers! Ye don't fight 'em, Rosie, and call 'em names, do ye?"

"No, Danny, I don't; honest I don't. And it seems to me, Danny, if we had a pair of ball-bearing skates we'd be just as good as they are."

"Betther!" said Danny.

"So you think I'm right to save for skates, do you, Danny?"

"Do I think so? I do. And, Rosie dear, as soon as people find out that ye're saving in earnest, they'll be givin' ye many an odd penny here and there. Let me see now. . . Go to the panthry, Rosie, and on the third shelf from the top ye'll see a cup turned upside down, and under the cup—well, I dunno what's under the cup."

Rosie went to the pantry and under the cup found two nice brown pennies. "Oh, Danny, thanks! But do you think Mis' Agin would want me to take them?"

"Mary? Why, Mary'd be givin' ye a nickel, she's that fond o' ye!"

What Danny said proved right. As soon as Rosie's own immediate family and friends heard of the project, they gave her every encouragement. Little Jack lent her his last Christmas money-box—one of those tin banks whose opening is supposed to be burglar-proof against the seducing powers of all hairpins and buttonhooks except those employed by its rightful owner—and Mrs. O'Brien suggested at once that the old wardrobe up-stairs would be the place of greatest safety for the bank.

"You can get into it whenever you like, Rosie dear, for you know yourself where the key's to be found."

It might be argued that every one else in the family also knew where the key was to be found, for it was an open secret that its hiding-place was under the foot of the washstand. Nevertheless, it was an accepted tradition that anything in the wardrobe was under lock and key and therefore safe. So, with unbounded confidence, Rosie slipped her first week's wages into Jack's money-box and carefully locked the old wardrobe.

George Riley, the boarder, was the first to make a handsome contribution.

"Do you know, Rosie, here you are carrying my supper up to the cars every night and I've never said anything more than 'Thank you.' I just tell you I'm ashamed of myself! After this I'm going to pay you a nickel a week regular."

"Aw, now, Jarge, you won't do any such thing! You can't afford it! And besides that, Jarge, I just love to carry your

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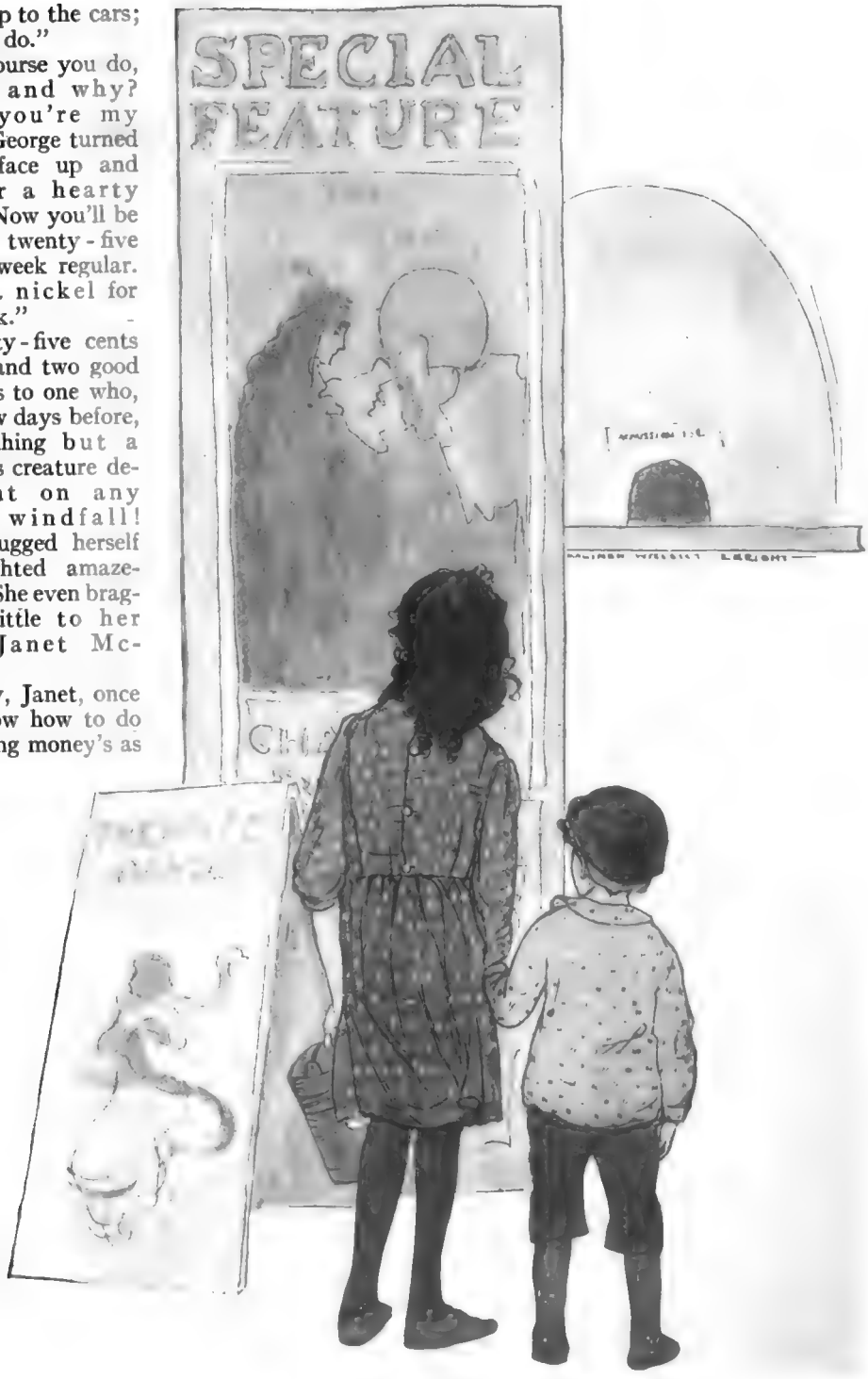
supper up to the cars; honest I do."

"Of course you do, Rosie, and why? 'Cause you're my girl!" George turned Rosie's face up and gave her a hearty kiss. "Now you'll be making twenty-five cents a week regular. Here's a nickel for last week."

Twenty-five cents a week and two good sure jobs to one who, but a few days before, was nothing but a penniless creature dependent on any chance windfall! Rosie hugged herself in delighted amazement. She even bragged a little to her friend Janet McFadden.

"Why, Janet, once you know how to do it, making money's as



"I TELL YOU WHAT, IF I HAD A NICKEL, I BET I KNOW WHAT I'D DO!"

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easy as falling off a log! Look at me: My papers don't take me more'n half an hour in the afternoon, and carryin' Jarge's supper pail up to the cars is just fun. And every Saturday night twenty-five cents, if you please!"

Janet said "Oh!" with a rising inflection and "Oh!" with a falling inflection: "Oh! Oh!"

"And besides that, if I hadn't my paper route I'd have to take care of Geraldine all afternoon. Don't you see?"

"You would indeed, Rosie, I know you would."

Rosie looked at her friend thoughtfully. "Say, Janet, why don't you get a job? Of course I'll lend you my skates, but if we both had a pair we could go to Boulevard Place together. Wouldn't that be fun?"

Janet sighed wearily and shook her head. "You don't think Terry would give me a job, do you, Rosie?"

Hardly. Though he did employ Rosie, Terrence was scarcely in a position to employ every needy female that might apply to him. Rosie spoke kindly but firmly:

"No, Janet, I don't believe Terry can take on any more girls. When I get my skates, though, I tell you what I'll do: I'll let you 'sub' for me sometimes. Yes, I'll do that: on the afternoons I go to Boulevard Place I'll let you deliver my papers. I'll pay you three cents a day. Three cents ain't much, but if you save 'em real hard they count up—really they do. If you 'sub' for me eight different times then you'll have twenty-four cents. I told you, didn't I, that twenty-five cents is what's comin' in to me now, every week regular?"

Yes, Rosie had already specified the amount many times; but Janet, being a devoted friend, exclaimed with unabated enthusiasm: "You don't say so, Rosie! Well, I think that's just grand!"

Janet was right. It is fine to have an income that permits one to enjoy the good things of life. Without a touch of envy Rosie could now view the rich children as they skimmed the smooth surface of Boulevard Place. She, too, would soon be rolling along as well skated as the best of them. The time was not far distant when, hearing the soft whir of the ball-bearings, they would look at her with a new respect and no longer call out "Mucker!" the moment her back was turned.

This was the happy side of saving. There was, however, another side, and to ignore it would be to ignore the effect upon character which any effort so conscious as saving must produce In simple innocence Rosie had started out, supposing that all that was necessary toward saving was to have something savable. She soon discovered her mistake. The prime essential in saving was not, after all, the possession of a tidy little sum coming in at regular intervals, but the ability to keep that sum intact. That is to say, for the sake of this one Big Thing that looms up faint but powerfully attractive on the distant horizon, you must do without all the Little Things that make daily life so pleasant.

Alas, once you begin saving you can no longer heedlessly sip the joys of the moment, taking no thought for the morrow! Saving involves thought for the morrow first of all. In the old days when she hadn't a penny, Rosie had somehow managed to enjoy an occasional ice-cream cone, or a moving-picture show, or a cent's worth of good candy. Now, with money in the bank, these and all like indulgences were forbidden. *She was saving!*

If for a moment she tried to forget the wearisome task to which she had publicly dedicated herself, some one was always at hand to remind her of it and to rescue her, as it were, from her weaker self. For instance, she couldn't even hint of thirst in the neighborhood of a root-beer stand that Janet McFadden wouldn't turn pale with fright and drag her hurriedly off, imploring her to remember that, once she had her skates, she could buy all the root-beer she wanted. Yes, of course, but Rosie sometimes felt that she wanted it when she wanted it and not at some far-off time when she would, no doubt, be too old and decrepit to enjoy it.

The experience began to give Rosie a clue to one of those mysteries of conduct which had long puzzled her. She had never stood in front of the glowing posters of a moving-picture show, saying to herself or to any one that chanced to be with her, "I tell you what: If I had a nickel, I bet I know what I'd do!"—nor paused before the windows of a bakery shop or a candy store, that she hadn't seen other people, men, women, and children, with eyes as full of desire as her own. What used to amaze her so much was that many of these people, she was absolutely sure, had money

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WITH A LOUD CRY, SHE CLUTCHED IT HARD AND SHOOK IT WITH ALL HER MIGHT.

in their pockets, and yet they had never indulged in the pleasures of life. Why? Rosie understood now. Money in their pockets had nothing to do with it, for—they were saving!

Unknown even to themselves, they were all members of a mystic brotherhood, actuated by the same impulse, undergoing the same sacrifices for some ultimate benefit. Look where she would, she saw them plainly: Miss Hattie Graydon, Ellen's fashionable friend, saving for an outing at Petoskey; Janet McFadden's poor mother, always saving for a new wash-boiler; George Riley saving to give himself a good start on his father's farm; and now, the newest recruit to their ranks, Rosie herself, saving for ball-bearing roller skates.

"I'd just love to go with you—if there's anything I do enjoy it's a matinée—but I can't. I got to have a new hat this spring."

"I'd like to lend it to you, Charley, the worst ever, but I don't see how I can. I got to save every cent this year for payments on the house."

"Waffles nuthin'! I ain't goin' a-spend a cent till I have enough money for a new baseball mitt!"

They were the things that Rosie had been hearing all her life, but never until now had she grasped what they meant. Think of it, oh, think of it—the heroic self-denial that masks itself in commonplaces like these! Rosie wondered if the others, too, had their moments of weakness. Weren't there perhaps times when George Riley sighed over the shabbiness of his clothes, realizing that if only he were a little sportier, Ellen might not scorn him so utterly?

Long before Rosie's bank account had reached the two-dollar mark, she was ready a hundred times to drop the whole struggle. But each time something restrained her. It was Janet McFadden one time, and George Riley another, and even

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her silent father helped; for he was now keeping count of her weekly balance. Publicity, Rosie found, was her greatest safeguard. With the whole circle of family and friends standing around watching her, she simply had to keep up.

Theoretically, practise makes easy; but Rosie found that the practise of self-denial, instead of growing easier, became harder as time went by. The week she had a dollar ninety-five in her bank, a Dog and Pony Show pitched its tent in a field which Rosie had to pass every afternoon on her paper route. She thought the sight of that white tent would kill her before the week was over. The only things talked about at school were Skippo, the monkey that jumped the rope, Fifi, the dancing poodle, and Don, the pony, who shook hands with the people in the front row. Afternoon admission was ten cents, but nevertheless there were people who attended daily. Even Janet McFadden, valiant soul that she was, grew wan and pale under the strain.

"Of course, though, Rosie," she said consolingly, "you couldn't go, even if somebody was to give you a ticket."

This was on Friday, so Rosie was able to answer: "I could go to-morrow afternoon, Janet. You know the Saturday matinée begins at two instead of half-past three. That'd get it over by four. I could

TERRENCE CUT HIS MOTHER OFF SHARPLY. "AW, FORGET IT! YOU CAN'T FOOL ROSIE WITH GUFF LIKE THAT!"

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ask you or somebody to get my papers for me and meet me at the tent at four o'clock. Then I'd be only a few minutes late."

Janet made hopeless assent. "Yes, I could get them for you all right. And if some one was to give me a ticket, Tom Sullivan would get them for you—I know he would. Tom would do anything for you, Rosie."

Tom was Janet's red-haired cousin, and Janet had set her heart upon a match between him and Rosie.

"Yes, Janet, I suppose Tom would; but there's no use talking about it. . . . Now if only I could just take——"

Rosie broke off, and Janet, understanding her thought, murmured hastily: "No, no, Rosie! Of course you can't take any of that!"

Janet was right. Rosie couldn't possibly raid her own bank. Too many eyes were upon her. Yet all she needed was a quarter: ten cents for herself, ten cents for Janet, and five cents for her small brother. She couldn't go without Janet and Jack, and as she hadn't a cent anyhow it was just as easy to plan the expenditure of a quarter as of a dime.

She wondered idly if there could by some happy chance be more in her bank than she supposed. She hadn't counted her savings for nearly a week. There wasn't much likelihood that a dime or a quarter or a nickel had escaped her count, but perhaps now— There was one chance in a thousand, for Rosie was not very strong in addition. At any rate, after supper she would slip up to the wardrobe and, with a bent hairpin, make investigations. A dollar ninety-five was all she was responsible for to the world at large. If her bank contained more she could appropriate the surplus and no one would be the wiser.

Supper afforded one excitement.

"Oh, lookee!" Jack suddenly cried, pointing an excited finger at Ellen. It was the period of pompadour and false curls, and Rosie and Terrence, following Jack's finger, saw a great new cluster of shiny black curls in Ellen's already elaborate coiffure.

"Get on to the curls, Rosie," Terrence remarked facetiously. "Lord, ain't we stylish!"

Ellen made no remark, but seemed a little flurried. Mrs. O'Brien expostulated:

"Shame on you, Terry, talkin' so of your sister! Don't you know if Ellen's to be a stenog. she's got to be careful of her appearance? All the young ladies at the college are wearing curls."

Terrence answered shortly: "She can wear all the curls she wants as soon as she's able to pay for them. But I tell you one thing, Ma: You needn't think you're going to get me to pay for them, 'cause I won't. She tried to work me for them last week, and I told her I wouldn't."

Ellen regarded her brother distantly. "You make me tired, Terrence O'Brien! When you're asked to pay for these curls it'll be time for you to squeal!"

"Are they paid for already?"

"Of course they're paid for already! Do you think I can get curls on tick?"

Terrence's incredulity changed to suspicion. Turning to his mother, he demanded: "Did you give her that two dollars you begged from me for the baby's food?"

Mrs. O'Brien spread out distracted hands. "Why, Terry lad, of course I didn't! Rosie went to the drug-store herself with the money, didn't you, Rosie?"

Yes, Rosie had gone, but even this did not satisfy Terry.

"Well, anyhow, I bet she's playing crooked somewhere!"

Ellen disdained an answer, and Rosie remarked: "I'd rather spend my money on skates than on old curls."

Ellen looked at her kindly. "They say skates are going out of style, Rosie."

"Well, Ellen, I don't care whether they're going out or coming in. I don't like 'em because they're fashionable, but because I like 'em. If the Boulevard Placers didn't have one pair I'd want to go up there every afternoon and skate by myself. I love roller skates! And what's more, by the time vacation comes I'll have the finest pair of ball-bearing skates in East Maplewood! And vacation, mind you, comes at the end of next week!"

Terrence nodded a cautious approval. "You're that close to the finish, are you, Rosie?"

"Sure I am. To-morrow night when I get paid I'll have two twenty, and by the end of next week, if I can manage to scrape up an extra nickel, I'll have two fifty exact."

Mrs. O'Brien fluttered her hands nervously. "I dunno about all this skatin', Rosie

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dear. I dunno if it's healthy to jump around so."

Rosie smiled superiorly. "I don't jump around. I know how to skate."

A few moments later Ellen excused herself from her usual evening duties on the plea that her friend, Hattie Graydon, had invited her out. So Rosie had to wipe the supper dishes as well as wash them before she could slip up-stairs for the purpose of counting her savings. It was growing dark, so she lit a candle.

She found the wardrobe key in its usual place and the little bank where she had put it, hidden beneath her mother's Sunday hat. She reached for it and lifted it up, and then with a loud cry she clutched it hard and shook it with all her might.

"Ma! Ma!" she screamed, flying wildly down-stairs. "My money! Some one's taken all my money!"

"Ssh!" Mrs. O'Brien implored; "ye'll be wakin' Geraldine!"

For once Rosie heeded not the warning. "I tell you my money's gone! Some one stole it! Listen here!" Rosie was weeping distractedly and shaking the empty bank aloft. "There's not a cent left! And, Terry, look here how they took it!"

The thief had not even had the grace to use a hairpin, but had calmly bent back the opening slit.

Terrence looked at his mother sternly. "Ma, who took Rosie's money?"

"Now, Terry lad, how do I know who took it? But I do know this: Whoever it was that took it only borrowed it and Rosie'll get paid back."

"Paid back!" wept Rosie. "Don't talk to me about getting paid back in this house! I guess I know!"

With a determined eye Terrence held his mother's wavering attention. "Now, Ma, you know very well who took that money and I want you to tell me."

"Why, Terry lad, how you talk!" Mrs. O'Brien listened anxiously, in hopes, apparently, that the baby would require her attention. "But I will say one thing, Terry: Ye know yirself a young girl, if she goes out, has to keep up appearances."

Terrence nodded grimly. "So it was Ellen, was it? I thought so."

"Ellen," Rosie repeated in a dazed way. Then her body grew tense, her eyes blazed. "Terry, I know! Those curls! I bet anything it was those curls!"

Mrs. O'Brien made no denial, and Rosie, dropping her head on the table, wept her heart out.

"Oh, Terry, what do you know about that! And after the way I been working hard and saving every cent for two whole months! Just think of it! And you know yourself the fuss she always made about my selling papers at all! It's disgraceful for me to sell papers because I'm a girl, but it ain't disgraceful for her to go steal all my money and buy curls! . . . And I can't do nuthin'! If she was a nigger I could have her arrested, but because she's my own sister I can't do nuthin'! Oh, how I hate her, how I hate her! . . ."

Mrs. O'Brien sighed unhappily. "But, Rosie dear, Ellen'll be payin' you back as soon as she gets a job. She promised me faithfully she would. You see, she'll soon be going around to them offices now, and she feels she ought to be lookin' her best. Oh, you'll be gettin' back your money all right. Why, nowadays, a good stenog. gets ten dollars a week up!"

Terrence cut his mother off sharply. "Aw, forget it! You can't fool Rosie with guff like that! I tell you, Ellen's nuthin' but a low-down crook, and it's your fault, too, for encouraging her!"

"But, Terrence lad, what could I do? I thried to dissuade her, but ye know yirself how set she is once she gets an idea into her head."

Yes, Terrence and Rosie both knew, and they knew, likewise, their mother's helplessness in her hands. With no further words they could easily imagine just what had taken place. Mrs. O'Brien had, no doubt, tried hard to protect Rosie's interests. She could always be depended upon to protect the interests of an absent child. Her present attitude was an evidence of this, for now she was turned about seeking to defend Ellen because Ellen was absent.

A wail from up-stairs brought her ineffectual excuses to an end and, with a "Whisht! The baby!" she fled.

Rosie, crushed and miserable, wept on. Terrence put an awkward hand on her shoulder.

"Say, Rosie, I'm awful sorry, honest I am. I wish I could give you a quarter, but I can't this week. They've cleaned me out. Here's a nickel, though."

Rosie did not want the nickel; at that moment she did not want anything; she

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took it, however, because Terry wished her to.

"Thanks, Terry. It wasn't your fault. You're not a sneak and a thief. I—I'm glad some of my relations are honest."

Little Jack, who had been listening gravely, snuggled up with a sudden suggestion: "Say, Rosie, if you want me to I'll kick her in the shins when she comes in."

Rosie wiped her eyes sadly. "No, Jackie, I don't see how that'll do any good."

"Do you want me to spit in her eye?"

Rosie gave Jack a tight hug, for his sympathy was sweet. Then she shook her head reprovingly. "You mustn't talk like that, Jackie, and you mustn't do things like that, either. You don't want to be a mucker, do you?"

For this once Jack thought that perhaps he did, but when Rosie insisted he promised to behave.

From babyhood he had been Rosie's special charge, so now, when the time came, she took him up-stairs and saw him safely to bed. Then she herself slipped down to the front porch, and there on the steps in the dark electric shadow she waited for her friend, George Riley. She had not long to wait, as George's run ended at nine o'clock.

"Sst! Jarge!" she called softly as he bounded up the steps and would have passed her in the dark.

"Is that you, Rosie?"

"Sit down a minute, Jarge. I want to ask you something."

"Whew, but I'm tired, Rosie! I rang up over seventy-five fares three times to-night."

Rosie opened with no preliminary remarks. "Say, Jarge, can you lend me twenty-five cents until to-morrow night? You know I get paid to-morrow."

"Sure, Rosie. What for?"

"I want to go to the Dog Show matinée."

George paused a moment. "But, Rosie, you don't need twenty-five cents for that. You told me it was ten cents."

"I know, Jarge, but I want to take Jackie and Janet."

"Why, Rosie!"

"Well, if I don't, Jarge, poor Janet'll never get there. She never gets anywhere. You know her father boozes every cent. And I just got to take Jackie if I go myself. Besides, he'll only cost me five cents, and that'll let me use the nickel that Terry gave me, for peanuts."

"But, Rosie"—George cleared his throat—"I thought you were saving every penny."

"I'm not saving any more." Rosie spoke quietly, evenly.

"Not saving any more! What do you mean, Rosie? What's happened?"

She could feel his kind, jolly eyes looking at her through the dark, but she knew that he could not see the tears that suddenly filled her own. "N-nothing," she quavered.

"Rosie! Tell me!" He put his arm about her shoulders and drew her to him. At the tenderness in his voice and touch, all the sense of outrage and loss in Rosie's heart welled up afresh and broke in sobs which she could not control.

"I wasn't going to tell you, Jarge, honest I wasn't, because you're dead gone on her, and besides she's my own sister."

For a few seconds Rosie could say no more, and George, with a sudden tightening of the arm that encircled her, waited in silence.

"I—I was going up to count my money, Jarge, and what do you think? Some one had smashed open the bank and taken every cent! I tell you there wasn't even one cent left! And, Jarge, I've been saving so hard—you know I have!" She lay on his shoulder, her body shaken with sobs.

George spoke with an effort: "Why do you think it was Ellen?"

"Terry and me got it out o' ma. When we cornered her, she told us. . . . And she's gone and spent it on a bunch o' curls! Think of that, Jarge—curls for her hair! Just because Hattie Graydon's got false curls, Ellen's got to have them, too! Now do you call that fair? I saved awful hard for that money, you know I did, and it was my own!"

"Poor kiddo! Of course it was your own! But Ellen'll pay you back, I—I'm sure she will."

"That's what ma says; but even if she does, Jarge, it won't be the same thing. Just tell me how you'd feel yourself, if all your savings were snatched away from you!"

George's answer was unexpected. "They have been, Rosie, a good many times."

"What!" Rosie sat up in fright and astonishment. "Has she dared to break into your trunk?"

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"WHAT!" ROSIE SAT UP IN FRIGHT AND ASTONISHMENT. "HAS SHE DARED TO BREAK INTO YOUR TRUNK?"

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George laughed weakly. "No, Rosie, it isn't Ellen this time." He paused a moment. "I've told you about my father's farm. It's a good farm, and I'd rather live on it and work it than do anything else on earth. But it's got run down, Rosie. The old man's had a mighty long spell of unluck. A few years ago he got a little mortgage piled up on it, and for nearly ten years now he hasn't kept it up like he ought to. In the country you've got to have ready money to wipe out mortgages and start things goin' right. That's why I'm here in town railroading, and that's why I'm saving every cent until people think I'm a tightwad."

"But, Jarge, how did they get it away from you so many times?"

"Well, just to show you: Two years ago one of the barns burned down. That cost me two hundred dollars. Last summer we lost a couple of our best cows worth sixty dollars apiece. This winter the old man was laid up with rheumatiz a couple o' months, and it cost me a dollar a day to get the chores done, let alone the doctor's bill. And each time I was just about ready to blow my job here and hike for home. I thought sure I'd be doing my own plowing this spring."

Weariness and discouragement sounded in his voice, and Rosie, forgetting her own trouble, slipped her arms about his neck.

"I'm awful sorry, Jarge. Maybe if nothing happens this summer you'll be able to go back in the fall."

George shook himself doggedly. "Oh, I'll get there sometime! I cleaned up the mortgage the first year I was here, and now I'm working to pile up five hundred in the bank before I go. I'm getting there, too, but I hope to God I won't have any more setbacks!"

"And if you do, Jarge? . . ."

The answer came sharp and quick: "I'll save all the harder!"

For a few moments both were silent, then George spoke: "I'm sorry, Rosie, about this thing. I know how you feel. If you want to, after this you can hide your savings in my trunk. I've got two keys and I'll give you one."

"I—I didn't think I was going to save any more, Jarge."

"Not save? Of course you're going to save! You've got to save!"

"Why?"

"So's to have something to show for your work."

"But it takes so awful long, Jarge, and even then maybe you lose it."

"I know, Rosie, but even so you got to do it. It's only muckers that never save."

"Why, Jarge!"

"Sure, Rosie. Only muckers. They blow in every cent they get as soon as they make it or before. That's why they can afford to go off on drunks and holler around and smash things up. They ain't got nuthin' to lose, no matter what they do. Oh, I tell you, Rosie, just show me a loud-mouthed mucker and I'll show you a fellow that doesn't know the first thing about saving!"

"Really, Jarge?"

"Yes, really. And the same way, take decent, hard-working people and what do you find? As sure as you're alive, you'll find they're saving every cent to put the children through school, or pay for their home, or take care of the old folks. I tell you, Rosie, you got to save if ever you get anywhere in this world!"

"But, Jarge, I—I think I just got to go to that Dog Show now."

George laughed and gave her a little hug. "All right, kiddo. Here's the quarter. Have a good time and tell me about it afterwards. Next week, you know, you can begin saving in earnest. My trunk——"

"Please, Jarge," Rosie begged, "don't make me promise. Give me a week to think about it."

"Of course you can have a week to think about it." They were standing up now, ready to go into the house. "But I know all right what you'll decide."

"How do you know?"

George stooped and gave her a hearty country kiss smack on the mouth. "Because I know there's nothing of the mucker about Rosie O'Brien!"

And Rosie, as she slipped up-stairs, tying the quarter in the corner of her handkerchief, suddenly realized that she was no longer unhappy. How could any one be unhappy who had a friend as good and kind as George Riley? And in addition to him she had nice old Terry—hadn't he given her a nickel and been sorry it wasn't a quarter?—and dear little Jackie and the faithful Janet and poor old Danny Agin, too! Thank goodness, neither Ellen nor any one else could steal them away from her!

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The FARMER of TO-MORROW

Jeremiah Consults a Doctor of Soils

BY FREDERICK IRVING ANDERSON

DECORATIONS BY CHARLES S. CHAPMAN

***Editor's Note**—Jeremiah Hastings, introduced in the August instalment of "The Farmer of To-morrow," gave up being a city consumer to become a country producer. He borrowed money to buy an Iowa farm at one hundred and fifty dollars an acre; but despite a year of abundant crops and high prices, he found himself bankrupt, while his neighbors were buying automobiles. This was because they had either got their farms from Uncle Sam's grab-bag, or inherited them, so they didn't have to pay interest; and they considered their farm land, not as capital, but as a means of labor.*

Thereupon, Jeremiah turned away from the fat acres to "seconds"—to drained-swamp lands, cut-over timber tracts, and "ditch"-made farms. He found that a farmer with very little capital can invest in some of this land and get returns for his toil. So he became one of the gleaners who are tackling our uncounted reclaimable acres.

How can he best develop his new property?

JEREMIAH is a farmer who, having picked up a scrubby, boggy back-lot and shined it up like new, is suddenly conscious of an obligation that land imposes on him as its owner—the obligation to preserve his land uninjured for posterity.

There are half a dozen ways in which the duty is brought home, combined with abundant advice for Jeremiah's own immediate advantage. The paternal government, which grudgingly gave the farmer desk-room in the Patent Office in the beginning and in the end graduated him into a fifteen-million-dollar-a-year cabinet portfolio, maintains a correspondence school for him. His own state vies with Washington, and, any time he can get a respectable handful of neighbors together, it will send him an expert to talk things over in person. And besides his own state there are forty-seven other states, each supporting an agricultural college or two, a commission of agriculture, and an experiment-station, to which the Federal Government contributes, to the tune of thirty thousand dollars a year, under

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the Hatch Act. And they are all as neighborly and open-handed with their tracts as the traditional missionary among cannibals.

In addition to this abundance of good counsel and advice, Jeremiah has access to the old-line farm periodicals, and the illuminated literature—all constructive—sent out by fertilizer concerns, and seed and machinery houses: all orthodox in teaching that every time you take an ounce of food off your land, you must put an ounce back in pill form, or you will overdraw your bank account and default in your trust to posterity.

Nor is that all. At the state and county fairs and at grange meetings, and sometimes inadvertently at family picnics, there appear smug-looking individuals obsessed with the idea that Jeremiah needs jacking-up in his business. Among them are some practical men who have followed the plow in their time; and these Jeremiah buttonholes after the lecture and asks many questions. But most of them are enlightened aristocracy from the cities, railway presidents, bankers, college professors, or philanthropists—men who fix an accusing eye on Jeremiah and explain to him in words of two syllables how simple it would be with one hundred dollars to improve a sour meadow —taking it for granted he has the hundred; or how the application of a little more intelligence and a little more labor would double or triple his yields—always assuming that Jeremiah could dispose of the surplus.

THE LEARNED FARMER

And so Jeremiah has come to learn that the countryman astride a fence chewing a straw is not the dull simple oaf, brother to the ox, that blank verse would have him. Instead he is—or should be—the master of the sciences from aphides to enzyms. If Jeremiah's grandfather—the relic of an Arcadian Age, before bugs, blight, and parlor conservation—could have seen his grandson's hobbies, several of which have to be identified with a high-power microscope or a chemical reagent, the old gentleman would have laughed in his sleeve. That is the difference between Jeremiah the pioneer of three generations ago and Jeremiah the pioneer of to-day; the difference between too much land—all you want of it as a gift—and land scarce and somewhat scrubby, capitalized in terms of railways and markets.

Jeremiah's land is his manufacturing plant—a limited floor-space. He wants to get acquainted with it. He wants to understand its limitations and its possibilities. That is why he is exploring the mountain of advice, hoping to find the kernel.

The first truth he sought he found not in books, but at home, on his own door-step, in the person of a Hollander, ponderous and horny-handed, the son of a hundred generations of tillers of the soil. He was Jeremiah's next-door neighbor.

"Why is it," asked Jeremiah, "that your father in the Netherlands can grow forty bushels of wheat on his old land year in and year out, when the best you and I can do is to grow fifteen, or possibly twenty under exceptional circumstances? Is his land any better than ours?"

"No," said the Hollander. "I do not believe that the land, by and large, is as good as the land we are tilling."

"Then why is it? Is your father more intelligent than we are? Does he plow better? Has he better machinery?"

"No," said the immigrant. "My father taught me all he knew about plowing. And I had better schooling than he did. And our twine-binders and thrashers beat his."

"Then why is it?"

"It is like this," explained the Hollander. "When you want to yank out a tree stump, you hitch a draft team to it. If your tackle snaps and you have to drive to town for a new one, you hitch up your driving horse. Your draft team can't travel ten miles an hour; and your driving horse can't budge a tree stump. It's the same with land. Some land will grow forty bushels of wheat; and some will grow thirty tons of garden truck. But the same land won't do both. My

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:her doesn't plant wheat where he ought to ant potatoes. He knows for what crops ery single acre of his land is best fitted. hat is why he gets the most out of every :re—the big reason why."

"But how does he know?" asked Jere-iiah.

"His father told him."

"And who told his father?"

"His father's father; and so on back for a housand years. It isn't so much a differ-nce in skill as it is a difference in tradition. My fathers have been using the same tools or a thousand years; and over here the old-est land in the country has not been produ-cing more than two hundred years."

Tradition — that's the starting point. That's what the emigrant leaves behind him when he comes to this country and raises fifteen bushels like Jeremiah, instead of forty bushels like his father. At home he possessed the trade secret of every acre. In a thousand years each separate field had told its husbandman, in the language of success or failure, to what type of farming it was best adapted. In the Old World every farm is a center of learning. Young men pay roundly, in England and on the Continent, for the privilege of apprenticing themselves to the sons of a hundred generations, though the exact knowledge they gain does not extend beyond the limits of a square mile, or a county, or a province.

They do not matriculate for courses in meteorology, chemistry, bacteriology, and the other "ologies" of the cosmology which a younger people would study to get at the same end by deductive methods; but they guide the plow according to the wisdom of their ancestors. Your Old World farmer, who is so often held up to laugh Jeremiah to scorn, is not a "scientific farmer." If at home he practised the same promiscuous agriculture that Jeremiah must practise until he gets through expanding over cheap or reclaimable land, he would get the same returns as Jeremiah.

England farmed as great an acreage in 1350 under Edward III as she does to-day. That means that she has been using the same land, learning what that land was best fitted for, since 1350. The Teuton has been at it a thousand years. China has been at it four thousand. China is so far ahead of Europe in adapting its food to the peculiarities of the land. And we are so far behind.

But we are catching up fast. We are not going to wait a thousand years, nor even a hundred. We are not going to depend on tradition, because that is too slow.

We are making a card-index of our acres. It's a big job. There are three hundred and ten million acres under the plow now. Some day there will be more than nine hundred million. When that time comes we want to know the likes and dislikes of every square rod.

This is how we are going about it: First comes an expert from the Bureau of Soils at Washington with a queer-looking auger, with which he bores a three-foot hole in a farmer's wheat field, to the farmer's amazement. The expert carefully preserves the cylinder of soil right-end up, and analyzes it by strata. By the time he has passed it through his sieves and reagents, has figured on its geological formation and origin, and on rainfall, altitude, and prevailing winds, he knows something that the owner of the acre does not know.

MAKING TRADITION-PILLS

Then he asks the farmer what has been his experience with that acre. He finds the same soil on the next farm, in the next county, in the next state. He asks all the farmers what their experience has been with that soil. By the time he is through he has collected the experiences of a thousand farmers for from five to fifty years. Then he is able to roll the answers into one, and presto! there is a pill of tradition, factory-made.

Write to the Bureau of Soils, Jeremiah—Department of Agriculture, Washington, and ask them if they have surveyed your section yet. Maybe they have. They had completed the survey of 225,000 square miles broadcast on January 1, 1912, and had catalogued more than seven hundred soil types. They can tell you something you don't know about your acres, Jeremiah, and, what is more important to you, they can give you the experience of a thousand farmers working with the same tools as

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yours. Maybe you are turning out fifty-cent dollars growing wheat, when you could be turning out one-hundred-cent dollars with the same amount of labor, growing peas.

There used to be an idea that an acre could grow anything; and it is true in a measure. But every acre is especially adapted to a peculiar rotation that will bring out its maximum efficiency.

Corn started ages ago in Central America; it worked north until it found its ideal environment in the so-called Corn Belt. The Corn Belt has been gradually drawing in, specializing in corn. Jeremiah's father used to grow wheat in the Corn Belt; but since his time wheat has moved farther north, seeking its particuar soil and climate.

Do you know why the Albemarle pippin is such a work of art? Simply because it is so highly specialized. It is grown in its perfection only in sheltered coves at a certain elevation in the Blue Ridge mountains. Boston lettuce is not an empty name. The truck soils around Boston alone produce it. The greenhouses of Washington and Alexandria grow the finest violets, of unsurpassed fragrance; and they bring the highest price wherever sold. New York can not vie with Boston for lettuce, nor with Washington for violets; but she can outdo both with roses.

KEEPING CROPS IN THEIR PLACES

Hood River apples grow best in the Hood River Valley. Kentucky thoroughbreds are as much a product of the peculiar soil as are Boston lettuce, Washington violets, and New York roses. Kentucky hunters and Kentucky thoroughbreds are the product of Kentucky blue grass, which in turn is the product of a ledge of limestone that happens to run through the southern part of the state. California has given up wheat for citrus fruits. Kansas harvests a million acres of alfalfa every year, not because alfalfa is the best fodder, but because it is the fodder best adapted to the peculiarities of her soils. As an example of the ultra-refinement of acres, the province of Almeria, in Spain, contains the only soil in the world which will produce a true Malaga grape that will stand ocean shipment; and two provinces in little Belgium supply the world with its endive salad.

When Jeremiah learns to keep each crop in its place, then he will have taken a long step toward meeting the increasing demands that the growing hunger of the world puts on his acres. Crop specialization and good seed are the starting levers. Some day soon the whole nation is going to wake up to the fact that the geography of soil provinces is fully as important as the geography of arbitrary state lines, and should be included in the common-school curriculum. There are several publications of the Federal Bureau of Soils (notably Bulletin 55, "Soils of the United States") that should be included among the text-books of every high school in the land.

So far, it is plain sailing for Jeremiah. But no farther, if he sticks to books.

Naturally, before he tries to get the most out of his acres, he would like to know how much is obtainable.

The Government has spent more than fifty million dollars trying to answer this question—trying to block out the resources of our farms, as an engineer blocks out the ore in a mine. How long will the soil continue to feed us? If all the pamphlets printed on the result of these researches were stacked end on end, they would reach to the moon and back. Jeremiah questions these tracts. He expects, naturally, to find the answer. Instead, he finds that about seventy years ago a great chemist named Baron Justin von Liebig came along and tied the question in a hard knot; and that most of the research that has followed has only served to make the tangle worse.

Liebig is orthodoxy. This is his theory—or what it has grown to be, in the seventy years of investigation: that the available resources of the soil are as definite in quantity as the resources of a mine; that every time Jeremiah takes a crop away from the land, he is like a miner hauling coal out of the mine. If he is progressive and makes two blades of grass grow where one grew before, he is simply hurrying the day of inevitable doom. It is only a question of time when we shall get to the bottom; and then we shall have to subsist on wind and water, waiting through a geological epoch for Nature to build up the account again.

This is the theory that actuates the machinery of every experiment-station in the United States. This is the theory that writes the text-books of our agricultural colleges. This is the theory that has tied a tin can to the farmer, in the shape of a chemical fertilizer industry—notable in

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which is the Beef Trust—which last year drew from the orthodox farmer the tidy sum of $114,000,000.

Then, on the other hand, the same paternal government that subsidizes the experiment stations at the rate of $30,000 a year each, the same government that has established agricultural colleges throughout the country with land grants, steps forward with this announcement:

"*The resources of the soil are the one immutable asset of the nation. They can be impaired by abuse; but never destroyed.*"

Rather bewildering, isn't it?

The rock on which they split is the word "available." A plant must have its mineral food—principally phosphoric acid and the salts of potash—in soluble form before it can utilize it.

The orthodox school says that only a small portion of these minerals is being liberated at a time—that only the current interest on the bank account of the soil is *available*, is soluble.

The handful of official chemists, crying in the wilderness, assert that the mineral requirements of plants are at all times present in the soil in available form and in inexhaustible quantities; that it is not only the interest, but the capital as well, which plants can utilize.

And, as usual in such a controversy, Dr. Statistics is on the firing-line, doling out his wares impartially to both sides.

Orthodoxy, however, holds the center of the stage through sheer force of numbers and through the impetus given to the cardinal point in its creed by the reputation of the great chemist now forty years dead.

When a few scientists working in laboratories of the United States Department of Agriculture came forward five years ago with the statement that Liebig, so far as his theory of doom was concerned, was all bosh and fiddlesticks, there was straightway an investigation by the Congressional Committee on Agriculture, at which the shocked fertilizer industry sat as the indignant audience.

Nothing came of the investigation except the calling of some hard names back and forth, and a suggestion that the exponents of the heresy of "immutable assets" confine their publicity bulletins to editions of a thousand copies each (as prescribed by law concerning scientific treatises), and furthermore that these government bulletins be not given away as are the moon-high stacks of orthodoxy—but *sold* at the bare cost of printing and binding.

Has Jeremiah, the great American farmer who subscribes to orthodoxy at the rate of $114,000,000 a year, heard that his acres, if he treats them respectfully, will continue to feed him and his children for countless generations to come, without the aid of plant food in pill form? The chances are that he has not. Most of the thousand copies that might tell him have found their way into the hands of college professors and experiment-station investigators, to be filed away in the waste-basket.

What Jeremiah does hear is the old slogan:

"Feed the soil and it will feed you."

And when he picks up an agricultural paper, he finds invariably a query running something like this:

> Dear Mr. Editor: I harvest thirty bushels of wheat to the acre. I do not want to default in my trust to posterity. I want to hand on my farm to my son as good as when I got it. What chemicals must I return to the land to balance the draft of my wheat crop?

Note, in the first place, that the correspondent drew thirty bushels instead of the standard fifteen. The orthodox editor promptly consults his handy tables—furnished free by any number of concerns, both official and commercial—and informs this advanced farmer that he has extracted from his soil, acre for acre, sixty pounds of nitrogen, eighteen pounds of phosphoric acid, and twenty-eight pounds of potash—

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which he must return in pill form as a penalty for trying to outdo his neighbors. It is quite a penalty, quite a discount on progressiveness—soil specialization, seed selection, careful cultivation, and the like—when one turns to the advertising columns and discovers that nitrogen is sold for eighteen cents a pound, and potash and phosphoric acid for from six to eight cents a pound. This cuts in some, even on dollar-wheat profits.

This theory of doom is very definite. It is reduced to pounds and ounces. It is simply a computation of diminishing quantities. In fact, several apostles of the doctrine, men of the highest standing in scientific societies to-day, have gone to considerable pains to figure out the end of the world—or at least the end of the food supply (and the chances are that we shall not keep up our interest in life after the food is gone). They say that the soils of the United States will cease producing food in from seventy-five to one hundred and fifty years. That is, of course, without the aid of chemical fertilizers. That is one reason why the State Department has been quarreling with Germany for the past eighteen months over her potash. Secretary Knox conducted the diplomatic squabble strictly according to Liebig.

SEVENTY YEARS TILL STARVATION?

For instance, the chemists of the state of Illinois, analyzing the soils of the southern part of the state, and weighing crop drafts against the result, have stated that the soils of that region possess sufficient of the ingredients of fertility to continue producing food at their present rate for only seventy years—or is it sixty-nine?

At their present rate, mind you! Should any considerable number of the farmers of Little Egypt get rich enough, or intelligent enough, or mad enough, to put into practise the doctrine of soil and seed selection, and to produce three times the crops they are producing to-day, then the day of doom would approach on horseback.

Southern Illinois is not an exception in its impending fate, if you believe in Liebig. Western Maryland, northern New York, and New England are among the localities where the Jeremiahs are skating on very thin ice indeed—unless they patronize the fertilizer concerns. And, after all, the potash and phosphate deposits and the nitrate beds are no deeper nor wider than the Appalachian coal seams.

This is what we mean by the "exhausted soil," that mysterious cataclysmic ending that we are told is floating in on the flood tide. It is merely a question of mathematics—and faith in Liebig. The astonishing thing about it is that it is not casting a longer shadow ahead, like Halley's comet, or a copper-colored cloud on a summer's day. Even when so great a savant as Sir William Crookes arose before the British Association for the Advancement of Science (of which he was then president) several years ago, and predicted that the world would have to stop growing wheat in another fifty years because there would be no more nitrates—even then not many people seemed to worry.

And while we are figuring on this coming wind-and-water diet, let us not forget that the rains leach out of the soils every year two or three times as much soluble plant food as the crops remove, and carry it away to the sea! But even aside from this fact, overlooked by the dour mathematicians, what will happen if Jeremiah swallows this bait of soil selection, and the rest? The answer is obvious, according to the science of agriculture as it exists to-day in our text-books. Let us quote from Dr. Cyril G. Hopkins of the University of Illinois, author of the standard text-book, "Soil Fertility and Permanent Agriculture."

> The truth is that we have no more right to assume that we have enriched the soil, simply because we have found a method of producing larger crops, than we have to assume that we have increased our bank account because we have begun to write larger checks against it. Possibly this will be better understood by considering the very erroneous belief that the rotation of crops enriches the soil, while the fact is that the rotation of crops produces the same effect on the soil as the rotation of the check-book among different members of the family would produce on the bank account. The difference is that we do not assume that our bank account is increasing simply because we are getting more money out of it temporarily; while it is assumed that we are positively enriching the soil simply because we are getting more fertility out of it by the rotation of crops.

It is a very simple and plausible explanation, this theory of the mineral requirements

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of plants, and the farmer lives pretty far back in the backwoods who has not heard of it and accepted it as orthodoxy. It takes the onus off the individual and shoulders it on Providence.

Fortunately, there is a weak spot in the chemical fertilizer industry, as established by Liebig. That is—history.

It so happens that "Principles of Chemistry as Applied to Agriculture," Liebig's book, has not been translated into Chinese. China doesn't know anything about chemicals for growing food. Yet she manages to support a population more dense than that of western Europe on a bank account of soil fertility that has been continuously drawn against for more than four thousand years. And she does it alone, unaided by imports — except in the matter of opium. And the best part of it is that the soils of China are richer, more productive to-day than they were a hundred years ago—or a thousand, or possibly four thousand.

Again—when the lamented Conservation Commission was worrying over the ultimate outcome of the Peter-paying-Paul system of farming with chemicals, experts of the Department of Agriculture at Washington secured several thousand soil samples from Europe for analysis. The fine farming of Europe had been thrown in their teeth so often that they wanted to find out about the business. They expected to find that the hunger of a thousand years in Europe had eaten quite a respectable hole in the bank account of these soils. For Europe hasn't been using chemicals any longer than we have—only since the time of Liebig.

But they didn't find anything of the kind. Analysis failed to show any appreciable difference between the soils of Europe, which grow three crops to our one, and the soils of the United States, which are supposed to be wearing out after less than three generations of use. On the other hand, an examination of the figures on yields shows that the soils of Europe are actually growing richer year after year—and have been, since long before the birth of Liebig.

Secretary James Wilson of the Department of Agriculture deserves credit for countenancing a front attack on the theory of doom — and "countenance" is the right word, because the lobby is against it, although the history of four thousand years is in favor of it.

The attack began in the laboratory. It extended to field work, and is still going on. And before it is finished Herr Liebig will be in the waste-basket. A few months ago, the director of the experiment-station at Geneva, New York, came out with the announcement that fifteen years of investigation has established the fact that chemical fertilizers as applied to fruit trees are absolutely valueless; that applying the salts of nitrogen, potash, or phosphorus to apples is like carrying coal to Newcastle; that it is a desert waste indeed that does not possess enough of all these elements for countless generations.

Exit, in a puff of smoke, the old saw that potash grows fruit!

If this announcement had come five years ago, there would have been a loud explosion. As it is, the agricultural press has maintained a constrained silence. But it so happens that the Government experts had already made a similar announcement, although a more sweeping one. They went so far—in their limited edition of a thousand copies — as to take the blame for unproductive land off the shoulders of

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Providence and place it on the shoulders of the farmer. Liebig and the pack following at his heels barked up the wrong tree. The normal agricultural soil will never be exhausted of the mineral requirements of plants. Of the seventeen elements required, only one —nitrogen—is fugitive.

This exception seems to hark back to the most doleful prediction of all, that of Sir William Crookes. But Sir William overlooked the fact that four-fifths of the air we breathe is nitrogen and that thirty-five thousand tons of this very necessary ingredient of plant food—worth eighteen cents a pound—hang suspended over every acre on the globe. This seemed one of the gross ineconomies of Nature; until, thirty years ago, Hellriegel demonstrated that the legumes—the pod-bearing plants such as clover, alfalfa, beans, peas, etc.—had the power of assimilating this atmospheric nitrogen by means of bacteria on their roots and storing it in the soil for the use of other crops. An acre of clover stores about two hundred pounds of nitrogen. And against the day when man becomes too busy to grow legumes, or land becomes too valuable, man has invented a device for blowing air against an electric arc, to oxidize the nitrogen and gather it up by the bagful.

If Nature has supplied all the ingredients, it is the farmer's fault if he bungles. And he does bungle. Everywhere he is accused of "robbing the soil," or "mining the fertility." Most of the fault-finders stand pat on the theory of doom, and advise a dose of chemicals. The fact that chemicals actually do act as a tonic in many cases is what keeps the majority barking up the wrong tree.

There is another explanation. *Maybe the land is tired.*

If a man works ten hours a day breaking stone, he is tired. Inject some of his blood into the arteries of a man who is just out of bed after a good sleep; and without turning a hand with the maul, he will immediately begin to exhibit all the symptoms of fatigue. He is poisoned by fatigue.

Try the same experiment with soil. Take a sample of soil that is tired of growing wheat—refuses to grow wheat. Inoculate a sample of virgin prairie loam with moisture from this tired soil, and the virgin loam refuses to grow wheat. Why? Not because its plant food is exhausted. It contains enough for a million generations of wheat. It is poisoned, like the laborer—poisoned by fatigue.

This experiment suggested a nice little problem for the laboratory workers: to isolate this poison. Weichart, a German chemist, extracted from fatigued muscles a true toxin. Why not from fatigued soil?

WHAT MAKES LAND TIRED

The investigators began with virgin soil, and planted wheat in it. When the wheat was six weeks old, they plucked it out by the roots and threw it away. Then they planted more wheat. The second crop came up weak and spindling, and finally withered away and died.

They analyzed this tired soil, and found several complex substances which apparently had been excreted by the roots of the growing plants. That was the only way to account for their presence. Several have been given cryptic names, such as picoline carboxylic acid, uvitonic acid, the pyridine derivatives, and dihydroxystearic acid. The last has been found almost invariably in samples of unproductive soils from all parts of the country. It seems to have the power of rendering any soil unproductive, no matter how rich the soil may be in mineral requisites.

After the second crop of wheat failed, they planted cow-peas. They grew lustily. The soil that had poisoned itself against wheat was not sterile for a plant of another family. And cow-peas poisoned the soil against cow-peas, but not against a third family of plants, say potatoes. And after cow-peas and potatoes had been grown successfully where wheat would not grow in the first place, it was found that the wheat toxin had disappeared, and the rotation came back to wheat again. Thus every family of plants seems to manufacture a poison fatal to its own children, but not to the children of another family. And one family seems actually to cleanse the soil of the toxin of another. This accounts for the beneficial effects on the soil of the simple practise of rotating crops, a practise that is as old as the hills among farmers, taught not by science, but by experience.

All of which but serves to emphasize the fact that farming has made greater strides as an art than as a science. Husbandmen grew clover and the other legumes for a thousand years before Hellriegel came

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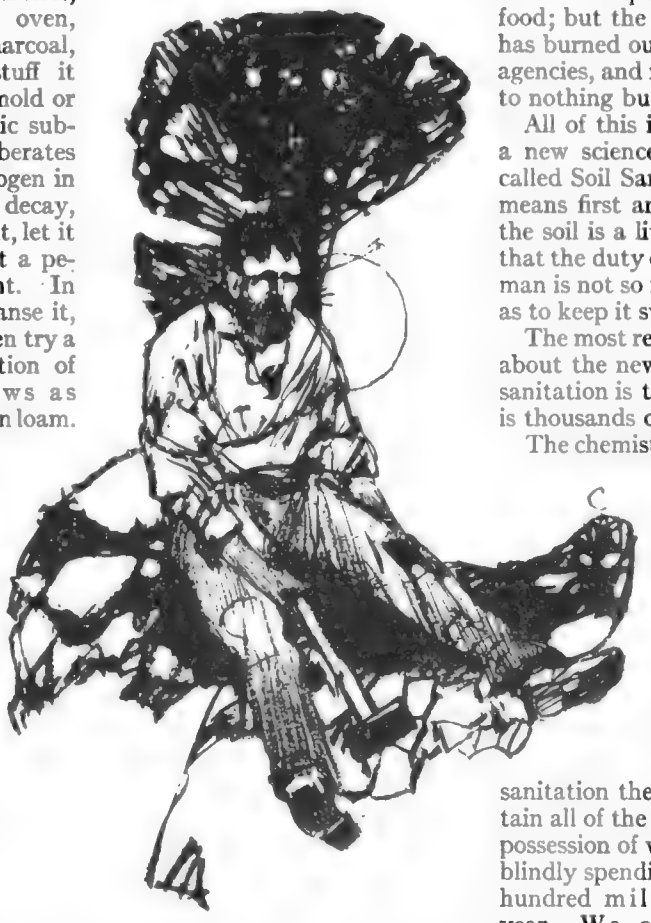
long to tell them why it was good practise. Just as husbandmen had rotated crops a housand years before the present-day cientists delved into the mysteries of plant oisons.

Take this soil that is exhausted from rowing wheat. Boil it, ake it in an oven, pply lime, charcoal, ormaldehyde, stuff it ith vegetable mold or ny other organic subtance that liberates xygen and nitrogen in he process of decay, erate it, freeze it, let it e fallow, give it a peiod of drought. In ther words, cleanse it, terilize it. Then try a econd generation of heat. It grows as istily as on virgin loam.



This is exctly what radition has aught the Old Vorld farmer o do. In the rst place, he iversifies his rops. In the econd, he uffs the soil ith decaying rganic matter, such as able refuse, nd green rops to plow nder.

Nature has acked normal soils with these same "sterizing" forces. The soil is full of bacteria, easts, molds, the "phagocytes" that set ee gases that cleanse the soil of its toxins. ature intervenes a season between crops to ive the soil rest, to let heat, cold, and nlight restore it to health; just as she proides sleep for the tired laborer when his muses are poisoned with the toxin of fatigue. ur western prairies were packed with the ecaying vegetation of thousands of years hen we found them waiting the plow; and required a generation or two of single-cropping to break down the reserve of sanitary forces that had been so long storing. Single-cropping is breaking down soils here, there, everywhere in this new farm country. When the yields begin to fall, the average farmer runs to the fertilizer-bag, telling himself that Providence has been parsimonious with the mineral requisites of plant food; but the fact is that he has burned out the purifying agencies, and reduced his soil to nothing but "plant food."

All of this is giving rise to a new science of farming—called Soil Sanitation; which means first and always that the soil is a living thing, and that the duty of the husbandman is not so much to feed it as to keep it sweet and clean.

The most remarkable thing about the new science of soil sanitation is that as an art it is thousands of years old.

The chemists of the Bureau of Soils have issued their pronunciamento that no normal soil is deficient in the available mineral ingredients of plant food. And they have shown how by soil sanitation the farmer can attain all of the benefits for the possession of which he is now blindly spending more than a hundred million dollars a year. We are cultivating about three hundred and ten million acres to-day. Some day we are going to cultivate more than nine hundred million acres.

Meantime there is a big task at hand for the nation and the forty-eight states that pretend to subsidize the farmer at the rate of fifteen million dollars a year. That is to get together and cut out the dead wood that has accumulated in three generations of misdirected effort. It is time to rewrite the text-books, to formulate anew the theory and practise of farming according to the *a-b-c* of past experience and latter-day science.

THE END.

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All in Alicia's Family

by George Weston

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ALEXANDER POPINI

"WHERE'S Fido?" I asked.

"Oh, he's off somewhere trying to get Amy married!" said Alicia.

And as for me, I sat down in the wicker chair. In fact, if the wicker chair hadn't been there, I rather think I should have sat down on the veranda floor.

When Alicia's sister Amy came to visit us (and Alicia has the most wonderful sisters in the world) we were uneasy at first as to how the pets would take it. But Amy hadn't been in the house twenty-four hours before I (for one) was almost jealous at the attention which Fido and Peter were paying her. Alicia told me, in confidence, that this was because Amy was forever giving them bits of meat and throwing Fido's ball and rubbing Peter's head.

Indeed, if it had not been for the fact that Amy was so young and pretty I think I should have asked her first (taking her aside, and speaking gently) to be careful not to wean away the affections of our ball-playing and luxury-loving pets, to say nothing of Fido's age and the further fact that Peter is expected to earn his living by catching the family mice—which is of course impossible in the case of a cat who is having his head rubbed all day long. I was even considering the best way of approaching Amy on this delicate subject (without hurting her young and pretty feelings in the slightest degree) when I was suddenly called out of town on a business matter which kept me away for nearly three weeks.

I was glad then that Amy was staying with us, because I knew she would be good company for Alicia. When I last saw her she was throwing Fido's ball under the hydrangea bush and rubbing the head of our gratified cat (who was curled in her lap, lazily watching Fido run after his ball). But I controlled my somewhat pardonable feeling of jealousy to such a degree that I even told myself that exercise was good for Fido (his fat old back was getting to be a byword on our street) and that, after all, if Peter did have his head rubbed all day long, he could still catch his mice at night and so discharge his duties to the family.

These thoughts were yet in my mind when I returned from my three weeks' absence.

"Where's Fido?" I asked, after I had kissed Alicia and had been greeted with a welcome such as only Alicia knows how to give.

"He's off somewhere trying to get Amy married," said Alicia.

And after I had sat down in the wicker chair she added: "That's what makes Peter so sulky."

Fortunately for me (and the chair), it was a stout wicker chair, or I am sure I should have gone right through to the floor of the veranda.

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Five minutes earlier I had turned the corner of our street and had whistled for Fido to come and meet me. There was no answering scuffle of feet down our gravel path, however, and I thought at once that Amy had surely succeeded in weaning Fido's affections away from me. A minute later, when I walked up our piazza steps and found Peter sitting on the balcony railing and staring down the street with a certain sour intensity which left me altogether out of his visual calculations, the conviction grew that Amy had succeeded all too well. It had therefore been a downright relief to see Alicia come dancing forward (as Alicia only can) in her white linen with the blue buttons, and to have her give me such a welcome home that for the time being I forgot the extraordinary absence of Fido and the even more extraordinary conduct of Peter.

But then I remembered, and, when I asked Alicia where Fido was, she answered me in the memorable words which I have already set down.

"Trying to get Amy married, Alicia!" I cried. "Fido is?"

"Yes," said Alicia, her head nodding and her eyes sparkling like diamonds. "That's what makes Peter so sulky. He's waiting for them to come back."

"I suppose," I said—I detected a trace of bitterness in my voice—"I suppose he is waiting to have his head rubbed again."

"No," said Alicia, earnestly, "no, Edward; it isn't that." And, whispering in my ear, she added: "Peter is trying to get Amy married, too!"

"Oh!" I muttered in absolute amazement, "Peter is trying to get her married, too?"

"Yes!" whispered Alicia, more earnestly than before, "but to another man!"

And just at that moment, when I felt that reason was tottering on its throne, Fido came trotting up the gravel path with the air of a dog singularly well satisfied with himself, and after he had greeted me like the dear old friend that he is (managing all the time to wag his tail at the exact angle which was most annoying to Peter), he seated himself on the top step and contemplated nature in a benevolent manner that was greatly in contrast to the sour and suspicious glances which Peter was casting up and down the street.

"Why!" cried Alicia, suddenly rising, "he hasn't brought them back!"

"Hasn't brought who back?" I asked, with a disregard of grammar for which I can find no excuse except the state of my feelings.

"He hasn't brought Amy and Fred back!" cried Alicia, peering up and down the street even as Peter was doing (though not at all with the same expression). "He took them for a walk, and he hasn't brought them back!"

"Amy and Fred?" I asked, blinking my eyes. "What Fred?"

"Fred Flanders, of course," said Alicia. "Where are they, Fido? Where did you leave them?"

But Fido simply looked around at us over his shoulder with the amiable smile of a good-natured old dog who is enjoying (in secret) a little joke of his own, and, after directing a particularly triumphant glance at the sulking Peter, he smiled with renewed vigor and again turned his benevolent gaze upon the landscape.

"Do you mean young Flanders who lives on the hill?" I asked. "And has he gone for a walk with Amy?"

"Yes!" exclaimed Alicia, excitedly (nodding her head twice—once for each query). "He's the one that Fido's trying to get married to Amy. And he hasn't brought them back!"

"But I didn't know we were acquainted with Flanders," I said, blinking my eyes again and groping for light.

"We weren't," said Alicia, "until Fido introduced him to us. But now of course we know him very well."

I looked at Fido's fat old back, desperately searching for a clue to this great mystery, but the only information I could glean from Fido's back was the fact that Fido was getting fatter than ever. Whereupon, in a state of utter helplessness, I turned to Alicia and tried my best to keep my mouth from staying open.

"Alicia," I pleaded, "tell me *all!*"

"Well," said Alicia, wrinkling her pretty nose (a trick she has when she is thinking deeply) "it began the very day after you left. Amy was sitting on the piazza——"

"Throwing Fido's ball?" I complained.

"Why, yes!" cried Alicia. "How did you guess it, Edward?"

"Go on," I groaned. "No wonder he sits there and never gives me a look. Go on!"

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"Amy was throwing Fido's ball," continued Alicia. "We were going for a walk, but it was too windy, and Amy pretended to throw the ball but kept it hidden in her hand—you know. Fido scampered down the steps, and the first thing Amy knew he was scampering back again with a man's hat in his mouth."

Looking at the accomplished Fido then (on the top step), I saw that he had one of his ears turned back, and that he was following the conversation in a very satisfied sort of a way; and yet in some subtle manner he gave me to understand that this was merely the preface, and that before the story was ended I was going to hear a thing or two such as I had never heard before.

"Was it one of my hats?" I asked, turning to Alicia, more puzzled than ever.

"No," said Alicia, beaming, "it was a hat which Fido had found in the street."

"One that the boys had been kicking around?"

"No," said Alicia, beaming still more. "It was a new hat, Edward, and Amy was looking at it, and had just read the initials 'F. F.' in the crown, when a young man came running up the steps. 'I beg your pardon,' he said, 'is that my hat?' 'I don't know,' said Amy, 'Fido just gave it to me. Are you F. F.?'"

"Oh-ho!" I cried, naturally proud of my deduction, "so that was young Flanders, was it?"

"Yes!" cried Alicia, nodding her head with delight. "That was Freddie. The wind had blown his hat off just as Fido scampered down the steps. Of course he stayed a while, chatting with Amy—she had her new suit on, all ready to go walking—wasn't it lucky!—and he introduced himself, and when I went out Amy introduced him to me, and the first thing we knew he was throwing Fido's ball, and that's what started Peter."

Whereupon, with renewed interest, I looked at Peter on the piazza railing. "So that's what started Peter, is it?" I asked, staring hard at this new element in the situation.

"Yes," said Alicia. "He wanted to jump on Amy's lap and have his head rubbed, but Amy wouldn't let him because she was wearing her new suit. And when Peter couldn't have his head rubbed and saw that everybody was throwing Fido's ball, he lashed his tail twice like this—" Alicia made two emphatic swings with her arm—"gave Fred Flanders an awful look, and stalked off down the steps!"

"Peter did?" I cried.

"Yes!" cried Alicia in return. "And a more disgusted cat, Edward, you never saw in all your life! Never!"

I stared from one of our pets to the other, and the more I stared, the more I marveled. Fido was still beaming at the scenery with that indescribable air of a dog who has a joke all to himself; but Peter's expression was morose and somber to the last degree. I had never seen anything quite like Peter's expression.

"Poor old Peter," I said. "It seems to me that he has had the worst of it all the way around."

"Don't you worry about Peter," said Alicia, warningly. "You just wait and listen. Well," she continued, dropping back into her conversational voice, "Freddie went away at last, and the next day his mother called and left her card. We gave her a cup of tea, and she invited us to have dinner with her the next night. Of course I told her that you were away, but she said Freddie would bring us home in the car, and ever since then Fred Flanders has been calling and throwing Fido's ball and taking us out in his car and going for walks and everything."

"And Amy has really enjoyed herself—has she?" I asked.

"Edward," said Alicia, "she has never had such a time in all her life! Never!"

"And she probably thinks that Fido is a pretty good dog," I said, looking at that genial old Master of Ceremonies.

"Edward," said Alicia, "she thinks he is the finest old dog that ever was! And we made her two of the prettiest little automobile bonnets—a maroon one to match Fred Flanders's car, and a green one to match the doctor's."

"The doctor's?" I cried, taken utterly by surprise. "What doctor? Has anybody been sick?"

"No," said Alicia. "He only sprained his ankle and, Edward! I'm sure he did it on purpose! I could tell it from the way he walked down the piazza steps that day!"

"From the way who walked down the piazza steps?" I cried in new amazement.

Alicia looked at me. "Edward!" she said, "from the way Peter walked down."

Whereupon I drew a deep breath and

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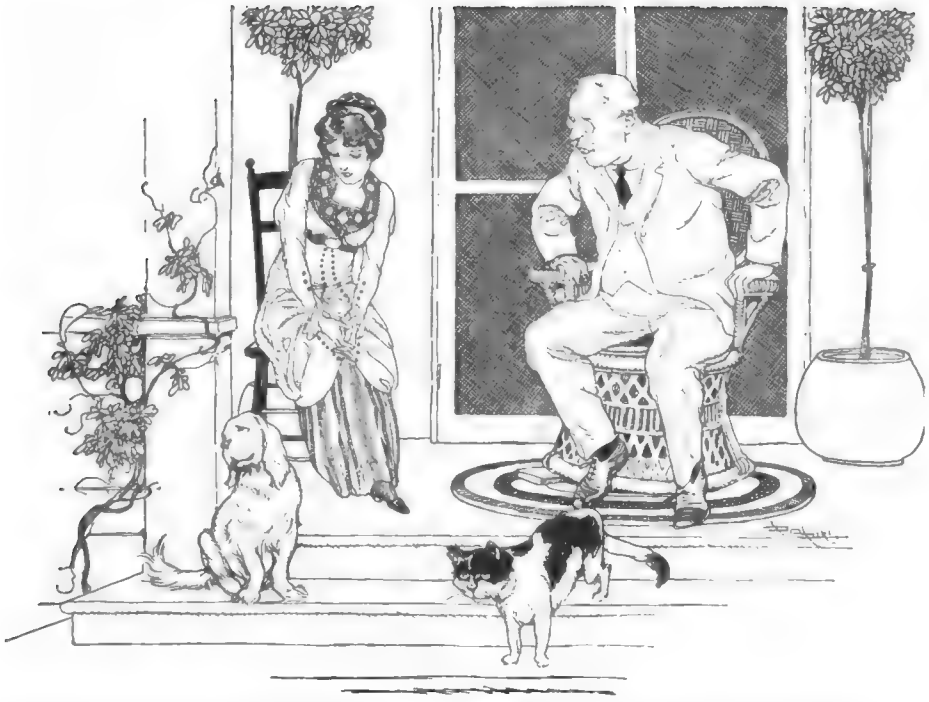

FIDO SMILED AND AGAIN TURNED HIS BENEVOLENT GAZE UPON THE LANDSCAPE.

gripped my hands around the arms of the chair. "But, Alicia," I gently pleaded, "didn't you say that some one sprained his ankle?"

"Of course I did," said Alicia, nodding her pretty little head. "Peter sprained his ankle, and I just know he did it to spite Fido. I know it as well as anything!"

"But Alicia," I feebly protested again. "Why should Peter sprain his ankle to spite Fido? That's what I can't understand."

"Why, because of young Doctor Dawson, of course," said Alicia. "When Peter hurt his ankle he limped next door, and young Doctor Dawson brought him back home again and has been treating him ever since."

Dr. Dawson is the eldest son of our good neighbors. He had just returned home with his medical degree when I left on my three weeks' absence.

"Has he opened an office yet?" I asked.

"Yes," said Alicia, "and has bought a car to call on his patients; but he says that Peter is his first patient, and he's been over here nearly every day—treating him. In fact," said Alicia, thoughtfully, "I think he would have called *every* day if it hadn't been for Fred Flanders."

"Does he take Peter out in his car?" I asked, staring with new respect at that gloomy patient.

"No," said Alicia, "he takes Amy out."

"But I thought he was treating Peter," I protested, feeling my mouth opening again.

"He is," said Alicia; "but you see, Edward, Amy helps him."

"Oh-ho!" I exclaimed. "So Dawson is the doctor and Amy is the trained nurse in this interesting case."

"Something like that," admitted Alicia.

"And how are they treating Peter for his sprained ankle?" I asked, wondering if this had anything to do with the sour glances which Peter was casting up and down the street.

"He had a bandage on it for a while," said Alicia, "and, Edward! I wish you could have seen him! At first Fido seemed to think that it was a special favor or a mark of distinction for a pet to have a bandage around his ankle, and he barked all night—he was so irritable about it. And if you had seen Peter! When Peter saw the way Fido felt about it, he kept walking around Fido on three legs and holding the bandaged one

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out as a king might hold his scepter out over a subject. But all at once (it must have been the coal) Fido seemed to find out that Peter had been hurt. So after that, when Peter came around holding his bandaged leg out, stiff and haughty, Fido only wagged his tail. Yes," said Alicia thoughtfully, "it must have been the coal."

"The coal?" I demanded, wondering where this new clue might lead. "What coal?"

"The coal," said Alicia, "that the Dawsons threw at Fido when he barked all night. Some of the pieces hit him, too, because once or twice I heard him stop his bark in the middle, and that probably started him thinking that Peter had been hit by a piece of coal and that it wasn't a mark of distinction at all for a cat to have a bandage around his ankle."

Alicia went over to the piazza railing and looked long and earnestly up and down the street. "I wonder where they are!" she said, and, echoing the immemorial wish of the ages, she added, "I hope nothing's happened to them!"

Whereupon Fido turned around to me and for one imaginative moment I fancied that he winked his eye.

"Perhaps," said Alicia, "they went to take tea with Fred's mother. Mrs. Flanders is very fond of Amy."

Again Fido turned around to me, and again I fancied that he winked his eye with the irritating air of the only person present who knows the answer to the riddle.

"It's about time for Peter's treatment, too," said Alicia, glancing at the house next door.

"He doesn't wear a bandage yet, does he?" I asked with a sympathetic glance at the family invalid.

"No," said Alicia. "He hasn't had his bandage on for a week. He didn't seem to care for it when Fido found out. He's convalescent now."

"How do they treat him in his convalescent state?" I asked. "Do they feel his pulse and take him out in the car?"

"N-no," said Alicia. "As nearly as I can make it out, they rub his head!"

I looked at Peter, and it seemed to me that he was unable to return my gaze; but Fido turned squarely around and looked at me with the frank expression of a dog who has nothing to conceal.

"And what does Fido do while all this is going on?" I asked. "It seems to me that poor old Fido is being neglected altogether."

"Don't you worry about Fido," said Alicia in the same warning voice in which she had told me not to worry about Peter. "When Peter is having his head rubbed he sings so loudly, and looks down at Fido in such a condescending way, that Fido won't stand it at all—so he runs off to the Flanders'. Fred Flanders has bought a ball. He and Fido play for a while, and then he brings Fido home. Of course that makes it embarrassing for the doctor. So lately, as soon as Fido trots off to fetch Fred Flanders, Amy and I have taken a ride in the doctor's automobile, and then when Fred comes there's no one at home. Of course it isn't a very nice thing to do, but, Edward! it's simply too ridiculous for anything to see Fido run to fetch Fred Flanders every time the doctor calls!"

"And what does Amy think about it all?" I asked.

"Edward," said Alicia more solemnly than ever, "Amy is having the time of her life! She says she has never had so much excitement since she was visiting Aunt Charlotte's when the house burned down!"

"But it seems to me that Fido has the best of it," I said, "if he can run for his candidate every time the doctor calls."

"No," said Alicia, "because that's what really started us going out in the doctor's car. And besides, every time Fred Flanders comes, Peter begins limping around and calling for the doctor to come and give him a treatment. It annoys Peter dreadfully to see Fred Flanders throwing Fido's ball, and of course Fido has no use at all for the Dawsons since they threw the coal at him. So when Fred Flanders comes, Peter starts howling for the doctor; and when the doctor comes, Fido stands on the top step and barks at him and works himself up like anything!"

"I should think," I said, after I had somewhat recovered from my surprise, "I should think that the neighbors would be complaining."

"No," said Alicia, "no, Edward, they are too much interested to complain. Don't look up, but Mrs. Wray is sitting behind her front-room curtains waiting for Amy and Fred to come back, and Miss Spicer has been sitting out on her veranda for the last two hours, keeping watch."

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"I should almost think," I said, "that it would be embarrassing for Amy."

"No," said Alicia, "only exciting. She goes around with a color all the time, and her eyes are as bright—and you never saw such spirits in all your life! Never! But I hope nothing's happened to them," she said, looking anxiously down the street.

Even Fido caught the alarm in her voice. His self-satisfied air grew somewhat less certain, and he snapped at an imaginary fly in quite a worried way.

"Fido had no business to start taking them for walks," said Alicia, "but I don't think I can blame him for it, either, because of the way Peter acted."

"Why, how did Peter act?" I asked, having reached the stage where I felt ready for any astonishing disclosure which Alicia might have to make. "How did Peter act?" I asked, pleasurably preparing myself for the worst.

"He got so," said Alicia, "that he would let the doctor rub his head only when he was sitting in Amy's lap——"

"When the doctor was sitting in Amy's lap?" I gasped (gratified beyond all imagination), and I thought to myself: "No wonder Mrs. Wray is standing behind her front-room curtains! No wonder Miss Spicer has been sitting out on her veranda for the last two hours, keeping watch!"

"Edward!" cried Alicia, "certainly not! When *Peter* was sitting in Amy's lap!"

"Oh," I said, blinking my eyes again.

"Yes," said Alicia, "and as soon as Fido saw that, he began taking Amy and Fred Flanders out for a walk."

"But how could Fido do that?" I protested. "He couldn't write them a note of invitation, could he?"

"No," said Alicia. "He didn't have to, either! He kept running down the piazza steps and barking. And Fred said, 'I believe he wants to go for a walk.' And Amy said, 'Perhaps he wants to look for another hat.' And Fred said, 'Shall we go and see if we can find one?' And that's how they started going for walks with Fido trotting in front, his head up like a drum-major leading a parade, and, oh, Edward! if you could see the way Fido turned around and looked at Peter! As good as to say: 'There! Now call the doctor over and have your head rubbed! Heh!'"

"FIDO HAD NO BUSINESS TO START TAKING THEM FOR WALKS."

"And which one does Amy favor?" I asked, thinking that perhaps Alicia's pretty

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sister might like to have a voice in the matter. "Does she like young Flanders or the doctor best?"

"She says she doesn't know!" laughed Alicia. "She says she has never had two before, and she's almost too excited to think! She says she likes the doctor because he's good to Peter. But then again she says she likes Fred Flanders because he's good to Fido. So what can you make of it all?" And again Alicia looked down the street. "Edward," she said, "if they don't come soon, we shall have to go after them. It's getting quite dark, and I begin to think that something has happened."

Fido was showing signs of uneasiness, and the more uneasily Fido fidgeted around on the top step, the more triumphantly did Peter look at him.

"Why is Peter singing like that?" I suddenly asked, turning to Alicia.

"I don't know," reflected Alicia, "unless he thinks they have had an accident. Naughty Peter!" she cried.

"But why would that make Peter sing?" I asked.

"Don't you see?" said Alicia. "If Amy is hurt, she won't be able to go out any more with Fred Flanders. Not only that, but the doctor will treat her, too!"

At this point the Dawsons' door opened and the young doctor appeared. Seeing me upon the piazza, he came over and earnestly shook my hand. He was a sincere young man, already handsomely bearded after the manner of his calling, and although he was at least five years my junior he carried his Vandyke with a dignity which almost made me feel abashed on my own veranda. As soon as he had seated himself, Peter jumped in his lap and insinuated his head under the doctor's hand. Whereat Fido (on the top step) began growling to himself like a fat old thunder-storm.

"You have," said the doctor, "a most remarkable collection of pets."

"I have often thought the same thing," I told him, "but I think it is due to the way in which Alicia has brought them up—as if they belonged to the family."

"Peter here," said the doctor, "has an intelligence which is almost human."

"Fido," I said, "can also be relied upon (at a pinch) to know how many beans make five."

"Oh, Fido may have his good points," said the doctor, rubbing Peter's head, "but I don't think he has the quick perception that Peter has."

Fido, whose growlings had been gradually increasing in volume, suddenly lifted up his head and barked three times in quick succession. Having thus expressed himself, he as suddenly scuttled down the piazza steps and trotted up the street, barking every hundred feet or so, and altogether giving the impression of a dog who wished some one to know that he was coming as fast as he could (in reason) be expected to cover the ground. His barks had died away in the distance and the doctor was telling us some of his most humorous hospital experiences, when Alicia interrupted him with a glad cry. "Here they come!" she exclaimed, and we all drew a breath of relief, the doctor joining us (as Alicia said afterward) as if he belonged to the family, too.

Far down the street, Amy and young Flanders appeared in sight, and in obedience to Alicia's nudge I noted Mrs. Wray's front-room curtains in gentle commotion and Miss Spicer (on her veranda) turning her chair around to get a better view. Amy and the young man by her side were each carrying an armful of autumn leaves, and Fido was trotting ahead of them with a proud and significant roll in his gait which I had never seen equaled before and never expect to witness again. To say that Fido looked like Cupid would hardly be fair, perhaps, to Cupid, but he had a certain whimsical and pastoral air about him, and his feet twinkled over the sidewalk with a musical rhythm which was reminiscent of madrigals and love songs sweetly sung in tune. And so he led his two protégés up the piazza steps and watched indulgently while Amy welcomed me home.

Alicia and Amy then went into the house, their arms entwined around each other, and young Flanders sat down on the other side of me. He was a tall young giant, as clean-cut as a razor; but when Fido went and fetched his ball from underneath the hydrangea bush, young Mr. Flanders began throwing it with an obedient air which was not lost upon me. As Alicia sometimes says, there are comparatively few things that I miss (when I really wish to see them), and I couldn't help noticing the submissive manner in which Mr. Flanders threw Fido's ball on one side of me, and the regular motion of Doctor Dawson's hand rubbing Peter's head on the other side of me. Mr.

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Flanders, I also noticed, was so preoccupied and nervous that the doctor observed it, too, and after that our young medical neighbor rubbed Peter's head with a content which can only be described as exquisite. "Well," he said to me, "I must go now, but I hope to have the pleasure of seeing you again very soon." And just as he had gone, and just as young Flanders was about to speak to me, Alicia came out.

"Fred," she said, "Amy wants you." He flew inside, and Alicia seated herself in his chair.

"Did he tell you anything?" she asked.

"Nothing in particular," I told her. "The doctor has been here all the time."

Alicia drew a deep breath. "Well," she said, "Fido has been and gone and done it!"

"Done what?" I asked, looking down at Fido, who was stretched out full length at my feet with the luxurious abandon of a good old dog who has earned his rest. "What has Fido been and gone and done?" I asked.

"FIDO BUMPED INTO AMY AND THEN——"

"You know that place down in the glen," said Alicia, "where the path goes over a big tree that has fallen across the brook."

"Do I know it?" I cried. "Can I ever forget it?"

Alicia blushed, for we had always known that place as The Toll Bridge. "Fido must have watched us," she said, "because that's where he took them this afternoon!"

"And you know, Edward," continued Alicia, "Fred Flanders simply had to take Amy by the hand to lead her over, and they had to go slowly or they might have fallen into the water."

I told Alicia that I was quite capable of imagining the scene.

"And Amy says," whispered Alicia, "that she felt her heart beat like anything when Fred Flanders took her hand, and I guess his heart beat the same way (from what Amy tells me), and just as they got to the middle of the bridge, what do you think happened?"

"I give it up," I whispered back.

"Fido came running back," breathed Alicia, "and bumped into Amy so that Freddie had to put his arm around her to keep her from falling! And then——"

"And then, of course, he kissed her!" I said, proud as ever of my perspicacity.

"Yes!" laughed Alicia. "And now they are engaged!"

"Do you know," I said at last (Alicia and I were holding hands then), "I feel quite sorry for the doctor."

"Well, of course, Edward," she said, "the Dawsons are awfully nice people, and he has his degree and everything, but—" and here Alicia's voice fell to an ominous note—"they ought to have known better than to throw coal at a dog like Fido!"

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AT THE BOTTOM

by MIRIAM FINN SCOTT

Photographs by Lewis W. Hine. We are indebted to The National Child Labor Committee for the use of these illustrating tenement homes.

IT IS not a pleasant place to live, at the bottom. But millions of people in this broad, rich America live there. They are honest and hard-working, save for a comparative few. And yet, despite all their desperate struggling, they have not been able to crawl up out of the dark pit of life. The walls have been too steep, their strength too little. Some of them, to be sure, do manage to scramble over the edge of the pit and out into the broader life beyond—children mostly, lifted up by their parents' arms.

But the pit is always full.

These pit-dwellers do not advertise their hardships; they fight their battles silently, behind closed doors. To the outside world they may even show smiling faces. You must know the people to know their stories; and the bits of experience and struggle here presented, typical of the cases of tens of thousands, have come to me through years of close acquaintance.

In a city like New York, the minimum wage on which a man can with any pretense of decency and comfort support a wife and three children is sixteen dollars a week. The single item of rent is appalling: in the districts of Manhattan Island where the poor are most thickly crowded, the land alone, without a stick of improvement, is worth from $150,000 to $700,000 an acre. But to meet the high rent and the ever-increasing cost of living, the great majority of fathers in New York get less than this minimum wage, and many far, far less.

The Silvers have always been at the bottom. Mr. Silver is a shirt-maker; or, more correctly, he is a fraction of a shirt-maker, for he makes only a part of a shirt. His part is hemming the bottom of shirts, and for this he gets one and three-fourths cents a dozen. He thus manages to earn about seven dollars a week.

But this has been far too little for his wife and four children, so Mrs. Silver has had to supplement his earnings. She is a skilled but not very rapid seamstress; for a time she sewed and embroidered infants' clothes. These dainty hand-made garments, for the babies of up-town mansions, were sold by the shop at a great profit. But of this profit Mrs. Silver got the barest trifle.

Later she secured a place in a laundry. On her return from the hard day in the laundry she had to begin her housework, which frequently kept her going until mid-

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night, or later. Before daybreak she was up again, preparing food and getting the house in order for the day. At six she would take the children from bed, often half asleep, and dress them for school. And at a quarter to seven she was off to the laundry.

Recently there was a slack in Mr. Silver's work and he was laid off. At the same time one of the children fell sick of typhoid fever. Mrs. Silver, of course, had to give up her place in the laundry in order to nurse the little boy.

At the best they had barely kept alive, with never a dollar ahead for emergency. Their experience was now the occasional experience of almost every very poor family: they borrowed, pawned, mortgaged their future in every possible way — and yet knew the bitterest hunger and despair.

It was for the sick child, for whom they could do so little, that the mother suffered most. "When Willie was recovering," she told me, "and was all the time hungry, I had nothing but just

FOR THOUSANDS OF CITY CHILDREN THE RANGE OF LIFE IS FROM DINGY TENEMENT TO DIRTY STREET.

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THREE GENERATIONS IN A CROWDED TENEMENT ONE-ROOM "HOME."

A TUBERCULAR HOUSEWIFE IN HER KITCHEN WORKSHOP.

a little bread to give him. How he did beg for more! And I—all I could do was to sit by his bed and tell him stories, so's he would go to sleep and forget it."

The Robinsons have always been at the bottom. Once there was a hope that they would scramble out. Mr. Robinson was a tailor—a sweat-shop tailor—and it was his ambition to lift his family to the level of better things. "He worked hard—he never complained—he was good—so good!" Mrs. Robinson said to me.

For twelve hours a day, even sixteen in the busy season, he sat in the close, hot shop, working on ladies' cloaks, striving to keep pace with his electric-driven sewing-machine. But the bad air, the long hours, the relentless pace of the high-speed ma-

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THE GIRLS KNIT CAPS FOR A FACTORY —THE MOTHER IS BAKING BREAD.

chine — these soon began to tell on him.

One day he collapsed at his work. The boss sent him home with a doctor. The doctor examined him. He said nothing, but looked out of the window into the air-shaft.

"I suppose I'll be all right in a day or two?" the tailor anxiously asked. "There's nothing serious, is there?"

The doctor turned around half savagely. "Nothing but consumption — sweat-shop consumption," he said grimly. "Your work has eaten you up. Stop it, get out into the country, and you may get well."

"But how can I get out into the country, doctor? I have no money—and what will my family live on?"

That question the doctor could not answer. There were a wife and three little children for the tailor to support, so he

A MODERN ATLAS—THE HOME-WORK BURDEN.

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"I WOULDN'T MIND IT SO MUCH FOR MYSELF," SAY THE PIT-DWELLERS, "IF I ONLY SAW A CHANCE OF SOMETHING BETTER FOR THE CHILDREN."

went back to his machine. He tried harder than ever to keep the pace. But one day he was too weak to leave his bed, and then —well, he's out in the country now. In a shady graveyard over near Brooklyn.

That was two years ago. All this time Mrs. Robinson has been both father and mother to her little brood; the hope of climbing up out of the pit of poverty seems all gone now. She struggles valiantly, but for all that she does not mount an inch. She has become janitress of a wretched tenement, and in payment she gets two dark rooms as a home. This yields her no money, and to secure food and clothing for her young children she goes out as a scrub- and washerwoman.

Their food rarely comprises anything better than bread, washed down with coffee or tea.

"I am grateful, believe me," she told me, "when we have enough of just dry bread to go around. Meat, butter, eggs — " she shrugged her shoulders and smiled pain-

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fully—"I guess I wouldn't know them any more if I'd see them."

Last winter was particularly hard for Mrs. Robinson. She had barely enough outside work to keep the family alive. All during the winter, save on the very coldest nights, she had no heat in the house. On these exceptionally cold nights there was fuel—paper and other inflammable waste that she had saved out of the garbage-cans. But this was too poor in quality and small in quantity for a real fire, so she would sit up practically all night, keep a little fire going beneath the tea-kettle, bottle this hot water, and at frequent intervals place these hot bottles at the feet of her little ones.

"It's hard," she said, "but I wouldn't mind it so much for myself if I only saw a chance of something better for the children."

Mrs. Robinson is a widow; so is Mrs. Freeman, though her husband still lives; and both have been made widows by the

THESE PLEASANT PEOPLE ARE FRESH FROM ELLIS ISLAND. WHAT AWAITS THEM IN NEW YORK'S EAST SIDE?

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dangers inherent in their husbands' trades.

Mr. Freeman was an iron-worker and was doing very well. His wages kept his wife and children in comfort, and the couple were looking forward to giving their children an education and a start in life such as they themselves had not had. Then, one day, a chain gave way—a piece of steel fell—and Mr. Freeman lay two months in a hospital. When he finally was taken home his working days were over. His great hope was that he might get some help for his family by recovering damages from the company; but the company easily beat him in the courts. His union aided him for a while, but a union can not have a helpless man dependent upon its treasury forever, and so at last the burden fell upon little Mrs. Freeman.

When the accident occurred she was a handsome young woman, although frail and of a nervous temperament. She began sewing — peddled various articles — tried keeping boarders. But the shock of her husband's accident, the worry and strain of years of work, the continuous waiting on her helpless husband—the sum of all these has at last broken her. She has become a victim of hysteria; is, in fact, subject to occasional epileptic fits.

In consequence she can no longer do regular work; no one wants to give employment to a person who is nervously undependable. She does manage to earn a little, but only enough to pay for their food, which is mainly very stale bread at a penny a loaf. As for their rent, they have to accept it from a charitable society.

THE WHOLE FAMILY PICKS OUT THE NUT MEAT, IN A FILTHY BASEMENT. THE FATHER HAS A COBBLER'S BENCH IN ONE CORNER, BUT NO WORK.

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"IT WON'T BE LONG TILL THE BABY CAN HELP US MAKE FLOWERS," SAID THIS MOTHER.

"Oh, how degrading it is to live on charity!" Mrs. Freeman has cried out to me. "If only I could be like any other person, and work, I would be the happiest woman in the world!"

Mrs. Freeman's misfortune has been the cause of many little tragedies. One day she received some money she had been expecting—money which would relieve her family's dire need. As she hurried home with it her joyous excitement was too much for her: it brought on one of her fits, and in the attack she lost her little treasure.

Mrs. Goldman, when she is seen outside her home, always looks fresh and neat, and has a warm, radiant smile. But behind the front she shows the world is a bitter struggle—a common struggle. There are eight members of the family, and of the eight all but the two youngest, little more than babies, are working to support the home. Yet the family still remains in the pit of poverty.

The father, unable to get better employment, is an itinerant glazier; he carries his wooden box of tools and panes of glass about the streets all day, looking for broken windows to repair. His earnings do not exceed three to four dollars a week. The mother sews at home, and at her best does not make more than five cents an hour. The four older children, the eldest not yet thirteen, peddle cheap candies about the streets after school hours. And yet the sum of all these meager earnings does not cover the meager family budget, so the three-room flat is shared with a widow and her child.

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At the end of a winter afternoon when I called at the Goldman flat—up five flights of stairs and back through a dark hallway—I found Mrs. Goldman in the kitchen busily sewing, and the two youngest children playing on the floor. There was no light in the room save from the coals of the kitchen stove, so Mrs. Goldman was sitting close to the window to get the dying light of the dingy day. She greeted me cordially, and after a slight pause she said:

"You didn't know I was a stylish dressmaker, did you?" She held up a boy's waist of coarse cotton.

"I make the latest Paris styles in these—three for a quarter—and furnish my own buttons." And then she added, rather embarrassed, without ceasing from her rapid sewing: "I am trying to finish these quickly so that I can send them to my customer and get my twenty-five cents for my quarter gas-meter. Then we can have some light."

The waists finished, they were sent off in charge of the older of the two children, and Mrs. Goldman and I sat there chatting in the darkness till the child returned with the money for the gas.

Mrs. Goldman's work-day begins at four or five in the morning, and late into the night she is still up, washing, ironing, mending, or still sewing on her boys' waists. And many a night it has happened that her only sleep in twenty-four hours was gained seated in her chair, her head resting on the table and her sewing still in her hands.

"But what can you do," she said to me, still with a smile, "if you want to live and you do not want to borrow, beg, or steal? You've got to work. Thank God, I have the hands to do it with!"

When the earning powers of the natural breadwinner of the family are slight, or when illness makes more bitter the already bitter struggle for bread, the brunt of the fight falls often most heavily upon the young children.

In the Singer family the father is a presser in a men's clothing factory. He is a sober man and a hard worker, but his wages are only eight dollars a week. Even this poor wage he earns for hardly more than half the year; the rest of the time there is little work—it is "slack season"—and during this period he gets in only two or three days of work a week. The only other contribution to the family income is from the work of the oldest child, a boy of twelve, who sells papers after school hours, and has a job for Saturdays and Sundays.

But last winter a new life came into the household—and as is so often the case among those who live at the bottom, birth, which should be the most joyous of events, has laid bitter penalties upon at least two members of the family. The frail little mother, weak from under-nourishment and overwork, utterly collapsed on the coming of the child. For ten weeks she was ill at home; then she was in a hospital for a period; now she is back at home, still ill, and the doctor does not know when she will again be strong enough to work.

The duty of nursing the mother, looking after the infant, feeding and dressing the three other children, and taking care of the household has fallen upon the thin shoulders of the oldest daughter, Rosie, who is slight even for her eleven years. And Rosie's work does not end at midnight when she goes to bed—a bed made of three chairs put together in a row with their fronts to the wall, an old coat for a mattress, and her own clothes for covering. During the night she must several times get up to look after the tiny baby; she knows better than her father how to handle and feed it, for she has been tending babies since she was four years old.

One evening when I called I found Rosie in a ragged dress, her sleeves rolled high up on her bony little arms, her body bent wearily over a steaming wash-tub, doing the family wash. She is ambitious for an education, so she tries to do much of the housework at night in order that she may go to school at least part of the day. But it is hard to be mother, nurse, housekeeper, and student.

When the worker has made this long fight to struggle above the bare margin of existence, and when old age has come on and no one wants to employ the slow, weak hands that have lost their dexterity—then, indeed, does the pit-dweller face a grim situation. However frugal he may be, there is little that can be saved up for old age out of an irregular wage of six, or eight, or ten dollars a week—with the cost of living ever rising. Wage-earning children—that is old age's only hope.

Mr. and Mrs. Mendelssohn have both reached their threescore years and ten. Mr. Mendelssohn is a furrier by trade, but for some reason no boss wants him any more.

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Occasionally he gets a small job and so earns a few dimes. Luckily they have children, but all of these are married, and are having a struggle of their own, so none of them can afford to give much. The dwelling-place of the old couple is one room behind a store, and their food consists chiefly of bread, herring, and tea. For the Sabbath, Mrs. Mendelssohn gets two cents' worth of cream, which she stirs in a bowl and makes into her own kosher butter.

Poor as they are, this helpless old couple have a happy attitude that is hardly understandable. Every day they live, they say, "is a present from God." And poor as they are, they are themselves charitable; every Friday a couple of cents go into the "blind box."

Also, they are hospitable. The last time I called on the two, Mr. Mendelssohn quickly left the room and soon returned with an orange in his hand. This he insisted I should eat. All during my visit there was not one word of complaint. Just before I left, the bent, white-haired old man shook hands with me warmly and said with a smile, "I am all right. It's my pocket that's a little sick."

But when old age has come on, and there are no children, then the situation is far worse. Mr. and Mrs. Hauptman have long since passed the years of effective working, but having no savings, no children, and being too proud to ask or accept charity, they still try to struggle on. A one-room cellar, its ceiling on a level with the sidewalk without, its walls cold and damp, a small cot, a wooden box used as a table, one chair minus a back, a little stove, a few old dishes—such is the "home" of this hard-working old couple—literally at the bottom.

Mr. Hauptman, useless for anything else, has in his old age taken up a trade that is allied to rag-picking. He gathers up scraps from the floors of clothing factories, sorts them, and sells them; he considers himself fortunate when he clears two or three dollars a week. Until a year ago Mrs. Hauptman occasionally found work as a midwife and was able to add to the support of the two. But the winter before last she caught cold in her right arm; for months she paid no attention to it, though the pain continued. At last she was persuaded to see a doctor, and three months ago she went through a very serious operation. After eight weeks in the hospital she returned to her cot in the cellar, where she spends all her time now, lying there alone, day after day, in the cellar's constant blackness. All she sees of the great outside world is the feet of the passers-by. Since the cot is the only bed, old Mr. Hauptman sleeps on the damp pavement beside her—the floor softened by his bags of rags.

The old man is now the housekeeper as well as the breadwinner, and he takes great pains to make his cave seem homelike. He sweeps and scrubs the floor of his cellar; he pins all over the walls odd pieces of colored paper that he finds in his pickings; he even has a dove (also a find) suspended on a string from the ceiling.

"This place is all she sees," he explains, "so I try to brighten it up a bit."

Some of these people, as I have said, are uncomplaining; they have not known anything better, and so they have the heart to smile. Some are too weary, too sodden with labor, to complain. Some are too engrossed with the tremendous problem of last month's rent and to-day's bread to have room in their minds for anything else. But among them is an ever-growing number who are beginning to think, beginning to question.

This questioning is stirring the souls of men and women in every city, of men and women who live in misery about every mine and every great factory. As yet the question is, with the majority, only a question—vague and half-formed at that; as yet only a few have shaped an answer in their minds. That ever-growing, ever-spreading question is much as it was put to me by a coal-carrier—one of those bent-backed creatures who from morning to night carry bags of coal up tenement stairways.

"Why is it," said he, "when this is the richest country in the world, when the things we need are piled up in abundance everywhere, when we are willing to work and work hard, when we try our best—why is it, with all this, that we must still work and live and die down here, in misery and want, at the bottom?"

Why is it?

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SALLY CASTLETON, *Southerner*

by CRITTENDEN MARRIOTT

ILLUSTRATIONS BY N. C. WYETH

CHAPTER XXI—CONTINUED

SWIFTLY Radcliffe pocketed the papers and watched the boy go out. He made no attempt to speak; spies were all around him, he was sure. More than likely listeners were in the adjoining rooms.

Left alone, he examined every inch of the walls and ceilings, assuring himself that there were no peep-holes through which his movements could be watched. Then, drawing the blinds, he sat down in the semi-darkness to examine the papers.

One by one he unfolded them. First came a plan of the fortifications of the city. Every fort was shown, every bastion and redoubt of the works indicated, every gun listed, every rifle pit and ditch noted. The paper would be invaluable to an attacking force, and it might well prove invaluable to Radcliffe himself, if he had to try to slip out of the city and make his escape. Carefully he studied it, impressing its details upon his mind.

Next came similar plans of Petersburg, a few miles to the south, at that moment besieged by General Butler and his army. These Radcliffe glanced at and laid aside as of no immediate importance.

Last came full copies of correspondence between the Confederate State Department and the British and French governments, outlining the details of an agreement by which, under certain contingencies, the Confederacy was to be formally recognized —copies so full, so detailed, so explicit, that they proved their own accuracy. Radcliffe's heart leaped as he read them.

"By Jove!" he muttered under his breath. "Carter is a dandy! How did he ever get these things? How did he dare to take them?"

All the papers were on the thinnest of paper, and all were in duplicate. Radcliffe thought for a little, then made them up into two packets, which he placed in different pockets. "Two packets can't damn me any more than one," he muttered; "and perhaps—perhaps——"

He looked at his watch. "One o'clock," he said to himself. "I'd better go down to dinner or I'll lose it—and Heaven knows when I'll get my next meal! It's taking big chances to stay here till night, but I guess Carter knows what he's doing. 'After supper make your escape as best you can,' he said. After supper, then, I must try to get away, whether I hear from him or not."

He got up, raised the blinds, and looked out of the window, scanning the street below. As he watched, he saw the small darky come out of the livery stable, leading Prince, and start on his tramp up and down the block.

Two minutes later he descended the hotel stairs in leisurely fashion. To all appearances he was as serenely unconscious of danger as if he had been at his own home in the North. In reality his every nerve was tense, his every trained faculty concentrated to catch the first sign of danger.

He was absolutely certain that his arrest was only a question of time. It might come at any moment; it would certainly come soon. He guessed that the Confederates were waiting for him to lead them to Carter. If they continued to hold off till night, the darkness would increase his chances of escape. He had this in mind when he promised Carter to remain till after supper. But supper was as yet hours away. Till then he must play his part carefully — if need be, he must actually seek the Secretary of War and rehearse his tale about cotton

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'GENIE HAD GRASPED PHILIP'S SADDLE, AND WAS CLINGING THERE. "PLEASE! PLEASE!" SHE BEGGED. "OH, MY GOD, PHILIP, HE'LL KILL YOU!"

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for that gentleman's benefit. And he must keep continually on the watch.

Quite coolly he walked to the desk.

"Any message for me from the War Department?" he inquired, noting the while that a man lounging beside the desk had bent his head to listen.

The clerk shook his head. "Not yet, suh," he answered.

Radcliffe hesitated. "Humph!" he remarked. "I'm in something of a hurry. I think I'll ride up to the Capitol myself. Is dinner ready?"

"Yes, suh. Dining-room just behind you, suh."

Radcliffe looked around. Behind him, at the end of the hall, he saw a wide arch through which came the glimmer of glass, the clinking of china.

"Ah, yes!" he said easily. "Well, I'll eat dinner first and then, if I haven't heard, I'll ride up to the Capitol." With a nod he strode into the dining-hall, surrendering his hat as he entered.

Inside, the head waiter showed him a table well down the room, close to a swinging door through which tray-laden waiters came and went, and laid the bill of fare before him. Soon a waiter came, took his order, and shambled away again.

The fare was good—much better than he had expected to find it in a region where both agriculture and transportation had suffered such staggering blows as they had in Virginia during the four years of war.

Toward the close of the dinner he saw a bell-boy coming down the room from the door that led to the hotel lobby. Radcliffe saw at once that it was the boy who had brought the papers to his room an hour before, and guessed that he was seeking him.

By Radcliffe's chair the boy paused. "De clerk, Mr. Carrington, he say a message done come from de Capitol for you, sah!" he said. "De man who brung it am a-waitin'."

Radcliffe nodded. "Ask him to wait," he said. "I'll be out soon." Dumbly his eyes questioned the black face before him.

"Yes, sah. Certainly, sah." The boy paused, then went on in the same expressionless tone: "De provost done come to arrest you, sah. Dey done catch Mr. Carter takin' a paper at the Department. All de do's is guarded. Provost waitin' in de hall foh you. Don't want no fuss in de dinin'-room."

Radcliffe nodded again. "Thank you," he said. "Kindly tell Mr. Carrington to tell the messenger that I will be out in a very few minutes and to ask him to wait till then."

"Yes, sah!"

Radcliffe felt his muscles grow tense. The crisis had come. Poor Carter was done for and he was free to make his escape—if he could.

If he could! Escape seemed absolutely impossible. Alone in a hostile city, surrounded by enemies, doubtless watched at that very minute by a score of eyes, what chance was there for him?

Furtively he glanced around the room, and to his amazement saw that no one seemed to be watching him. Evidently the news of his intended arrest had not penetrated to the dining-hall. Waiters were coming and going, pushing their way through the swing-door at the back; the clatter of knives and forks sounded on all sides, and a cheerful hum of conversation filled the air.

Deliberately he dropped his napkin on the side toward the back of the room. He leaned over to get it and as he straightened up flung it, wide open, across his left shoulder. Simultaneously he rose from his chair, picked up his plate, and moved at a shambling trot, a characteristic waiter's trot, to the swing-door, and pushed through it.

No outcry rose behind him. For a moment, at least, his departure had passed unnoticed. He drew a long breath and hurried on.

Two steps beyond the door a cross-passage branched off from the hallway upon which the door opened. On its wall hung a row of hats and coats, probably belonging to the waiters. As he passed, Radcliffe snatched a coat and a broad slouch hat, flung off his own coat, and slipped into the other as he reached the outer door.

A single glance into the alley showed him that it was empty. Evidently the Confederates, ignorant of the fact that Radcliffe had been warned, and expecting an easy capture, were quietly waiting for him in the hotel office. Until his flight from the dining-room was noticed, he need not fear pursuit—but this meant only a matter of seconds.

Fighting down the impulse to run, he walked along the alley until he came to the street at the side of the hotel—the alley

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opening into it within fifty feet of the main entrance of the building. As he had hoped, the little negro he had hired was leading Prince toward him at the instant he appeared. Radcliffe crooked his finger.

"Here, boy!" he called without raising his voice.

The lad looked up and came toward him. An instant later Radcliffe had tossed him a dollar, thrown his leg over the saddle, and clattered off through the deserted street.

Again he had to force himself to curb his pace and check the natural impulse to break at once into headlong flight. He had escaped from the hotel, but he had yet to pass the barriers, and he knew that without some disguise he could never do so. He turned one corner after another, edging slowly away from the hotel.

Suddenly his eye caught a flash of gold braid in a shop window. He checked his horse and found himself staring at the depleted but still showy display of a military tailor. With a muttered exclamation of thankfulness, Radcliffe slipped from his horse, and the next instant he was inside the little shop. His explanations were perfectly sufficient for the fat, credulous little man behind the counter, and a few moments later what appeared to be a lieutenant of Confederate cavalry—booted, spurred, a saber clanking at his side—came out of the shop and mounted his horse.

Radcliffe pulled the slouch hat rather low over his eyes, clucked to the horse, and settled easily into the saddle. There was still no sound of pursuit or outcry behind him, and he chuckled quietly to himself.

"They're gentlemen all right," he muttered. "They don't like to disturb even a spy at his dinner!"

He rode on slowly. His danger, in spite of his unexpected success, had diminished little, but this first triumph had steadied his nerve and given him confidence.

"My best chance to run the barriers," he decided, "will be at night. And until then, I'm safest in the place they're least likely to look for me. I'll go and say good-by to Sally!"

CHAPTER XXII

A maid admitted Radcliffe at the door of Mrs. Mason's home, ushered him into the parlor, and left him. His eyes roved over sofa, chairs, mantel, and what-not, and centered on the table, where 'Genie's satchel stood open and forgotten amid a heap of letters. At these he stared in perplexity for a moment; then his lips twitched. "Little 'Genie's got her love-letters out already," he muttered. "She must be homesick."

He walked to the window and looked out, noting that the view commanded the sweeping driveway and the big entrance gate, whereby any danger would probably approach. He had already satisfied himself that there was a way out at the back of the grounds.

A step sounded behind him, and he turned to see Sally standing on the threshold.

The girl was whiter than ever, and her pallor brought out still more vividly the great circles beneath her eyes.

With a cry of pity he sprang forward and caught her in his arms. "You're ill," he cried, "you're very ill."

"No! No!" Desperately she clung to him, face buried on his breast. "Not now! Not since you've come! I'm all right now!"

"But you ought to be resting—asleep."

"I've been trying to." The girl's voice was pathetically unsteady. "I've been trying to. But I couldn't. I've fancied—such horrible things. But—but—" she thrust him away from her with all the strength of her slender wrists, gazing with frightened eyes at the uniform he wore—"but what is this? Why——"

Radcliffe laughed. "This uniform! Oh, my Confederate friends—er—insisted. Do you like it?"

"Like it! Yes! But I don't understand——"

"Don't try to. Tell me of yourself. What are your plans? Have you heard from Mrs. Mason?"

The girl nodded. "Yes," she answered. "We've heard, and we're going back to Castleton almost at once. Colonel Mason is very badly wounded. He can not be moved, and Mrs. Mason will be away indefinitely. She wants us to stay, but of course we can not. Besides, our place is at home. I know that now. We can at least raise food for the army. That's all we can do. I wanted to serve the South. I wanted to do great things for her. But I can't."

"When do you go?" Radcliffe asked the question mechanically.

"As soon as possible. I am only waiting

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till—till— But when do you go yourself?" Wildly her eyes questioned him.

"Like you, as soon as possible. It depends on others more than on myself."

"I know! I know! Oh, I can't let you go without some warning. I can't! You wouldn't let me tell you before you went this morning, but now I must! I will!"

Radcliffe shook his head. "No!" he said positively. "You must not tell me anything you have no right to tell."

"But I must, I tell you! You don't know! You can't guess——"

"But I do know. I know all you would tell me. I know why Colonel Page sent you with me. I know how doggedly and thoroughly you discharged the duty, although the strain nearly killed you. I know the Confederates will come to arrest me soon—perhaps very soon!"

"You know that?"

"Yes. I understood this morning all that I had not guessed before."

"And—and you forgive me?"

"Forgive you! For what? For doing your duty just as I am trying to do mine? I have nothing to forgive. Why, little girl, I love you for what you have done! I couldn't love you so much if you had failed in your duty for any one's sake—even for mine! I know how hard it was for you to do it—for you, the very soul of truth and honesty, to juggle and cajole and pretend, and I honor you for it."

"You honor me?"

"Yes! You were doing your duty as I was doing mine. I am not a professional spy. I never was a spy before. But General Grant wanted some one who knew the country and the people down here. He thought that of all available I was best fitted for the duty, and he asked me to undertake it, just as Colonel Page asked you to undertake your duty for the same reason. Both of us hated the work, but neither of us could refuse. So we came."

"Yes, we came!"

"And we have both done our duty loyally. But there is one thing that I think you do not know. You have thought all along that you were leading me to my death, and I dared not explain to you, even this morning. Now, however, it is different. I have finished my task here and I can speak. Console yourself! You have done nothing that counted against me. The very morning after I entered the Confederate lines I learned that in some way my errand had become known and that it was nearly hopeless. Nevertheless, I came on."

"How did you learn? Was it something that I said?" Sally asked the question with the calmness of despair.

"Oh, no! I knew it before I met you. I was arrested at Rockfish, and there I overheard a telegram that was being sent over the wires. It told me that everything was known. I suppose it never occurred to the lieutenant who captured me that his prisoner could read Morse. But, as it happened, I could—and did. Somebody had betrayed me. I don't know who."

"I do!"

"Really? Who? That is, of course, I'd like to know if you are at liberty to tell."

The girl hesitated; then—"I see no reason why I shouldn't speak of it now," she said. "You were overheard telling your plans to General Haverhill."

"Overheard! Good Lord! I knew it was madness to talk, but the general refused to put me across the lines unless I explained what I was going for. But go on."

"It was at my father's house that you were talking. I was up-stairs and saw you from the window——"

"You! It was you! I knew there was some one there. I felt your eyes—but go on! You overheard in some way?"

"No! Not I! Some one else. A young friend of ours, Lieutenant Philip Byrd."

"But how? The house was searched."

A wintry smile curved Sally's lips. "Yes," she said, "it was searched in every part except the right one. Philip was in the stove!"

"In the stove? In the *stove?*" For a moment Radcliffe looked blank; then the big hall with its big stove rose before his mind's eye. "Great Scott!" he exclaimed. "The fellow had nerve to hide there!"

"He had no choice. He was carrying dispatches to General Lee, and had dropped at our door, fainting, a few hours before. General Haverhill surprised us before he could get away. He had to hide somewhere, and the stove seemed the only place."

Radcliffe nodded. "Well!" he observed. "It turned out all right from his point of view; and that's the main thing. But to get back to my story. When I knew that the Rebs were on to me, it was too late for me to get away, if I'd wanted to. Later, of course, I might have tried it, but I should

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probably have failed; and so I decided to come on to Richmond and match my wits against those of your friends."

"And you knew about me—from the first?"

"Not quite from the first. I was uncertain at first. But—you've probably forgotten—but yesterday you called me 'Captain' Radcliffe."

"And yet——"

"And yet I told you that I loved you and would love you till the end—and beyond it. Yes, Sally." Gently he took her hand and drew her toward him. "Yes, dear, Fate has thrown us on opposite sides in this struggle, and we must do what is laid upon us to do. But privately, unofficially, we are going to love each other exactly as if we were allies. I came to tell you this and to say good-by."

"Good-by!" The girl's face blanched. Violently she thrust him from her. "Good-by! You—you can't say good-by. You can't go away. You are watched. The moment you try to leave, you will be arrested, and then——"

Radcliffe hesitated. For a moment he meant to tell her that the Confederates were already searching for him, but he quickly dismissed the idea. Better that she should be anxious for him than that he should make her love struggle with her loyalty.

"I know," he said gently. "I know I shall be arrested sooner or later. But till I am, I must go on as best I may."

"But—but they'll hang you!"

"Oh, I guess not." Radcliffe had little doubt as to what would happen if he were captured, but he was talking to console the girl. "They'll arrest me, of course—I expect to be arrested—but arrest isn't all. I've got my plans laid. Let them arrest me. I expect it, I tell you."

"You expect it?"

"Yes. I will be arrested the moment I go back to the hotel. Yet I must go."

"You can't! You sha'n't!"

"I must!" He stretched out his arms. "Bid me good-by!" he begged.

Slowly the girl moved toward him. Slowly she lifted starlike eyes and lips that showed scarlet in the pallor of her face. Her uplifted arms, with the filmy fabric of her sleeves drooping away from them, gleamed white in the level sunbeams that ranged across the wide parlor.

Then suddenly her body swayed toward him and her fevered lips clung to his. Her arms wrapped him round. Her eyes blazed.

"Good-by!" she cried bravely. "Good-by! Go, if you must, to meet your fate. I shall be ready for it, whatever it may be. As long as you live, I will live too and will work to save your life. If you die—I will not be long behind you. No void is too deep, no darkness too profound for me to follow where you go. Remember, my life is bound up with yours. Guard yours as you would guard mine, for on yours hangs mine."

Radcliffe's cheeks whitened with dismay. "Oh, no! Not that!" he protested. "You mustn't——"

But Sally raised her fingers to his lips. "No more!" she faltered. "I can't bear any more now. I—I—Oh!—What is it?"

A colored maid had entered and was standing close beside the two. She saw that Sally had noticed her, and spoke.

"Miss 'Genie she done say she must see you right away, ma'am; please, ma'am."

Sally hesitated. Then she nodded. "Say that I'll come in a moment," she said. Then she turned back to Radcliffe. "I must see what she wants," she explained. "You won't go till I come back."

"I am afraid I must."

"No, no! Please don't! I'll be back in an instant. Please don't go." With flying feet she sped from the room and up the stairs.

Left alone, Radcliffe stared after the girl desperately. "She'll do it, too," he muttered. "I must say something to stop her. But what? What? . . .There's nothing to say!" he declared after a moment. "I've simply got to get away safely—for her sake as well as for my own and for the sake of these papers." His fingers sought and found the packages in his inner pockets.

Once more he looked around him, staring at the portraits on the wall, at 'Genie's heaped letters on the table, at the broad disk of the sun burning through the great windows.

"She's going back to Castleton," he muttered. "Probably that will be my safest route—if I once get outside the fortifications. It's the longest way round, but there won't be so many troops to pass. Yes, I'll go by Castleton and drop in to see her. Likely she'll be there as soon as I."

Meditatively he ran his fingers into the

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pile of letters on the table, lifting them and letting them fall again. Suddenly he started. "Why not?" he gasped. "Why not? They're going back to Castleton. They'll not be searched. 'Genie will take her letters through safely—that's certain. Why shouldn't she take mine, too?"

Anxiously he glanced around him, then whipped from his pocket the two packets of letters that had cost Carter so dear. One he thrust back; the other he slipped into one of 'Genie's envelopes. Thin and small, composed of the finest paper, it did not noticeably increase the bulk of the letter. Radcliffe weighed it in his hand.

"She may never notice it," he muttered. "And perhaps—it's only a bare chance—but if I lose my own packet I *may* find this one at Castleton."

There was a step on the stairs, and he hurriedly thrust the envelope among the others. Then he turned to meet Sally at the door of the parlor.

CHAPTER XXIII

The girl's face was ghastly in its pallor. One hand was raised to her bloodless lips in a silence-compelling gesture, and the other waved Radcliffe desperately back into the parlor.

Responsive to her silent entreaty, Radcliffe yielded, retreating from the doorway toward the center of the room.

There she faced him. "They're searching for you," she whispered. "Oh, why didn't you tell me you were trying to escape? Why didn't you go while you could?"

Radcliffe caught her in his arms. "You poor child!" he cried. "How did you find out? I didn't want you to know till I was gone. There was no use in harrowing you up. That's why I told you I was going back to the hotel to be arrested. But since you know——"

"Yes, I know!"

"Well, it's quite true. I *am* trying to escape; and I think I can. This uniform will get me by the barriers, and then it will be just a race, with the chances all in my favor. Don't worry. I've been in a lot tighter places than this." Radcliffe was talking with a lightness he was far from feeling.

Desperately the girl wrenched herself free. "No, no!" she cried. "There's no chance. They're here! Oh, why did you come?"

"Here! Who's here?"

"Philip Byrd. He is up-stairs now. They found out that you had got away. They're watching for you at all the barriers. Philip came here. He saw your horse outside and thought he knew it. So he slipped in and questioned 'Genie. She sent for the maid, and the maid told her that a Confederate officer was with me. That was why 'Genie sent for me. She wanted to know who it was. I—I—lied to her and to Philip. I said you were some one sent by the President to see me. I said we must not be interrupted. Philip believed me, I think. But he seemed suspicious, too. When you leave, he will watch. I know he will. And then—and then——"

"Then I must go without his seeing me. I'll try. This uniform will help. But I must hurry." He took her unresisting hands and drew her toward him. "Remember you are mine—mine for life and for death, mine to all eternity. Once I am free of this duty, I will come to claim you. Never doubt it. Now kiss me, dear, and let me go. I must pass the barriers with the sunset crowd. Never fear. Philip will not guess—Good-by!"

He clattered out of the room, across the porch, down the steps, and across the gravel walk to the rack where Prince was hitched. He swaggered as he walked, tilting his broad, gold-corded slouch hat impudently backward. Not the faintest sign of nervousness showed in his bearing. Under almost any other circumstances he would have gone undetected.

But Philip was not to be deceived. The horse tethered to the rack was very like the one he had seen Radcliffe riding; and Sally's manner, as she made her disclaimer to him and to 'Genie, had not been above suspicion. The moment she left the room he had slipped down the back stairs, mounted his own horse, and ridden to the corner of the house. Radcliffe's gray uniform, as the spy came out, made him pause for a moment, but the broad shoulders were not to be disguised, and with almost no perceptible delay Philip plunged forward.

As he came, he raised his sword in salute. "Good morning, Captain Radcliffe," he said. "You are my prisoner."

Radcliffe reined back so suddenly that Prince reared. When he was on his feet again Radcliffe's sword was in his hand. "Not yet!" he laughed.

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DEEP IN HOLLOW SOCKETS HIS HOT EYES BURNED, RED WITH FEVER. HE SAT HIS HORSE LIKE AN OLD MAN, HAGGARD AND BENT.

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A shriek—two shrieks—rang from the house. From the open door the two girls came running.

The two men looked at each other hesitatingly. "It's no use, Captain!" declared Philip. "No use! Escape is absolutely impossible. To fight is sheer suicide. Yield while you can and give back those papers, and I'll try to save your life. I can't promise to succeed, but I'll try."

Pantingly Sally thrust herself forward almost beneath the trampling hoofs. "Surrender! Surrender!" she begged. "They sha'n't kill you. They sha'n't. I'll save you. I'll go to President Davis on my knees and beg—and beg—" Her voice died inarticulately away. "Surrender—for my sake," she gasped.

But Radcliffe shook his head. No longer was he the lover. He had become the soldier once more. "It's impossible," he said briefly. "I'll never surrender—not even for you. I'm sorry, dear, but if I must die, I'll die fighting."

"But it's madness!" she wailed.

It seemed madness. But there was nothing else for him to do. He would not surrender and hang—for hang he would; he could not doubt it. He could not flee—not with Philip at his heels to denounce him at the barrier or to the nearest troopers. He did not want to slay the boy; he did not want to rob 'Genie of her lover, to kill Sally's childhood friend; but he must at least disable him or die himself. And if he died, his dispatches—dispatches that had already cost more than one life—would fail to reach his government.

He wheeled to face Philip. "On guard, sir!" he shouted. "On guard!"

Both girls were sobbing in terror. 'Genie had grasped Philip's saddle, and was clinging there. "Please! Please!" she begged. "Oh, my God! Philip! He'll kill you. Please! Please!"

Philip hesitated. Thoroughly he appreciated Radcliffe's attitude and willingly would he have crossed swords with him. But 'Genie's frenzied pleading made him pause.

He turned to Radcliffe. "This is madness," he protested. "Madness! It will do you no good to fight. Even if you kill me it will do you no good. Believe me, you can not escape. I've sent for my men. They're not half a mile away. They'll be here soon and then——"

"Then there's no time to lose. On guard, man! On guard, or I'll run you through."

Still Philip held back. 'Genie was clinging to himd esperately, and without violence he could not free himself. "For God's sake, 'Genie!" he begged.

Radcliffe read the drama correctly. In a flash he reined back. Prince reared, wheeled almost on his haunches, and shot away down the drive toward the gate. In amazement 'Genie relaxed her grip on Philip, and, with a cry, the boy struck spurs to his horse and followed.

A hundred yards down the drive Radcliffe wheeled. "Now!" he shouted, as Prince plunged forward.

As the two horses crashed together 'Genie shrieked. Then she turned and fled toward the house.

Sally saw her but did not heed her. Numb, breathless, with staring eyes she watched the combat. She did not pray. Her lips shaped incoherent words, but she did not know what they were.

He must conquer! He must! He must! The South—what did she care for the South? Radcliffe was her South, her God, her all! Philip—let Philip die, if need be—he had thrust himself into the fray. Let him take the consequences.

Man to man, on solid earth, Philip's slender bulk was no match for Radcliffe's great frame. But on horseback, sabers in hands, the two were fairly matched. Though slender, Philip was wiry and strong. His arms were long, giving him a reach at least equal to that of his antagonist. The wound in his leg was nearly healed, and it counted for nothing in a battle on horseback. Moreover, he need fight only on the defensive. Time was on his side. He had only to hold off the onslaught long enough and George would be back with overwhelming aid. He need not slay Sally's lover—for he was sure Radcliffe held that place—he need not slay her lover before her eyes.

Radcliffe had no such consolation. For him delay meant defeat and a dishonored death. Time fought against him. Each passing moment—each moment that saw his adversary still facing him—brought the end nearer. Any instant might bring reenforcements, and once they came the fight would have but one end. Desperately he pressed the combat. The horses plunged and snorted, swaying and biting as steel rang upon steel above their heaving flanks.

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From the moment he felt Philip's blade against his own, Radcliffe had known the boy to be his match, perhaps his master, with the sword. Both were skilled swordsmen, not trained, perhaps, to the European excellence, but well trained by American standards. Swifter and swifter flew the swords, circling, hissing; the sunlight, flashing upon them, turned them at once into coats of mail and darting points of flame.

Abruptly 'Genie reappeared. Out of the house she rushed, thrusting past the colored maids who had gathered from nowhere and stood with ashen faces watching the fight. Down the walk she ran.

In her hands she clutched two pistols—Derringers, with long, heavy barrels—dueling pistols, warranted to carry true and let out the life where they struck. One she threw upon the grass; then she dropped upon her knee and steadied the other across her arm. She was a markswoman, was 'Genie Castleton! She and Sally both were markswomen, trained by their soldier father.

But before she could press the trigger, Sally saw her and bounded forward, snatching at the pistol.

"You sha'n't! You sha'n't!" she gasped. "Frank shall have his chance. He shall have his chance!"

The younger girl did not yield. "He'll kill Philip!" she shrieked. "You traitor! You Yankee-lover! Let go! Let go!" Frantically she struggled to point the weapon." He'll kill Philip!"

Sally wrenched the pistol away, and snatched up the other. "Let him kill him if he will! He shall have his chance. He shall have his chance—God!"

Radcliffe hurled his horse furiously against Philip, making as if to give the point. As he came, Philip parried, dodged, and thrust back. Radcliffe felt the steel slash along his shoulder, grating on the bone; a hair's breadth deeper, and it would have severed the great artery in his throat. A warm flood poured down his back and the world flashed red before him. But through the veil he saw his chance. Quick as light his sword flashed upward; he rose in his stirrups and struck downward with all his strength. Philip saw the blow coming and tried to dodge—there was no time to parry. Too late! Through shoulder strap and flesh and bone the steel cut shrewdly down. Under the shock the younger man reeled and toppled from his saddle.

Radcliffe was in little better case. The world was spinning round him in great circles. Trees, horses, staring faces blended in one mighty zigzag across the reeling heavens. Desperately he strove to command himself. For him there could be no moment of weakness. For him weakness meant death.

Slowly the mist cleared. He saw Philip lying on the gravel, with 'Genie bending over him. Sally stood by, a Derringer in either hand, staring at the scene with sick eyes.

Radcliffe could not move. He could hardly cling to the saddle. In vain he told himself that he must go—go. His limbs refused to obey his will.

As he waited, motionless, Philip raised himself on his wounded arm.

"Shoot, Sally, shoot! He's got the plans! If they get to Washington, we're lost. Shoot! Shoot! For the South!"

Over Sally's face came a change. She raised a piotol and pointed it toward Radcliffe.

"Plans!" she gasped. "Have you plans—or papers? Answer me!"

Radcliffe nodded. He was too dizzy to speak. Blood was pouring from his wound, but it was running down his back and did not show in front.

Instantly the pistol came to a level. "Give them up!" came the order. "Give them up—and go!"

Radcliffe did not move.

Abruptly the girl's calm was broken. "Oh, for God's sake!" she cried. "I can't let you go unless you give them up. I can't! I'm a good shot. And I've got two bullets here—one for you—for the man I love—the other for myself. Don't force me to use them. Give them up!"

With a great effort the man thrust his hand into his pocket and drew out a packet. Feebly he tossed it to Philip. Then he turned to Sally. "Bravo, sweetheart!" he muttered with stiff lips. "You did just right. May I go now?"

"Go! Go! Go!"

The bay horse reared, wheeled, and sprang forward, heading straight into the west. For a moment Radcliffe's clinging figure, bent over the pommel, showed black against the flaming glory of the sinking sun; then it vanished.

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CHAPTER XXIV

The great white moon poised on the crest of the Blue Ridge, looking down on the Castleton farm as peacefully as in bygone years she had looked on the primeval forest that once had filled the cove where fertile fields now stretched. Numberless tragedies had the moon seen on that Ridge and in that cove—had seen the captive writhing at the stake, the village blotted out by the landslide, the helpless sheep in the grasp of the catamount, the white man falling by his brother's hand. All of them the moon had watched unmoved.

Yet even the moon, callous to all else, is rumored to look with fondness upon lovers; and perhaps she had followed the loves of Sally Castleton and Frank Radcliffe with actual attention. Certain it was that, swelling nightly toward the full, she lingered later night after night, hanging on the crest of the Ridge, craning her goggle eyes for a peep at the cove, as if she knew that there would take place the last act in the drama.

Perhaps the moon's foreknowledge grew from actual sight and not intuition. Perhaps, a pale ghost in the western sky, she had watched Frank Radcliffe riding west, day after day, clinging to his saddle and his horse's mane, racked by fever, half starved, tortured by his wound, sometimes delirious, yet wise enough to skulk through woods and bushes, pushing on toward Castleton. Perhaps she had heard the sudden Northern challenge, the reply, the explanation, and had seen Radcliffe again riding west, making no stop for rest or surgery, with a couple of blue-clad soldiers at his heels. Perhaps she had seen him and his men unsaddling in a hidden glen back of the Castleton farm and sitting down to wait.

Perhaps, too, the moon had seen Sally and 'Genie retracing the road over which they had gone ten days before, carrying Philip Byrd with them in a wagon driven by George Crawford. Perhaps she saw them at last halting before their father's house.

Old Claban met them at the door. "Bless de Lord!" he cried. "Bless de Lord! You's back again! An' Massa Philip!"

Philip grinned. "What's left of him, Uncle Claban."

Claban stared at the bandages that circled the subaltern's shoulder. "My, my! Is you hurt again, Massa Philip!" he exclaimed sympathetically. "Seems like you's gittin' more'n your share."

'Genie had been helping Philip to descend from the wagon. Now she turned to Claban. "Say, Uncle Claban," she said, "you know who this is?" She indicated Philip.

"Know who it is! Go 'long, chile. 'Co'se I know who it is."

"I'll bet you don't. I reckon you think he's just Mr. Byrd. But he isn't. He's Captain Byrd, an' he's my husband."

"Husban'! *Husban'!*"

"'Deed he is! We've been married a whole week. He got promotion and a furlough together, and I married him and brought him home to get well. Come on in, Philip!"

But George stopped him, saluting. "I'll put up the wagon, Captain," he said. "An' then if you can spare me I'd like to go and see mother."

Philip nodded. "All right, George! Come over to-morrow."

George went off, and the rest went into the house. It was late and they were all tired, and 'Genie speedily took her Philip off to rest.

As the two disappeared, Sally turned to Claban. "Shut up the house and go to bed, Uncle Claban," she directed.

The old man obeyed, making fast the sashes and the door. Then he came to the girl's side. "Good night, Miss Sally," he said. "I sho'ly is glad to see you back. You ain't lookin' real well, Miss Sally."

Sally sighed. "I'll be better soon, I hope, Uncle Claban, now I'm home. You haven't seen any strangers around here, have you?"

"Round here? 'Deed I ain't, Miss Sally. Dar ain't been nobody round here for days. Dat is, I ain't seed nobody. Come to think, I ain't so sure. Looks like somebody been stealin' garden truck. Leastways some's done disappeared."

Sally nodded as if to herself. "Very well," she said wearily. "Go to bed, Uncle Claban." She took the lighted candle he offered and stood looking around her curiously. So much had happened since she last stood in that hall. Almost it seemed to her that she had never seen the place before. Her wandering eyes fell on 'Genie's black satchel, left standing on the open desk, and she smiled.

"Dear 'Genie," she murmured. "She

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doesn't need Philip's letters now. And I—I haven't even a letter—not one."

Slowly she mounted the steps, leaving the hall to darkness.

Meanwhile, Radcliffe and his men, hidden in the bushes, had been watching. They had seen the wagon drive up and drive away again, and had waited till the moon went down and the lights in the house went out. Then Radcliffe called for his horse. "Lieutenant Perkins," he said, "I am going to the house. I shall take Private Jones with me. You will stay here and wait. If he brings you the papers, go north with them instantly without waiting for me." A moment later he was riding across the fields with the orderly behind him.

Little remained of the smart Confederate lieutenant of a week before. His gray uniform, tattered and mud-splashed, hung loosely upon his gaunt form. His left arm was carried in a sort of sling; his coat sleeve was stiff with caked blood. Deep in hollow sockets his hot eyes burned, red with fever. He sat his horse like an old man, haggard and bent.

Across the fields his road lay, through the riot of weeds and trailing vines that billowed in the unhoed corn, across the trampled clover and up the ravished orchard. At the back of the great barn he halted and, aided by the orderly, half fell, half clambered from his horse; then slowly and painfully he hobbled toward the house, moving cautiously from tree to tree. Private Jones came close behind.

At the house at last, he mounted the porch and stood still, holding by a chair. "Try to find a way in," he ordered. "But do not go in. Come back and let me know."

Jones saluted and turned away. To himself he chuckled scornfully. "Find a way?" he echoed. "Lord! Gimme something hard." Carelessly he thrust the point of his saber into the crack of the shutters and wrenched. With a creak, distinct but not loud, the bolts tore out and the shutter swung open. The sash within yielded as easily.

Then Jones stepped back. "Window's open, sir," he reported. "Over here, sir."

Radcliffe followed. Haltingly he clambered over the low sill, supporting himself by the tall jambs. "Wait here!" he ordered.

He took a step forward and halted, peering into the gloom. Where to hunt for 'Genie's satchel or for the papers he had placed within it, he did not know. He could only hope that chance might favor him. Only as a last recourse would he call his men and search the house forcibly. He did not want Sally to know that she had unconsciously helped to bring the papers through. He hoped she might never know.

Slowly his eyes grew accustomed to the darkness. He knew that he was in the great reception hall, and he strove anxiously to call back to memory the arrangement of its furniture. Slowly his eyes dilated, and one by one he made out the blacker shadows that stood for the table, the lounge, the stove—ah! that stove!—the ramp of the stairs, the desk.

Almost swiftly he made his way to the desk. It was open. His groping fingers touched something. The soft scratch of a match followed, and a tiny blue flame, sulphur-smelling, winked out in the darkness, illumining 'Genie's black satchel brimming with letters. Eagerly he caught it up and turned away. He had no time to pick and choose. He must take all and return 'Genie's letters later.

Two strides took him to the window. Another would have put him through it. But before he could take that other a voice came down from the top of the stairs.

"Frank! Frank!" it said. "Is it you?"

Radcliffe thrust the satchel through the window. "Give this to Lieutenant Perkins," he whispered. "Tell him to go north with it at once. Don't wait for me. Go!"

He faced round in the darkness. "Yes, it is I," he answered, unsteadily. She must not know! It would break her heart!

Sally came hurrying down the stairs. "I knew you would come," she cried, gladly, "if only to forgive me. You do forgive me, don't you, Frank? I only did my duty. I could not let you take those papers. I *could* not! Could I, Frank?"

Radcliffe did not speak. His dry lips moved, but no words came. He stood motionless, braced against the window frame, his face toward the dim, slight figure whose face he could not clearly see. She had crossed the great hall to him now, and her hands reached out in entreaty.

Pleadingly the voice went on. "You are not angry, are you, Frank? I could not let you go with those papers that might have meant ruin to my country! Could I, Frank?"

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The passion in the girl's tones revealed the struggle that had racked her.

"I couldn't do that!" she repeated, desperately. "I did save your life by hiding the fact that you were disguised in Confederate uniform till you had had time to pass the barriers. Philip was unconscious. 'Genie was attending him. I kept the maids in the background and —I did not tell. Perhaps I should have told. Perhaps it was traitorous of me not to tell. But I could not do it any more than I could let you go with the papers. You do know I couldn't, don't you, Frank? Tell me!"

Radcliffe dared not take a step toward her, but his stiff lips moved. "Yes!" he said. "Yes. You did right."

Like a flame the girl's passion flared up. "You are wrong!" she cried. "I knew you would say that! But you are wrong. I did not do right. What is the South to me? What are friends, family, right or wrong? You are my South, my friends, my family. I did wrong. I was a traitor to you. I defeated you." An agony of self-reproach thrilled in her tones.

Slowly Radcliffe stiffened. His crushed, cramped form straightened again into commanding lines. At any cost he must tell her the truth. "No!" he cried. "You did right —absolutely right. You did your duty, no more, no less. And you must not think you defeated me. You took the originals from me. But you did not take the duplicates."

"The duplicates! What do you mean?"

"The papers were in duplicate. I gave you only one set. The others I hid among 'Genie's letters. I have just recovered them and given them to one of my men. They are now on their way to General Grant. I meant that you should never know, but since you blame yourself it is better that you should. It is for me to ask forgiveness, for I have tricked you."

"You tricked me?" Sally could not understand.

"Yes! I tricked you. I had to do it. It was war! I could not let the papers go any more than you could let me go with them. So I made you my involuntary aide. I had to do it. Neither of us could fail in our duty. Some day we shall be glad. But today it is hard! The papers are gone, and I must go, too. My men are waiting for me. Give me your hand, your lips—some day——"

Radcliffe's voice broke. The factitious strength that had kept him up so long was failing fast. For a moment he stood upright, away from the supporting window-frame; then suddenly he crumpled down.

But the eyes of love are sharp. As he tottered, Sally sprang forward and caught him; beneath his great bulk her slender figure bowed and failed, yet she broke his fall, easing him to the floor. Her screams rang through the house.

"'Genie! Philip! Claban! Oh, my God! Will no one come?"

Feet thudded on the upper floors; lights began to glimmer on the stairs.

Seeing help at hand, Sally did not heed them further, kneeling beside her lover, bending over the still form. "Frank! Frank!" she cried. "Frank! Speak to me!"

The man's lips moved. "I'm afraid I'm going, dear," he murmured faintly, opening his eyes. "Your Philip wounded me, and I couldn't get the wound attended to in time. You will forgive me before I go?"

"Forgive! There is no question of forgiveness between you and me. I love you! You shall not die!"

A spark of amusement flickered across Radcliffe's face. "I met you in Babylon," he breathed. "I'll meet you again—some day!"

"No! No!" Sally's cry was passionate. "You must not die. You shall not die. I can not wait till the ages come and go. I want you now! Now! Live for me!"

The lights grew stronger. In their yellow gleam Radcliffe's fevered face showed ghastly.

Sally bent and laid her cool lips upon his burning ones. "Live!" she begged. "Live for me! Or I will die too!"

A gleam of life shone in Radcliffe's glazing eyes. The stiff lips moved. The words were low, but Sally, bending close, caught them.

"Tyrant!" he whispered. "How you'll boss me! But I suppose I'll have to try."

Sally's face flamed in triumph. "You *shall* live! You *will* live!" she cried.

THE END.

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LITTLE STORIES OF REAL LIFE

BUTCH AND THE BUNGALOW

BY BESSIE R. HOOVER

THE kindly veil of a warm May evening had blotted out the unlovely sights on Loretta Avenue, and the fragrance of blossoming apple-trees permeated this neighborhood in the suburbs, which was crowded with cheap buildings in all stages of paint.

Under the apple-tree farthest from the kitchen door in Tulliver Jones's back yard, sat Little Butch Panner and Fairy Jones on a wash-bench, enjoying for a brief time the stolen intimacy of young love.

"Ma oughter be told," urged Fairy, who was secretly engaged to marry Butch. She was tall and pale and conscientious, and had been so strictly reared by her mother that she felt sure these clandestine meetings were wrong. But Little Butch, nicknamed after his father, Big Butch, who owned the corner meat-market, openly gloried in doing just as he pleased.

"Tell your ma and she'll raise a 'tarnal fuss," claimed Butch, with his arm about Fairy's waist. "And, say, Jonesey, I found somethin' 'way down on Loretta Avenue—a slick little bungalow—huh!"

"The evenin's is gettin' so much longer now," remarked Fairy conversationally.

"It's pink with purple trimmin's. Gee, but it's a beaut! Six rooms and cement walks. What say, Fairy?"

"But ma don't know yit that we're engaged." Fairy did not think it proper at this early stage of their courtship to talk about a home. "Have you saw my sweet-williams this year?"

"No, but we could transplant some," suggested Butch, boldly. "I like to have a lot of flowers kickin' round. It sells on the instalment plan."

"Butchie, stop your teasin'. And be careful—you're crowdin' me off'n the bench."

"Gee! Fairy, look at the little old moon! Ain't he the hull thing, though! And, say, Jonesey," he spoke mysteriously low, "it jest grows and grows—like the moon does—more and more."

"What does, Butchie?" she asked.

"Aw, you know—my feelin's for you. And, say, Jonesey, if nothin' won't satisfy you but 'fessin' up to your ma, we do it," and he jumped to his feet, dragging her up with him."

"But you don't have to tell jest this minute," protested Fairy.

"Yes, I do. I can't have a thing like that hangin' over me. Lemme kiss you onct," he begged, "and in we go."

"Wait till you start home," postponed Fairy, always chary of her caresses.

"Your ma might fire me," direfully assumed Butch.

"No, she won't. Ma's odd sometimes, but she's awful good-hearted. But, oh, Butchie, some way I feel a sinkin'," and Fairy hung back reluctantly on Butch's arm as they neared the house.

"If that bungalow had urns—in front—wouldn't you like it then?" whispered Butch wistfully. But Fairy did not answer. And Butch went doggedly on till

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they stood before Fairy's father and mother on the front porch.

"Mis' Jones," began Butch abruptly, "me and Fairy—that is, you know, we're goin' to git married."

"Aw, woosh!" cut in Fairy's father, Tulliver Jones, in bantering approval.

"Ahem!" Mrs. Emma Jones, who was tall and thin, with a beak-like nose and a very long waist, cleared her throat unnecessarily. The awful calm that followed was punctured by a distant graphophone, and the faint cackle of applause seemed derisive of Butch.

"I wisht to ast," began Butch, pluckily pulling himself together, "can Fairy marry me?"

"No, indeed!" Mrs. Jones's voice was coldly decisive.

"But—er—Fairy, we both thought—" mumbled Butch, valiantly endeavoring to get out something sensible; while Tulliver Jones, who was a sandy-haired, easy-going man, cracked his knuckles in a very frenzy of sympathy for the distressed lovers.

"Fairy, go to bed. Butch, good night." Mrs. Jones spoke calmly but with absolute authority.

"Aw, say—look a-here," broke in Butch, gripping Fairy's hand detainingly in the friendly gloom. "Mr. Jones," he began, turning to the girl's father.

"Tulliver, go to bed," commanded his wife. "Fairy, I thought you was in bed an hour ago," and she opened the screen door suggestively.

Without a word, Tulliver Jones dismally arose and entered the house. Still uncrushed by this domestic tyranny, Butch began aggressively: "If you think you can turn me down—" but Mrs. Jones diplomatically interrupted him.

"Wait a minute, Butchie, and I'll run in and git that there receipt for turnovers I promised your ma."

"Yes'm," answered Butch, and hated himself for his meek reply. He could hear Fairy's half-suppressed sobs and her mother's low-toned, "Go to bed"; then Mrs. Jones returned with a scrap of paper, which Butch received with thanks.

"I dunno when the moon's been any brighter," she observed, then added pleasantly, "Good night, Butchie," and hooked the screen door.

"For her to blab about the new moon!" protested Butch wrathfully under his breath, as he walked indignantly away, tearing the scrap of paper into bits and throwing it among the sweet-williams. "And she acted after firin' me as if nothin' had happened. Two can play at that game," he decided, "and to-morrow night I'm goin' to tog up in my glad rags and call on Fairy as if nothin' had happened!"

The next evening, with his green derby tilted at a defiant angle, Butch confidently approached the Jones home, and, entering the gate, called out a cordial, "Good evenin', folks."

A polite murmur of response came from the astonished family on the porch. Tulliver Jones twiddled his thumbs in good-hearted, helpless anxiety; Fairy was plainly miserable, and a wet wad of a handkerchief was the faithful recipient of her frequent tears. Mrs. Jones politely requested Butch to be seated.

"Not for me," declined Butch, with assumed jauntiness. "I come to take Fairy up street for a squint at a bungalow."

"Can I go, Ma?" began Fairy, eagerly.

"No; set down," commanded her mother.

"Then *I'll* set a while, too," decided Butch, dropping with a thud onto the porch floor; and to show his self-possession he began to whistle with ear-splitting shrillness.

Nobody said a word, but the three rockers squeaked a plaintive accompaniment to his unsolicited solo, till Butch, growing angry at the social chill, stopped whistling and abruptly asked: "Why can't me and Fairy git married?"

"That was all settled last evening," reminded Fairy's mother.

"But I want to know what's the matter—ain't I white?" demanded Butch with heat.

"Yes, that's only fair, Emma," put in Tulliver kindly. "The lad wants to know."

"I've fetched up Fairy very carefully with genteel manners—" then Mrs. Jones paused, and her silence indicated to Butch, who hastily snatched off his hat, that he had no manners.

"I have always been very careful who Fairy associated with." Butch knew that Mrs. Jones considered his associates mostly hoodlums.

"And Fairy has never knowed what it was to go to bed without sayin' her prayers—" Butch breathed with difficulty and mopped his burning face with his green-checked handkerchief. He had never been

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taught any prayers, and now he began to realize that he was a barbarian.

"So it wouldn't be right for you to marry Fairy—her bein' so different."

"That's why I'm so dippy over Fairy—'cause she's everything I ain't," blurted out Butch, greatly distressed.

"So there's no need of sayin' nothin' more about it," concluded Fairy's mother.

"But I'm makin' money," informed Butch. "Ain't we Panner and Son?"

"There's more in gettin' married than the money side; I want Fairy to have a stiddy man that would love his home."

"That bungalow—" began Butch, then stopped awkwardly, feeling his utter inability to communicate to Emma Jones his feelings about a home.

"Fairy is not a spoilt child," Mrs. Jones said plainly; and Butch felt as if the words, "spoilt boy," were in the air. "And I ain't goin' to let her ruin her life by marryin' the wrong man."

In despair, Little Butch Panner slowly rose to his feet and carefully replaced his hat. He hated himself, and he wished that he could hate Mrs. Jones, for whom he had begun to feel an awed respect. He looked unhappily at pale, distressed Fairy, and then went quietly away.

"I FOUND SOMETHIN' WAY DOWN ON LORETTA AVENUE—A SLICK LITTLE BUNGALOW—HUH!"

Several days later Butch gloomily arrayed himself for a "time" with the boys, though he felt now that all adornment was but hollow show. When he stumbled down the crooked stairway from his room under the eaves, he found his mother, Mandy Panner, and her sister, Jule Peebles, in the littered sitting-room, discussing his love affair.

"Emma Jones gives me a shootin' pain," declared his Aunt Jule, her thin young face dark with a scowl.

"You needn't blame Mis' Jones entirely for this mix-up," broke in Butch unexpectedly.

"Well, land sakes, Butchie, leave a party throw you down and tromp on you—and then you stick up for 'em!" criticized his mother, surprised at such leniency. Her ample form, clad in a slouchy gray wrapper, overflowed an old rocking-chair; and she was pretending to hem a towel, though she seldom took a stitch.

"Mis' Jones thinks I ain't had no fetchin' up," related Butch bitterly. "The trouble is—I've always been let to have my own way."

"But I had to take your part ag'in your father—he was always so ha'sh with you," reminded his mother.

"That's jest it," cried Butch savagely. "I've been made a fool of, and now I'm a man I don't know nothin'. I wisht to land I'd listened to Pa oftener."

So dense was Mandy Panner to the real needs of her son that his bitter arraignment passed her by unhurt, though she was resentful at Mrs. Jones for crossing Butch. "But it's nothin' to you, Butchie, whether you git Fairy or not—you've got the hull world to choose from," she fondly claimed.

Just then a neighbor, wishing to borrow the family satchel, called Mandy to the kitchen door. Leaving the neighbor waiting impatiently on the step, Butch's mother hurried upstairs.

"While ma's out of the way, Jule, I want to tell you something," communicated Butch mysteriously; for they could hear Mandy ransacking the regions above for the leatherette satchel, which she afterward found in the cellar-way.

"Git to sayin' it," encouraged Jule, not

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much impressed by the confiding tone.

"I've made up my mind that it don't pay to be decent," announced Butch solemnly, "so I'm goin' to the dogs!"

Something motherly in Jule's impulsive make-up was touched by the boy's youth and disappointment; besides, she was rather proud of his confidence. But she could only say, "Oh, Butchie!"

"If you have good thoughts and feelin's and want to be a straight man—nobody gives you credit for it—so it don't pay. And folks thinks jest 'cause I've been noisy and tearin' round nights that I ain't white."

"We've all said you was gettin' steadier—and more like your pa."

"But *she* don't think so," reminded Little Butch.

"Is Emma Jones the hull thing?"

"No, but she's got some things about right," admitted Butch. "But I don't care—I'm goin' to the dogs," he reiterated gloomily.

"But it'll about break your pa's heart if you go wrong now."

"Aw—pa, why, pa—" and Butch's voice lost most of its braggadocio—"he won't know nothin' about it."

"Don't fool yourself; he'll know all about it. And think of poor Fairy."

"I'm doin' it so's not to think of her," enlightened Butch.

A few days later, as Jule entered Panner's meat-market, she noticed that it was unusually clean, and she found Little Butch, wearing a snowy cap and apron, looking over bills in a business-like manner. "I want five cents' worth of dried beef," Jule said, and then inquired, "All alone?"

"Yep, pa's downtown, and Joe's out with the wagon."

"Then I'll tell you what I really come for—it's to give you a good jawin'." But the neat shop, and Butch's health-flushed face and general air of well-being, were not what she had expected to find. "I've been worryin' myself blue over your goin' to the dogs."

"No, Jule, I've cut out all that foolishness," said Butchie; then he added with serious importance, "I'm goin' after gold with two feet."

"You won't go very far on the track to wealth—the way you was goin' Saturday night. The hull town knowed when you come home."

"I was with a tough crowd all right, all right," acknowledged Butch, "but that's the last time, take it from me."

"I dunno about that," returned Jule tartly, disgruntled at having wasted so much sympathy on Butch. "What'd Fairy say, or don't you see her any more?"

"Yes, I meet her on the street—or yell at her when I'm passin' the house. Her ma can't stop that. But Fairy said she was glad I wasn't drunk, 'cause she could tell by the other fellers' voices that they'd been drinkin'. She said she knowed I was straight, and that a good, clean feller like me could do a world of good to them rowdies. That give me a queer feelin', so I've quit that gang."

"That's Fairy every time, poor innocent baby—don't know nothin'," criticized Jule.

"But I don't belong to that crowd. And I'm going to cut out gaddin' nights—and put my mind on to business. I can sell twict as much meat when I'm all there. I've subscribed for the *Butcher Boy's Criterion*, which says, 'Good meat, absolute honesty, and exquisite neatness bring success.' Pa's taught me to be honest, we always do have good meats, and I'm goin' to be clean—if I otherwise can." Butch spoke as if being clean were a herculean task.

THE BUNGALOW.

"Then you ain't even goin' to try to marry Fairy?"

"How can I—when her ma won't let me? No, business is all there is left. I'll be a bloomin' bachelor, but I'll be a r-i-c-h one."

"And what about that bungalow you was talkin' of? Has some one took it?"

"Aw, that bungalow!" Longing, rebellion, resignation, were in Butch's voice. "Did I say there was a bungalow?—forgit it."

"But Fairy ain't forgittin' it."

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"GOOD MEAT, ABSOLUTE HONESTY, AND EXQUISITE NEATNESS BRING SUCCESS."

"Fairy?" Butch's voice was greedy for information.

"Yesterday she dragged me up to look at that bungalow; she's tickled to death with it. Gee! it's swell. The work'd do itself in that house."

Little Butch broke into a shrill whistle, then buoyantly inquired: "What's the matter with the bungalow? She's all right."

"And comin' home, Fairy pretty nigh broke down and cried right on the street, she was that blue, 'cause her ma won't even leave her mention your name."

"Aw, Mis' Jones—durn such a disposition!" groaned Butch. "Well, I've always acted like tunket, and now I'll have to take what's comin' to me. But as I can't marry Fairy I'm goin' to act as decent as I can—so's she won't have to worry about me. Pa says that's all there is left to do." And Butch sighed heavily.

"And mebbe, Butchie, if you keep right on actin' decent Emma Jones'll be so smit with your stiddy ways that she'll remove her objections to you. Poor Fairy looks like a dyin' ghost now, and Tulliver's so scart that he's come out open for you and advised Emma to leave you marry Fairy."

"Tulliver's a great little old adviser," scorned Butch. "He couldn't influence a hop-toad. And say, Jule," he added inconsequentially after a few minutes' silence, "I've found out that wild flowers is jest as pretty as other ones. Dandelions—don't say nothin'—the street beside that bungalow's yallow with 'em. And, say, do you suppose Fairy 'll ever meet anybody else she'll like better'n me?"

"No, Butchie," Jule answered absently, spiking on her hat more securely with an enormous pin.

"But do you?" he insisted.

"Land, no, shut up! Hand me over that there dried beef. And the next time you fall in love I hope you won't turn daffy over dandelions and bungalows."

"There won't be no next time—it's for all time," dolefully informed Butch.

For a while Little Butch was buoyed up by his determination to be a rich man; but as the weeks passed and there was nothing more exciting in life than going to bed at a reasonable hour, getting up early, attending strictly to business all day, and then going to bed again, he grew despondent; but he still worked on.

In a bungling but sincere way he tried to be what he thought Fairy would like; and while secretly longing to be worthy of her mother's respect, he considered this a hopeless ideal, and with the finality of youth thought of Fairy as lost to him. As months passed, folks on Loretta Avenue began to say that Little Butch Panner was growing to be like his father, and Butch would not have cared for higher praise.

Looking up one gloomy winter day, he beheld Tulliver Jones, with a friendly grin hovering about his mouth, standing before the counter. To see Tulliver so at peace with a thorny world angered Butch, and only this reminder from the *Criterion*, "All personalities are overlooked by the successful meat man," helped him to give a civil greeting.

"I ain't come after meat; I'm on a kinder delicate errant — " confessed Tulliver, "from the missus." Butch wondered what new tortures Mrs. Jones had devised for him.

"Mis' Jones, Emma—she—now you don't want to be too hard on Emma, Butch—mostly it's her make-up."

But Butch, who had already suffered too

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much from Emma's make-up to enjoy discussing it, remained silent.

"Emma, she's come to think—that is—you know that little girl of ourn, Fairy, she's been turrible blue for a long time, so I says to Emma—well, anyway, we hear on all sides how stiddy you be. So if you want to marry Fairy, Emma, she says, 'Come on,'" invited Tulliver Jones, grinning sheepishly.

Tears started to Little Butch's eyes, and he dashed to the telephone and, calling up a real-estate dealer, shouted: "Say, you know that pink and purple bungalow 'way out on Loretta Avenue? I'm ready to buy it now—right now—so take down the 'For Sale' sign."

A SHRINE INVIOLATE

BY ALICE BROWN MORRISON

"YOU must have known something of the poet Marley at one time," I said to Unwin, as we sat by our midnight fire, "and I wondered when they were discussing him at the club this evening why you were silent."

"Are there not enough apologists for rascals in these days?" said Unwin lightly.

"Which means," I ventured, "that you could have enlightened us as to the man himself." Unwin was silent for a moment, then he said musingly: "I don't know why we insist upon ferreting out the personality of our men of genius. We should certainly comprehend by this time that the man himself is not necessarily blended with what is imperishable in his work, and we keep on forgetting the sixth sense which gives understanding without experience."

"I am willing to concede many irregularities to genius," said I, "but do you mean to say that Marley, for instance, could have written his 'Forest Voices' without having been a frequenter of the woods?"

"I mean just that," said Unwin seriously. "To my certain knowledge, Marley was never away from London streets. He didn't need to be. I tell you, Harvey, this sixth sense is a joke of the gods. They whisper the password to some unworthy being, and he enters without challenge into the secret which shall make his name immortal."

"Then Marley was—" I hesitated——

"A sot," said Unwin succinctly. "There was none of your vagrant grace or winsome roguery about him, but mere brutishness.

"Then you think that the mark of the beast was so branded upon our poet that he had no redeeming trait?" I queried.

Unwin smiled a little mirthlessly as he said slowly: "I almost wish I could answer in the affirmative. It's so much easier to write under your sketch—'This is a villain,' and leave it at that. I once heard a man who perhaps knew Marley better than any one else say that he believed him to be absolutely without the sense of shame; but in that he was mistaken".

"Tell me about it," I demanded.

"It is not much of a story," he said, "and what there is of it is more poor Harbison's story than Marley's. But such as it is, you shall have it."

You may remember that during the time Marley was doing his best work, I was in London as the representative of our publishing house, and used often to be at the Writers' Club. Harbison was one of the waiters; just a shy, overgrown country lad from Devon, with the beginnings of a malady that promised to make his youth immortal. One day I accidentally overheard him in conversation with Hastings.

You have heard me speak of Hastings, I think; a man cursed with the half-artistic temperament which sees its star plainly enough, but lacks the creative faculty that hitches the wagon to it; so, good fellow that he was, he did hack-work while he dreamed of fame. He used to loaf about the club a great deal, and it was on a rainy day that, coming in quietly, I found him in the otherwise deserted room chatting with Harbison. The two were so engrossed that they did not see me, and Harbison's face wore that kindled look which comes to one who speaks of his holy of holies.

"And do you mind telling me again," Harbison was saying timidly, "just how he looked? I've always pictured him to my-

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self as being like one of those copies of the antiques in the National Gallery."

I called up a vision of the real Marley, as I had heard him described, with his insignificant figure and shuffling gait, and wondered what Hastings would say.

He looked uncomfortable, but said firmly: "Quite so, Harbison. You've hit it exactly. Tall, faultlessly proportioned, black, waving hair, and 'all his poems hinted in his face.'"

"Deep, melancholy eyes," prompted the boy reverently, as if the conversation had been oft rehearsed.

"Yes," admitted Hastings, with a sort of doggedness, "and something about him of lonely austerity, as if he lived solitary, on heights no other man could climb."

"Ah!" breathed the boy ecstatically, and just then Hastings looked up, and, seeing me, stopped abruptly.

Harbison disappeared, blushing like a schoolgirl, and Hastings regarded me in a half-amused, half-irritated silence.

"I suppose you wonder what it means," he said at last, beckoning me to a seat beside him, "and I don't mind telling you."

Then he told me all about it. Harbison, it seemed, had drifted from the almshouse into a country town, where he served as a drudge in many capacities until ill-health put an end to hard work and he became caretaker in the meager circulating library of the place. And in these books Harbison beheld a new heaven and a new earth.

Among them was a copy of Marley's poems, and as Harbison drank in with half-uncomprehending wonder the beauty of those deathless lyrics, he found his hero in the man from whose brain they sprang. What gave Harbison the idea of coming to London to get a glimpse of his idol, he hardly knew himself, he had told Hastings. But once conceived, the idea became a consuming desire, and with nothing but the clothes upon his back, and Marley's poems ringing in his brain, he tramped his way to the city, where he drifted from one thing to another, half the time without money enough for food.

He haunted the free reading-rooms until one day, fortune favoring him, he found Marley's name in a published list of members of the Writers' Club and hunted up the club-steward, who, happening to be a Devon man, condescended to give Harbison a trial.

The boy soon discovered that Marley never came to the club, but accepted without question the common opinion that he was a recluse in his habits, and, still reserving the highest place for his hero, seemed content and happy to be among lesser lights.

I think Hastings was the only man in the club who had ever met Marley, and he hadn't the heart to disillusionize Harbison, and had thus drifted into the kind of thing I chanced to overhear.

My advice was to do nothing in the matter, for it was not probable that any disillusionment would ever come, and the subject was dropped. Of course, from that time I naturally took a new interest in the young waiter.

The poor lad was pathetically eager to fetch and carry for us. He took a famous author's order for beefsteak as if he were receiving a pontifical benediction, and I once saw him pick up a pen that Meredith had thrown away as reverently as if he thought winged words still clung to its broken point.

So the weeks rolled on, until one rainy morning Harbison did not appear, and upon inquiry Hastings and I learned from the steward that he was ill in his lodging-house.

We found him fairly well cared for by his landlady and a kind little doctor, who summed up the case by saying that there was no constitution to build on, and the end could only be a question of a few days.

In the meantime Harbison lay quietly happy and content, with a copy of Marley's poems under his pillow, and as he grew steadily weaker his worship of the poet seemed to grow apace. He babbled of him constantly, and had us read over and over again the few poems he did not already know by heart.

"If I could just see him once to thank him for all he has meant to me," he said wistfully, and the idea became an actual obsession, until one night, when it was worse than usual, Hastings jumped up abruptly, saying: "I can't stand this any longer. If he wants his idol he shall have him. I happen to know where he is tonight, and I'll get him here if I have to use force."

"It is not likely that he will be in a condition to come," I remonstrated, "and if you should drag him here, how would you account to Harbison for the changed appearance of his Apollo?"

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This staggered us both for a moment, but, as we watched the sick boy, who lay with the light of delirium in his eyes, we decided that we could safely risk it. And the doctor, who came in just then, entered heartily into our plan.

I'll never forget that scene: Harbison, with flushed cheeks and gleaming eyes, tossing to and fro upon his narrow bed, calling incessantly in fretful tones for Marley, while the doctor bent over him administering such small comfort as he could.

As the hours lagged by we sat in silence, broken only now and then by Harbison's ravings and the cold lash of the rain against the window, until with a sudden gust of wind the door swung open and there stood Hastings—and Marley.

I remember thinking for a moment that Hastings looked like a man who has fought a good fight and won; then all else was swallowed up in the fascinated interest with which, regardless of ordinary courtesy, we stared at the newcomer who stood before us—a miserable, irresolute figure of a man. He gave me an indefinable impression of having dwindled physically from his original intention, his ill-fitting, unclean clothes rendering the effect even more distressing. His light-brown hair was tangled and unkempt, his face seamed with evil lines; and the features, naturally delicate, looked swollen; his mouth we could not decipher on account of the concealing beard which still held some forlorn pretense of jauntiness in its Vandyke point; nor could we see his eyes, for he kept them steadily fixed upon the floor, while his long, nervous hands fumbled with a torn velvet cap.

After a pause, awkward for us all, he turned with an uncertain movement toward the bed, and stood looking down at the sick boy with the ghost of an ironic smile upon his face. But he did not speak.

Hastings broke the spell which enveloped us by saying gently: "Harbison, Marley has come to see you."

The effect on the boy was like something electrical. He ceased tossing from side to side and became perfectly quiet. There was a wondering smile upon his face, but no unbelief, and he gazed through, not at, his visitor with pleased expectancy.

"Thank heaven he is not seeing," said the doctor in a low voice to me, and at the same moment Hastings commanded rather than requested Marley to give the boy his hand, which he did, after a slight hesitation. Then Harbison, holding Marley's hand between both his trembling ones, began to talk.

What did he say? My dear fellow, in what broken, incoherent words does the young acolyte pour out his adoration to the god of whom he catches a glimpse in his midnight vigil? Marley was everything that was pure and good and noble! And Harbison was not worthy to kneel at his feet. So he went on and on, Marley all the time standing in utter silence.

Then, as the voice died away, swiftly and unexpectedly Marley turned and faced us, meeting our embarrassed gaze, and we saw that his eyes were beautiful as those of which the boy had dreamed! And, more than that, we saw looking from them a soul —naked and ashamed. He stooped, gently stroked back the hair from the sick boy's forehead, then slipped through the open door into the night.

Speech seemed incongruous, and we sat like the half-stone, half-human images of some old tale, until Harbison, sitting up in bed with sudden strength and the light of recognition in his eyes, said tremulously: "Is it true, or did I dream it?"

"All true, Harbison," said Hastings; "he just left."

Unabashed and apparently indifferent to the presence of death, which he must have known was imminent, the boy lay trembling with fearful happiness at the thought of the recent nearness of the man whose name was his fetish; now and then murmuring hoarsely, "How good, how kind, to come to see a poor chap like me—how like him!"

Unwin ceased speaking for a time, and we sat smoking in the sympathetic silence that good comrades are slow to mar, until at a look of interrogation from me he said, "Yes, that's all. Harbison passed quietly away in his sleep, and I remember that when we left the room in the gray dawn Hastings paused at the threshold to say with half-sad, half-whimsical self-depreciation, 'The end, Unwin, of my only successful attempt at fiction.'"

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STRAIGHT TALK

WHAT SINGLE TAX "LOOKS LIKE"

Likely enough you will be inundated with answers, or attempted answers, to "Puzzled's" "posers," but the following may add to the variety from which you will make your selection for publication.

In the first place, it is easy to see that "Puzzled" isn't as puzzled as he pretends to be.

There's nothing abstruse about the Single Tax. Economic rent, commonly called "ground rent," is now collected, or collectible, by landowners; and some of it is now taxed away from them into the public treasury. It is proposed to tax away enough more of it to meet all public expenses, thereby making the taxation of the produce of land (movable and immovable, perishable and permanent) unnecessary.

Many cities and other municipalities in New Zealand, Australia, and western Canada no longer levy upon personal property or real estate improvements. That is, they defray local public expenses wholly or in great part by taxing the land in proportion to its capitalized value, taxing it two or more times as heavily, of course, as they did when they levied on all kinds of property.

As an illustration, take the town of East Providence, Rhode Island, population 16,000.

In 1910 the total assessed valuation was, in round numbers, $12,000,000—land, improvements, and personalty. The land was assessed at $4,000,000. The rate was $1.50 per $100, yielding about $180,000.

Now, it ought not to be extremely difficult for anybody who understands elementary arithmetic to perceive that if the land alone had been levied upon the rate would have been $4.50 per $100—three times what it actually was.

Paradoxical as it may seem, the majority of the resident property taxpayers would have paid less. Four score of them would have paid neither more nor less, because their improvements, or their improvements and personalty taken together, were assessed at exactly twice as much as their land.

Elementary arithmetic, I repeat. The tax on an estate consisting of $2,000 worth of buildings on $1,000 worth of land, at the rate of $1.50 per $100 on both buildings and land, actually was $45. At the rate of $4.50 per $100 on the land alone, it would have been $45. Very intricate, isn't it?

Those whose improvements, or improvements and personalty taken together, were worth more than twice as much as their land, would have paid less. The others would have paid more. For instance, the owner of a $1,000 house on a $1,000 lot paid $30. Under the land value tax he would have paid $45, or $15 more.

Now a word as to what "Puzzled" says about "creating" and "producing." "Creating" is a proper word to use with reference to something that has not always existed. Therefore it is all right to assert that values are created, land values or any other values.

To ask what values "look like" is the same as to ask what ratios look like. When we say that the ratio of 40 to 10 is 4, we mean that 40 is four times as large a number as is 10. Or, if we call the ratio ¼, we mean that 10 is only a fourth as large as 40. It doesn't have to "look like" anything.

A piece of land has no value until at least two men want to have it, the desire of each being sufficiently strong to make him willing to give money, or labor products, or labor itself, for the privilege of having the land. It is precisely the same with a product of labor.

It makes no difference how much labor has been expended upon it, if nobody wants it enough to give anything of value in exchange for it, it has no value in the economic sense of the term. Value is the expression of a relation.

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As for "unsocialized value," there is no such thing as value outside of the social state—that is, outside of a community, meaning by "community" two or more individuals who have interests in common and are intelligent enough to realize and appreciate the fact. Value implies trade, and there can be no trade where there is nobody to trade with. But if there is no difference between the value of land and the value of products of labor, either in genesis or character, why distinguish in taxation between land values and other values?

WHY LAND IS DIFFERENT

Simply because the use of the land ought to be equally free to everybody; which means that those who have the exclusive privilege of using the more desirable (and consequently "valuable") land ought to pay to the community what the privilege is worth; for all the other members of the community are equally entitled to the use of that as well as all other land under the jurisdiction of the community. To deny this is to assert that some have a better right to life than others. Moreover, the value of the land is the only value that varies with the requisite amount and quality of public administration, the only value that correctly indicates the value of public services, the only value upon which can be based the just apportionment of public expenses among the individual members of the community.

It remains to be seen, of course, what will be the effect of making all public expenses, not only local but (in this country) state and federal, a charge upon the land. It may practically destroy selling value, but it can not destroy rental value. The ultimate disposition of rent does not affect the willingness of those who have it to pay. And that means everybody. The only way to escape paying rent is to live on land that has no value and confine your consumption to the produce of land that has no value.

H. J. CHASE.

Newport, R. I.

WHAT THE FARMER NEEDS

Seldom have I read anything of more supreme interest, or of more vital importance, than "The Farmer of To-morrow." Mr. Anderson seems to have sensed the trouble of the farmer and diagnosed his ailment. After a newspaper career of some success, I have become a Jeremiah down here in Baldwin County, Alabama, where they grow the finest sweet potatoes in the country, and where the climate is as fine as in Italy. Unfortunately I have so far not found any farmer or truck-grower down here who can tell me the cost of production of his crops. All he knows is what his fertilizer costs him, and his seed. At the end of the season he is surprised to learn that he has worked again several months for the Northern commission houses.

What the farmer throughout the country needs is a better system of distribution, a system that will bring consumer and producer closer together so that the producer gets his proportionate share of the consumer's dollar.

Perhaps coöperative buying associations that would patronize producers' organizations might be a way out of the dilemma. A real parcels post, one that would be what it implies, would tend to bring seller and buyer closer together and materially aid in helping each to get his honest share of the dollar. Instead of the Department of Agriculture spending thousands of dollars to demonstrate how a given acreage can be made to produce more, it should exert itself in teaching farmers how to market their produce to the best advantage.

But on the other hand, is the government even now not too paternalistic as far as the farmer is concerned? Though I am free to admit that the real object of the politician in the department is not so much to help the farmer as to help the commission man who drives down the price with every increased bushel of production.

C. B.

Robertsdale, Ala.

ON CASTING THE FIRST STONE

Your last October number has just got around to my cell, and I have read with a great deal of interest, and not a little amusement, the article by Dr. Hutchinson on "Our Human Misfits." Thinking I might be biased by a strong prejudice in favor of the under-dog, I passed it on to old———, who had spent most of his life in getting into and out of the penitentiary. The next day he passed the magazine back with the remark: "That guy probably knows what he is talking about, but, as my old daddy used to say, 'There ain't no use in knowing a whole lot of things that ain't so.'"

It is time to get down to the fact that a criminal is a human being—in the majority of cases, a normal human being, and must be treated as such if the treatment is to have any beneficial result.

When a boy, did you ever steal watermelons or apples from some farmer's orchard? That was petty larceny and punishable by a sentence to the county jail, workhouse, or reform school. Suppose you had been raised in the city and had worked off your enthusiasm on the corner grocery instead! Would you have been any more of a criminal? Boys are sent to the reform school every day for that very act, and then the state goes methodically to work to make criminals of them, and, I may add, is highly successful. Eugenics is a very beautiful science, but when it stops boys from robbing a

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watermelon patch, or "hooking" apples from the corner grocery, there won't be any boys left.

Last week a laborer and his family were starving to death in Saint Louis because he could not obtain employment. They had sold all the furniture and were sleeping on the bare floor; there was absolutely nothing to eat in the house. As he was wearily tramping the street in search of work he saw a woman carrying a pocketbook, snatched it, and ran, but on account of his weakened condition was easily captured. Of course he is a criminal, and I suppose we may expect to see him here soon, and probably he ought to be vasectomized (it is too bad that law is not in effect here), but I wonder what Dr. Hutchinson would have done under the same circumstances. If vasectomy will do away with the law of self-preservation, which at present recognizes no other law, then I say "Hurrah for vasectomy!"

Man is the product of his environment—if heredity counts for anything at all, it failed most miserably in my case. Place a civilized man among savages and his grandchildren will be savages. This is not theory, but proven fact.

Place a man or boy in an institution with other wrong-doers and he must inevitably absorb the combined evil of the whole lot. Punishment does not stop crime. Why? Because the offender does not expect to get caught—if he did, he would not commit the crime.

THERE IS NO PERFECT MAN

I read an interesting proposition not long ago: to give an offender two chances to make good, under some sort of surveillance by the state, but without sending him to prison; and if he fails a third time, to hang him. Why not? But instead of hanging old offenders, confine them for life, with no chance of escape or pardon—not as punishment, but as a necessary protection to society. Give them the profits of their own labor, to which the state is in no ethical sense entitled, to support those dependent on them.

As far as we know, nature has never produced a perfect work. There never was a perfect leaf, a perfect tree, a perfect man, or perfect brain; some defect is always present. Every brain has its fault—some great and some small. In other words, it is impossible that there is a perfectly sane man alive. With this in view, who is going to draw the line and say, "You may have offspring, but that man must not."

"But," you say, "society must protect itself from its enemies." Certainly, but in its present methods of dealing with criminals it is its own worst enemy. What is needed is a little more common sense, a little more charity, a little more of the spirit of Him who could say, "Let him that is without sin among you cast the first stone." R. M. H.

Jefferson City, Mo.

DO YOU GET US, STEVE?

Will you please help a poor blind (!) man? The attack (!) came very suddenly after reading for several hundred times the joke (?) first appearing on page 429 of your March number. I have subjected this to microscopical and X-ray treatment for hidden and disguised symptoms not apparent to the carnal mind. I have inflicted it alike upon friend and foe. But ever and anon the cry cometh forth, "Behold, we are from Missouri!" Can it be that neurasthenic symptoms are appearing in our midst? That strabismus and amblyopia have fell and deadly designs upon us? Must the "pages" of your April, May, June and July numbers go unread until the "paging" mystery of the neurasthenic lady and the age of Ann are finally solved? Heaven forbid! W. P. W.

White Bear Lake, Minn.

Editor's Note:—The chestnut referred to was printed in the March number, in the following words:

A woman who had lived in hotels for ten years finally succumbed to neurasthenia and, at the advice of her physician, went into seclusion for three months on a little farm far removed from the turmoil of city life.

Upon her return to the hotel which she called "home," her many friends congratulated her on the recovery of her health and asked her how she had enjoyed life in the country.

"Well, it was quite an experience," she said, "and I saw and heard many queer things. But the most amusing thing was sitting on the veranda every evening and listening to the farmer paging the cows."

Diagram: In the hotels of large Eastern cities, and some Western cities, boys are often employed to hunt after guests who are wanted by friends on the telephone, or at the desk, etc. The boys thus employed are usually termed "pages." Hence, the employment of finding a guest in the hotel restaurant, etc., is popularly known as "paging."

Then follows the necessary mental step to ascertain the humor in the above joke.

Q. E. D.

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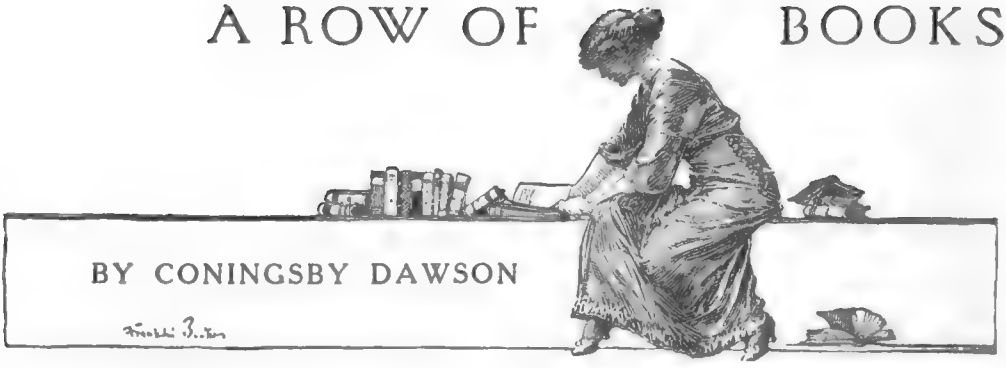
A ROW OF BOOKS



BY CONINGSBY DAWSON

A RECENT writer is responsible for the phrase "the amazing interestingness of life." He uses it in speaking of books, saying that the chief service they render is to bring within seeing distance the complicated rainbow-romance of the commonplace. Matthew Arnold tells the story of Bonstetten, the mercurial Swiss. At fifty he was growing old, dismal, torpid—his enthusiasms lay behind him. Then came the French Revolution, which roused him into fury and admiration. He experienced again the tornado emotions of youth; they rejuvenated him. His thirty years of old age were more busy and fruitful than his first half-century of physical vigor. He awoke to the amazing interestingness of life and threw off the creeping paralysis of taking things for granted. Directly one gets into the habit of thinking that "every one's very much the same," the magic gates close—the adventure of personality is over. They only swing back to the open sesame of a wholesome human curiosity.

W. J. Henderson's novel, "The Soul of a Tenor" (Holt), affords an illustration of how much we miss by taking things for granted. Many thousands of people pour past the Metropolitan Opera House every day. How many of them send their imaginations afield to construct the picture of what is going on inside? If they attend a performance there, they accept at face value the artistic illusion which is created, rarely stopping to think what a variety of personal denials and affections have gone to its making. How do Tristan and Isolde spend the hours when they are off the stage? By what obliging accidents did they climb into the foremost place? Mr. Henderson knows. As one of the most prominent operatic critics in America, he is of all men best equipped to tell us; he has chosen to tell us in a novel more than ordinarily clever and vivacious.

The story concerns Leander Barrett, an American tenor. Barrett is a star, yet he sings to win applause and not to interpret the masters. A mean egoist irritated by jealousy, he is no genuine artist. He despises the geniuses who conceived the parts he has to render, and is angered because they did not write especially to accommodate the range of his particular voice. His point of view is comic. In the business world he would have been a likable fellow, but flattery has rotted away his manhood. He is touchy and vain as a foolish woman.

All this his wife discovers after marriage. Aware that he is limiting his career, she tries to force him to subordinate his ego to the parts he plays. Manlike, he accuses her of underrating his proper value and flies for consolation to Nagy Bosanska—an act of common spite, which the sentimental public condones as an evidence of the artistic temperament.

Nagy is the greatest living Carmen. Her origin is a matter for conjecture. Fantastic rumors are current. She is really a Hungarian gipsy, untamed and non-moral at heart, witchlike and entirely delightful. In stealing Leander from his wife she does him a service—she rouses him to passion and makes of him an artist. In the end he outgrows her and realizes that, when he accused his wife of underrating him, he was actually undervaluing her.

The story is remarkable for its musical knowledge, as might be expected. Its humor is constant. How far it trespasses on reality leaves room for exciting guesswork. Its chief value is that it reveals on Broadway a little hidden world, garishly and romantically foreign. The passages which are perhaps most interesting are those in which stars of the opera exchange ludicrously frank opinions about Americans.

"A Man's World" (Macmillan), by Albert Edwards, is as unconventional a book as could well be found. It is not a novel, nor a diary; it can scarcely be accepted as an autobiography. Whether it is truth or fiction remains in doubt. Some of the confessions which it contains are

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anything but polite; they are amazingly frank. The hero of the story does not believe in marriage as an institution; to religion he is tacitly hostile; of law he is skeptical. He lives as a law unto himself; the world he creates is a failure, but intensely interesting as an experiment.

Written in the first person, the story sets out to tell what the supposed author made of life by recognizing as sole authority, terrestrial or celestial, *himself*. Breaking away from the piety of his youth, he came to New York and found employment in a library. There he became friendly with a wildly humanitarian millionaire. His eyesight failing, he went to a hospital and improved his enforced leisure by captivating the affections of a nurse. On regaining his health he was appointed to the odd position of corrector of destinies at the Tombs, where he acted as unofficial mediator between prisoners and judges. In his hours of recreation he turned aside to pursue somewhat futile love-affairs.

The book is of unquestioned power and vehemently in earnest. It contains records of extraordinary experiences along lines of both thought and action. Contempt for, and horror of, convention is its key-note. Up to a point it is typical of the intellectual rebellion which is in process the world over. It makes plain, however, many things that are not intended —notably, how little can be accomplished by reforming anger which is not governed by respect for institutions. A man who sees in the formation of a home merely the triumph of man over woman, could produce nothing but civic chaos were he permitted to rule.

But the book, whatever its infringements of good taste, has the merit of sincerity—it shows us unmistakably how prosperity looks when viewed from the underworld.

Beatrice Harraden is like a star pianist playing on a bad piano—one feels that the artist is vastly superior to the instrument she employs. She is unfortunate in the theme she selects for her novel, but she strives bravely to carry it through with fine writing.

"Out of the Wreck I Rise" (Stokes) is a curious mixture of success and failure. The story is good in spots; the style is sustained at a high level. One arrives at the last page with a blended sense of pleasure and annoyance.

Adrian Steele, dramatic agent and thief, is the subject of this character-sketch. He has stolen from his clients, withholding royalties which were due to them from performances of their plays. One of the playwrights has become suspicious and is spreading his suspicions among other playwrights; the dramatic agent is on the brink of exposure. He is racking his brains in an effort to decide to whom he should turn for assistance. He can not go to his wife: her honesty is too strident. But there are two women whom he treated abominably in years gone by: they may care for him still. He goes to them each in turn. One mourns over him sentimentally; the other scorns him and then succumbs to his fascination. In the end the story develops into a scramble between the two opposing feminine types as to which shall save him.

In the last scene Nature takes matters into her own hands and destroys him with quite unnecessary haste. How the fugitive from justice rises out of his wreck is not made clear. The cleverness which is revealed in the conversations and contrasts of character is worthy of a better story; many of the situations which lead up to the climax are entirely too unusual to win the reader's credulity.

Some years ago a series of articles appeared, entitled "How the Other Half Lives." Scavengers, policemen, stokers, tailors, were interviewed. In "My Prison Life" (Kennerley) Donald Lowrie adds another chapter to such knowledge.

He tells us that he had been a stenographer, had fallen out of employment, and finally found himself one day with only a nickel in his pocket. Upon examination he discovered that the nickel was damaged and therefore useless. He had walked the streets for three nights, starving and too proud to beg. He had reached the point where the *mine* and *thine* of law ceased to command his respect. His choice lay between suicide and crime. The damaged nickel should decide: if it came out of his pocket "heads," he would steal; if it came out "tails," he would die. The nickel decided for crime.

With swift, acid sincerity Lowrie describes his sensations in his one and only attempt at housebreaking. The psychologic analysis he makes of himself recalls in its power Stevenson's "Markheim." The results of his burglary were three twenty-dollar gold pieces and a watch. Being an amateur, he tried to pawn the watch and was railroaded to San Quentin prison with a fifteen years' sentence to work out.

Russian realists have depicted the horrors of Siberia; their work affords the nearest parallel to that which follows. Anglo-Saxon races are not in the habit of sending their men of genius to jail; it is almost a pity, for our literature is the poorer. Donald Lowrie may not be a man of genius, but he is a cruelly keen observer of details. He has suffered, and his narrative quivers with compassionate indignation. He has lived in an atmosphere of overwhelming tragedy—tragedy which society is responsible for creating. His book is neither a plea nor an accusation;

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it is an ungarnished statement of things which happen—things which, since we tolerate them, we ought to know.

One by one he introduces us to his fellow-convicts—men who are supposed to be hardened criminals and outside the pale of decent humanity. He shows us their fineness; explains the kind of "deal" they had handed them at birth; gives us an insight into what a vindictive system of justice has made of them. His exposure of heartless cruelty on the part of judges and harsh brutality on the part of jailers is something to keep one awake of nights. And then one reflects that the prison which he describes is no exception—it is only part of a system in practise throughout the entire civilized globe.

As to why we should read his book, Donald Lowrie answers the question. In the state of California alone there is a permanent prison population of threc thousand. Three thousand boys in California alone, now in short trousers, are destined to spend years of their lives behind a prison grating. "One of these boys may be yours," he warns us. That is a fairly good reason for reading his book, even if it is painful. It is also an argument for making his modern "Inferno" a basis for prison-reformation.

In the course of a lifetime men fall sincerely and strenuously in love with half a dozen women; in fiction this is not allowed—it does not sound plausible. Jacob Stahl, the hero of J. D. Beresford's "A Candidate for Truth" (Little, Brown), had the bad luck to be superlatively attractive to every woman he met except the woman he had married. It is a great score for Mr. Beresford that, against our habitual inclination, he makes us believe every word of his account. The quality which is most impressive about his book is its quiet naturalness. Introducing the most unlikely sequence of situations, he contrives to leave upon them all the stamp of truth. He recognizes that the most improbable phenomenon in human experience is life itself; so he does not juggle, but narrates events as simply as they occur.

Jacob Stahl is an inefficient, endowed with a winning personality. He is a vagrant at heart, ambitious but without energy. He has tried to be an architect and has failed. He has attempted to be a literary man, with no better success. Even as a husband he has been abandoned. A vigorous clergyman, who has a lust for reclaiming lost souls, takes him in hand. He energizes his salvage by telling him the brutal truth. Jacob Stahl gets lazily to his feet and joins an American advertising firm which has just started in London. He discovers within himself a commercial ingenuity which he had never had cause to suspect. He sells himself at a higher salary to a rival institution, which has a meteoric career and, vanishing in mid-air, leaves him suspended.

In a cheap boarding-house, after many attacks of the heart, more or less poignant, he meets the one and only woman. Here, unfortunately, the book ends when the reader's appetite is at its keenest. There is hope that this appetite will be gratified, for a further volume containing the life-story of Jacob Stahl is promised. It can not come too soon. Novels of this quality of style and story are rare.

In writing to J. A. Symonds of Dostoieffsky's leading character in "Crime and Punishment," Stevenson says: "'Raskolnikoff' is easily the greatest book I have read in ten years; I'm glad you took to it. Many find it dull; Henry James could not finish it; all I can say is, it nearly finished me. It was like having an illness."

The same thing may be said of J. A. T. Lloyd's fine interpretative study of Dostoieffsky's "A Great Russian Realist" (Lane); the reading of it is like having an illness. But what an illness! The heart of Russia seems to have gathered itself up into this one man's life, and so into this book. Much of the story of his career is told in quotations from his own letters and writings; the biographer has generously withdrawn into the background—a sacrifice of which but few biographers have proved wisely capable.

Dostoieffsky was the son of a doctor in Moscow of very moderate circumstances. He was trained for an engineer and, like Tolstoy, experienced the humiliation of failing in a university examination. When twenty-two he determined to devote himself to literature. Within twelve months he published "Poor Folks," which brought him instant fame. Four years later he was arrested, kept in prison without trial, and taken out one day, without warning, to be shot. The twenty minutes of suspense during which he waited for the execution to be carried out, and the long exile in Siberia which followed, changed the entire trend of his intellectual life; they left the mark of suffering upon his pages as well as upon his body.

The naive, gentle humanitarianism which is conspicuous in his earlier writings hardened into grim sorrowfulness, universal and brooding in its application. Toward the end of his career it made him the confessor of Europe. Distressed consciences appealed to him from far-distant places, asking his advice, feeling that he understood. He was one of the first great master-novelists to employ true psychology in fiction.

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UNDER THE SPREADING CHESTNUT TREE

EDITOR'S NOTE—A good story is a treasure, and, like other precious things, hard to find. Our readers can assist us, if they will, by sending any anecdotes they find that seem to them good. Though the sign is the Chestnut Tree, no story is barred by its youth. The younger the better. We shall gladly pay for available ones. Address all manuscripts to "The Chestnut Tree," enclosing stamped, addressed envelope.

A catalogue of farming implements sent out by the manufacturer finally found its way to a distant mountain village where it was evidently welcomed with interest. The firm received a carefully written, if somewhat clumsily expressed, letter from a Southern "cracker" asking further particulars about one of the listed articles.

To this, in the usual course of business, was sent a typewritten answer. Almost by return mail came a reply:

"You fellows need not think you are so allfired smart, and you need not print your letters to me. I can read writing."

A near-sighted old lady at a dinner-party, one evening, had for her companion on the left a very bald-headed old gentleman. While talking to the gentleman at her right she dropped her napkin unconsciously. The bald-headed gentleman, in stooping to pick it up, touched her arm. The old lady turned around, shook her head, and very politely said: "No melon, thank you."

The evening callers were chatting gaily with the Kinterbys when a patter of little feet was heard from the head of the stairs. Mrs. Kinterby raised her hand, warning the others to silence.

"Hush!" she said, softly. "The children are going to deliver their 'good-night' message. It always gives me a feeling of reverence to hear them—they are so much nearer the Creator than we are, and they speak the love that is in their little hearts never so fully as when the dark has come. Listen!"

There was a moment of tense silence. Then—

"Mama," came the message in a shrill whisper, "Willy found a bedbug!"

The morning after a banquet, during the Democratic convention in Baltimore, a prominent Republican thus greeted an equally well-known Democrat:

"I understand there were some Republicans at the banquet last night."

"Oh, yes," said the Democrat genially, "one waited on me."

An Episcopal clergyman, rector of a fashionable church in one of Boston's most exclusive suburbs, could not be bothered with the innumerable telephone calls that fall to one in his profession, so he had his name left out of the telephone book. A prominent merchant of the same name, living in the same suburb, was continually annoyed by requests to officiate at funerals and baptisms. He went to the rector, told his troubles in a kindly way, and asked the

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parson to have his name put in the directory. But without success.

The merchant then determined to complain to the telephone company. As he was writing the letter, one Saturday evening, the telephone rang and the timid voice of a young man asked if the Rev. Mr. Blank would marry him at once. A happy thought came to the merchant: "No, I'm too damn busy writing my sermon," he replied.

The accomplished and obliging pianist had rendered several selections, when one of the admiring group of listeners in the hotel parlor suggested Mozart's Twelfth Mass. Several people echoed the request, but one lady was particularly desirous of hearing the piece, explaining that her husband had belonged to that very regiment.

Lawrence, twelve years old, was told to go out and cut wood; and Marshall, ten years old, was told to go and help. Both boys found the ball-ground instead of the wood-pile.

In the evening when Lawrence came home his mother said, "Well, son, how much have you done to-day?" He very meekly replied, "I have done nothing."

Then in came Marshall, and Mother asked him the same question.

"I've been piling it up," he replied promptly.

"Johnny," inquired the Sunday-school teacher, "and what did Simon say?"

Quick as a flash came the answer: "Simon says, 'Thumbs up!' "

The professor was delivering the final lecture of the term. He dwelt with much emphasis on the fact that each student should devote all the intervening time preparing for the final examinations.

"The examination papers are now in the hands of the printer. Are there any questions to be asked?"

Silence prevailed. Suddenly a voice from the rear inquired:

"Who's the printer?"

A district leader went to Sea Girt, recently, to see the Democratic candidate for President. In the course of an animated conversation, the leader, noticing that Governor Wilson's eyeglasses were perched perilously near the tip of his nose, remarked: "Your glasses, Governor, are almost on your mouth."

"That's all right," was the quick response. "I want to see what I'm talking about."

A German, who had not been in this country very long, walked into a drug store ore day. The first thing that caught his attention was an electric fan buzzing busily on the soda counter. He watched it with great interest for some time, then, turning to the clerk, he said:

"Py golly! Dat's a tam'd lifely squirrel vot you got in darc, ain't id?"

A man of considerable wealth, and very conscientious as well, was obliged to dismiss his gardener for dishonesty.

As the gardener had a wife and family dependent upon him, however, the rich man gave him a "character" and framed it in this way:

"I hereby certify that John Dodge has been in my employ as a gardener for three years, and during that time he has got more out of the garden than any other man I have ever employed."

A traveler in Indiana noticed that a farmer was having trouble with his horse. It would start, go slowly for a short distance, and then stop again. Thereupon the farmer would have great difficulty in getting it started. Finally the traveler approached and asked, solicitously:

"Is your horse sick?"

"Not as I knows of."

"Is he balky?"

"No. But he is so danged 'fraid I'll say whoa and he won't hear me, that he stops every once in a while to listen."

A lanky country youth entered the crossroads general store to order some groceries. He was seventeen years old and was passing through that stage of adolescence during which a boy seems all hands and feet, and his vocal organs, rapidly developing, are wont to cause his voice to undergo sudden and involuntary changes from high treble to low bass.

In an authoritative rumbling bass voice he demanded of the busy clerk, "Give me a can of corn" (then, his voice suddenly changing to a shrill falsetto, he continued) "and a sack of flour."

"Well, don't be in a hurry. I can't wait on both of you at once," snapped the clerk.

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Everybody's Magazine
Trumbull White Managing Editor
Published by The RIDGWAY COMPANY
Erman J. Ridgway President
Ray Brown Sec'y and Treasurer
Robert Frothingham Adv. Manager
SPRING AND MACDOUGAL STREETS NEW YORK CITY
With EVERYBODY'S PUBLISHERS

We Are with Mr. Lawson in His Remedy

EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE pledges itself to you, its readers, to its readers yet to be, and to Mr. Lawson—seriously, earnestly pledges itself—to fight the stock exchanges of all the big and little Wall Streets in America until—until they shut down their gambling and until they agree to conduct business as legitimate stock-exchange business should be conducted.

This is a stronger pledge than we gave Mr. Lawson in "The Remedy," in this issue—and different.

We gave him the one he asked for.

This one no one asked for.

We give it, or take it, or whatever is the best way to bind ourselves by it, because I have come to the conclusion, after years of crusading, and after a long study of every big evil that besets the body, and, or soul of Columbia, that no evil approaches, either in present harm or in future menace, the Monster of the Street with his myriad tentacles.

We are pledged to Mr. Lawson to hurl every barbed shaft of his into the body of the Beast. He knows the vulnerable spots and how to make the shafts. But they must be big shafts. ***EVERYBODY'S*** will be the huge shaft-hurler.

More than that, we mean to cut and haul big timber for his shafts, and to aid him in every possible way.

And more again, we mean to do what we can to persuade other monster-hunters to hunt and harry this Beast.

It is risky business.

It isn't comfortable having tentacles feeling round one's throat.

And when the Beast is hurt and lashes his tail and roars in panics and threatens to wreck everything, it's scary.

But—

EVERYBODY'S is going in with Lawson, knowing that hurling shafts is risky business, knowing the power of the Monster, hoping to dodge tentacles and tail; and, above all, hoping if it does meet up with a husky side-swipe of the Monster's tail or is too fondly embraced by a fat tentacle, it will have the courage to put up a good fight.

To Protect Fools

An expert financial man on a big New York daily says that of every ten men who speculate in Wall Street nine lose every cent, while the tenth dies before he has lost quite all. His widow is able to save a little from the wreck.

Now what possible excuse can there be for perpetuating a game where the wheel is "fixed" and the player has absolutely no chance?

The sporting answer is: "You can't legislate to protect fools."

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But that is just what legislation is for—to take care of the weak and foolish. The wise man takes care of himself.

However, we are not going to tell Mr. Lawson's story.

It is fair to say that for years ***EVERYBODY'S*** has believed that the government, either state or national, ought to find a way to prevent legal crooks' taking advantage of the greediness of the weak and foolish by tempting them with worthless securities promising quick riches.

EVERYBODY'S for years has refused financial advertising about which there might be any question.

EVERYBODY'S for years has attacked bucket-shops and fake mines and Wall Street jobbery and cajolery.

EVERYBODY'S risked its life and found it in Mr. Lawson's "Frenzied Finance."

EVERYBODY'S is the natural vehicle for this new campaign.

What the Candidates Don't Know

Why are we beginning this campaign in the midst of the most strenuous political campaign ever?

Because you are all thinking about big questions, and it ought to be the right time to get your thoughts headed toward the biggest question of all.

This question will not be discussed by the candidates, because they do not understand it and therefore can not realize its tremendous importance.

That men lose money gambling in Wall Street, everybody knows.

That the banks loan, purely for Wall Street gambling, millions upon millions that would otherwise be used in the country's industries—this every good business man knows.

But that a few insiders in Wall Street use a stock-exchange device for automatically absorbing the nation's annual surplus, only a few know, and only one man is willing to tell.

Mr. Lawson is not an economist in the text-book sense; but he is a practical economist, and he has spent his life in the stock-exchange business and knows every trick and device of it known or imagined.

None of the presidential candidates could possibly know what he knows about Wall Street. Indeed, Mr. Lawson himself says in this number that it is to an American's credit if he does not know about this Wall Street device. "No man," he says, "can possibly know the one big evil, unless he has had hand in its creation or its working."

IF THE PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATES WILL TAKE THE TIME, MR. LAWSON WILL SPEND HOURS OR DAYS TO SHOW THEM THE SYSTEM'S DEVICE AND HOW IT IS WORKED AND HOW IT CAN BE SMASHED. HE DOES NOT ASK TO SMASH IT HIMSELF. NOR THE CREDIT FOR SMASHING IT. ONLY THAT IT BE SMASHED, AND LOW-COST LIVING RESTORED.

In "The Remedy," Mr. Lawson will show you, as he has shown us, how a few men have got and are getting all the money.

That's what's the matter with us, isn't it?

Mr. Lawson will show you how to stop it.

That's what we want, isn't it?

No presidential candidate can do that until Mr. Lawson, or one of a very few others, shows him how.

But once shown how, anybody can stop it.

It will be stopped. You will insist that it be stopped.

So in the heat of a fierce political contest, we come to you and say that a private citizen out of his horse-sense and experience can tell you the one thing you ought to know and want to know.

We believe that Mr. Lawson knows what's the matter, and how to correct it.

We commend him to your confidence and your regard, sure as we are that he is enlisted in this campaign inspired by a single purpose—to make an invaluable contribution to the common good.

The barons of our Dollar Feudalism will fight him, discredit him, destroy him if they can; but nothing less than death—and this is not heroics—nothing less than death will stop him.

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